PENTHOUSE

02242
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
JULY 1984 $3.50

SPECIAL ISSUE PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY: WHY JESSE JACKSON SHOULD NEVER BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF STRIPTEASE

STAYING POWER: WINNING A 6-DAY MARATHON

PLUS: JAMES BEARD ON BARBECUING... HERB GOLD ON LOVE... XAVIERA HOLLANDER ON SEX... AND THE CONTINUING WHITEWASH OF KLAUS BARBIE

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The International Magazine for Men/July 1984

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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Stacy Cole who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 181.

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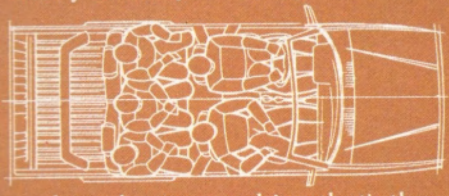
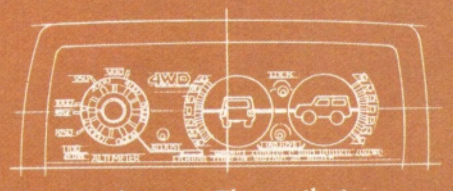
It's your day in the sun and nothing's gonna stand in your way. Not snow, not rain, not mountainous terrain. Introducing the indomitable 4-wheel drive Toyota 4Runner SR5. One tough Toyota.

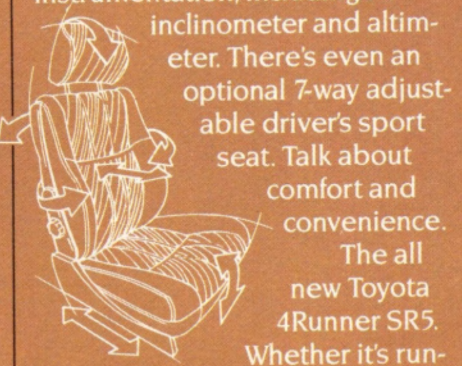
The 4Runner's powerful 2.4 liter single overhead cam engine, coupled with a 5-speed overdrive transmission, gives you a vehicle that will go where no ordinary four wheeler will tread. Add to this already muscular package the highest running ground clearance of any small sport utility vehicle and you have a machine that's the king of the hill, ruler of the ridges.



But the 4Runner SR5 isn't just for sheer climbing; it's great for running in the sun, too. First take off the removable rear top and let the sunshine in. Then pile in. Kick it into four-wheel drive and blaze a trail to your favorite spot. Now that's having a good time with style.



Inside the 4Runner SR5 you'll find 41.5 inches of legroom and plenty of romp-around room for your friends or family of five. Or, if you prefer, fold down the split rear seats and make room for over 6½ feet of cargo. More room than you'll find in *any* similar size competitor. There's plush carpeting, an AM/FM/MPX stereo and full instrumentation, including an inclinometer and altimeter. There's even an optional 7-way adjustable driver's sport seat. Talk about comfort and convenience.



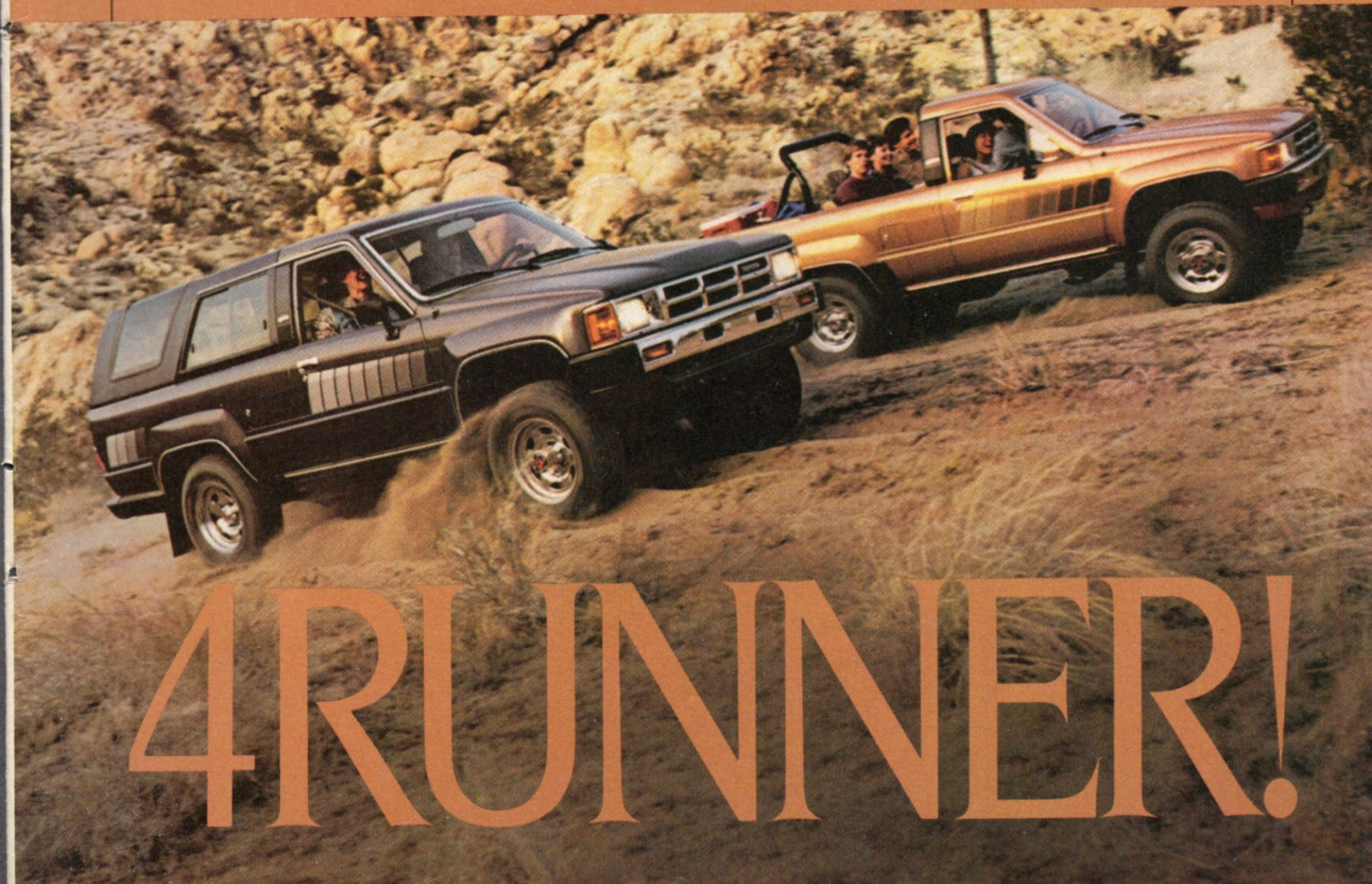
The all new Toyota 4Runner SR5. Whether it's running the ridge, running in the sun or just running around, this is one vehicle that even Mother Nature can't slow down.

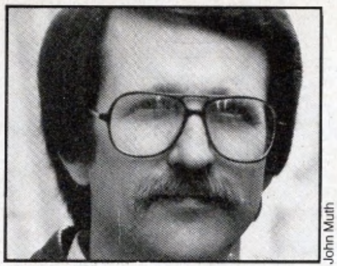
BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

THE NEW 4WD TOYOTA 4RUNNER SR5. FOR RUNNING THE RIDGE, FOR RUNNING IN THE SUN, FOR RUNNING WITH FIVE.

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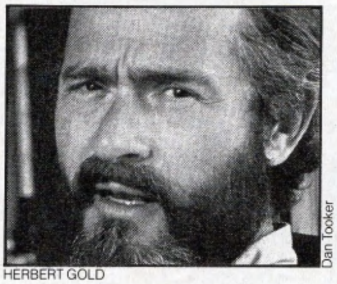
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HOUSECALL

The presidential candidacy of Jesse Jackson has been inspiring for millions of Americans, both black and white, who see the charismatic churchman as the most effective instrument for opening up the democratic process to those citizens who have felt ignored and disenfranchised for years by establishment politics. As the inimitable Reverend Jackson himself puts it, "At the '72 convention, George McGovern was the nominee... Reubin Askew was the keynoter...I was just fightin' for a seat in the hall. And I beat 'em in New Hampshire!" But, writes **William F. Buckley, Jr.,** in "Jesse Jackson's Jive" (page 52), our lead article this month, "Jesse Jackson has sold out to the old political dream. The dream that suggests that the state is the witch doctor with the keys to prosperity." Buckley—one of America's leading writers and editors (his *National Review* magazine practically created the modern conservative movement)—says that Jackson first came to national attention when his efforts to cultivate black pride and create more black businessmen and professionals were moving in a more positive and traditionally American direction. But today, Buckley claims, Jesse Jackson "is in the business of consolidating black America, and that isn't good, not for blacks, not for America. It is good only for Jesse." As faithful readers will doubtless recall, Buckley and Jackson are veteran *Penthouse* contributors: We interviewed Jackson twice, in 1973 and in 1981, and we've published exclusive excerpts from Buckley's best-selling thrillers, *Marco Polo, If You Can,* and *The Story of Henri Tod*.

Ultramarathoner Stu Mittleman is used to running another kind of race. He is the American record holder of the 100-mile run, and he keeps in shape by running 160 miles a week—roughly a marathon a day. In "The Man Who Can't Stop Running" (page 122), **Hank Herman,** editor in chief of *Health* magazine, profiles this indomitable athlete, whose college wrestling coach once taunted him as a "quitter." Mittleman hasn't quit a thing since. Competing in 100-mile and six-day races takes, Herman writes, "Pure effort. The will—and the ability—to give it everything you have." In this most demanding of sports, Stu Mittleman proves that he has all the right stuff.

It's not necessarily as tough as ultramarathon racing, but contemporary practitioners of the ancient art of striptease (or "ecdysis," as H. L. Mencken termed it)—an art that has mesmerized mankind forever—constantly have to prove that they, too, have what it takes to take it off. In a lavishly illustrated pictorial essay (page 70) Contributing Editor **Nick Tosches** gives us an historical overview of what he calls "the most powerfully erotic of all non-copulatory acts, including that of counting money." From the venerable Salome to Little Egypt and Gypsy Rose Lee, Tosches celebrates the high priestesses of this ineffable art—women whose exquisite purpose it is never to let us forget "the one reason we are here on earth: namely, to take off our clothes."

If there were only one reason to put **Paul Rodriguez** on earth, it would be to make people laugh. In this month's interview with Contributing Editor **Allan Sonnenschein** (page 98), Rodriguez shows why he's one of today's hottest young comedy stars—and why Norman Lear created a whole new sitcom just to showcase his talent. Paul's explanation is simple: "In my neighborhood you either became a priest or a junkie. I would have become a priest, except that I love pussy, and lots of it. And at a very early age, I saw the down side of being a junkie....So I became the comic relief. I figured that if the meanest dude in the gang was laughing, and I became his friend, then nobody else was going to fuck with me." Thanks to Paul's increasing stardom, nobody's going to be fucking with him anyway.

The shameful story of master Nazi war criminal Klaus Barbie concludes in this issue, with the final chapter from **Erhard Dabringhaus**'s sensational new book *Klaus Barbie* (Acropolis Books). There are more surprising revelations about the American role in "The Barbie Whitewash" (page 66), which Dabringhaus suspects is continuing even now. Dabringhaus, who first revealed Barbie's ties to U.S. intelligence, demonstrates how American officers lied to their superiors or withheld vital information about America's association with and protection of one of the most wanted men in the world. Barbie is currently awaiting trial in France—but it is clear that there are still people in the United States with much to answer for in this case.

Another provocative article in this issue is consultant **Jared Taylor**'s insightful "Advise and Dissent," which is about those people who think that the Japanese "economic miracle" can be transplanted to the United States (page 96). Taylor, a longtime resident of Japan, explains that "as Japan gets richer, traditional values are beginning to fade...younger Japanese are becoming more American. We are fooling ourselves if we think that we can solve our problems by using techniques that are already losing ground in Japan."

Other special summertime features this month include the *Penthouse* debut of grand-master food writer and culinary artist **James Beard,** who gives us his personal recipes and techniques for barbecuing (page 128), "one of the most sensual and adventurous ways of preparing food"; Automotive Editor **Mike Knepper**'s review of two sensational sports cars (page 140), the Pininfarina Azzurra and the Bertone—"simply the most fun you can have in a car with your clothes on"; and "Annique" (page 110), a short story about a brief, mysterious Parisian love affair, by **Herbert Gold,** one of America's leading authors.

Our Pets this month would, of course, be welcome in any season, but we think there's something sizzling in the July sun that will enhance even further their languid sensuality...and your summertime pleasure....

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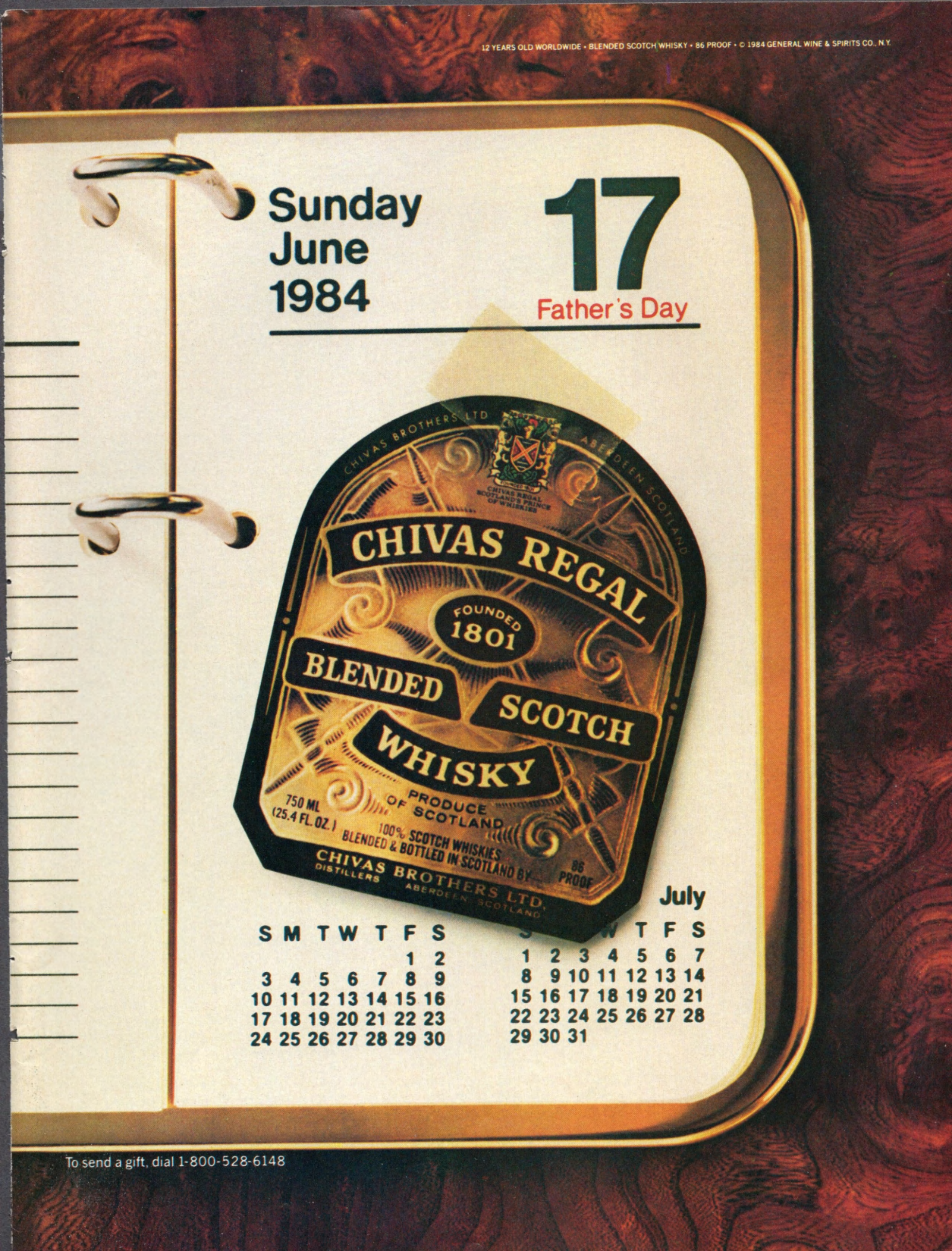

Sunday
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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LIMERICK FROM DOWN UNDER

A well-hung man from Calcutta,
Once performed a wonderful trick.
He smeared his ass hole with butter,
and then he inserted his prick.
It wasn't for honor or glory,
and neither for riches nor wealth.
But just to oblige a relation,
who told him to go fuck himself.
—*Name withheld, South Australia*

SWEPT OFF HER FEET

I am 18 years old and have been a longtime fan of your magazine, especially "Forum." After reading it, I have often wished that I might have an experience exciting enough to write to you about. Well, now I have.

I have some sexy silk panties and also a few pairs of nice high heels. Wearing them really turns me on. Usually I strut around the house in my sexy attire when no one is at home.

One evening I was cleaning the living room with nothing on but my heels. By accident, I brushed my ass hole against the handle of my upright sweeper, sending an incredible shock throughout my body. The tip of the handle just happens to be the same height as my rear when I have my heels on. I knew what I had to do, and I wasted no time in greasing up my rear and the handle. I then turned around and mounted it, easing it into my hot little hole. After it was in, I turned the sweeper on. The vibrations that went through me drove me out of my mind. After a two-minute ride, I had a shuddering orgasm that knocked me off my sexy little toes and onto the floor.

Since this episode, I have gotten a lot of use out of my sweeper. Now, every day is a cleaning day.—*Name and address withheld*

TICKLE TORTURE

I am a 21-year-old woman who *loves* to be tickled. I'm five-foot-five inches tall and weigh 117 pounds. I have a terrific figure and I've been told that I'm pretty cute. My skin is very smooth and sensitive and extremely ticklish. My most ticklish spots are my underarms, ribs, and feet.

Since I'm an exercise and aerobics instructor, I usually wear tight, sleeveless leotards to work. One guy that I work with likes to follow me around and tickle my underarms when I'm not looking. I laugh and giggle and tell him not to do it, but he knows that I'm not serious.

One day the guys plotted to get me good. After we closed for the night, one of the instructors said that he wanted to test a new Universal weight machine. According to his instructions I was to sit on the padded bench while he added a lot of weight to the horizontal pull-down bar. I sat on the bench and put my arms up as high as they would go. He helped pull the bar down into my hands, which stretched my arms tightly. Quickly, he took a jump rope, whirled it around my wrists, then around the bar. Before I knew it, I was tied securely.

"Very funny," I said. "Now what?"

"Now it's time for the workout," said my friend with a grin.

Suddenly, four other instructors, all men, emerged from the rear of the spa. Before I knew what was happening, two of them lashed a cord around my ankles and wrapped it around the legs of the bench. But the real killer came when they slowly added weight to the machine. They added enough weight so that I couldn't pull my arms down, but not enough to really hurt me. I was completely helpless.

They started their torture by slowly running their fingers down my smooth bare arms. I giggled helplessly and squirmed like crazy, but I couldn't move out of the way. They continued down my arms until they reached my highly sensitive armpits.

"Look how smooth her armpits are," one of them said.

"It's a good thing you shaved today," another teased.

"Tickle, tickle, tickle," they said, running their fingers over and around my armpits. I laughed so hard that I thought my lungs were going to burst. I screamed and coughed and giggled, but they would not stop.

Then a couple of the guys moved down to my tender ribs and tickled the sensitive flesh through my tight leotard. Then they increased the weight on the machine and tortured my ribs, especially a very ticklish area on my upper ribs just below my armpits. Their fingers were everywhere: my shoulders, my neck, upper arms, and even the palms of my hands.

They continued their tickling for about a half hour, letting me rest at times but verbally torturing me throughout. I even laughed when no one touched me at all. It was sheer torment.

Finally they untied me. My arms ached like hell. As one of them rubbed my ankles, he touched my bare foot and I leaped about three feet.

"You've got a lot of nerve," I said, half smiling.

"Next time," he said, "It'll be your feet."—*Name and address withheld*

Sansui's all new Intelligent Super Compo system with compact disc player.

It's pure digital dynamite! Sansui's IS-110 Intelligent Super Compo system is the ultimate in musical magnificence.

Never has a Hi-Fi system been more convenient to use and more appealing to the ear. That's because here at Sansui we've never lost our touch for uncomplicated pleasure or uncompromising sound.

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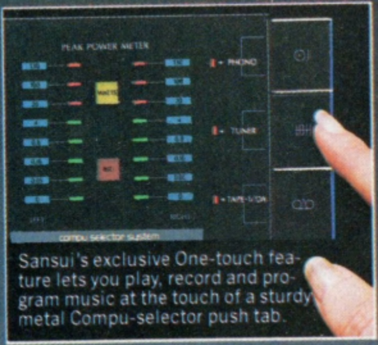

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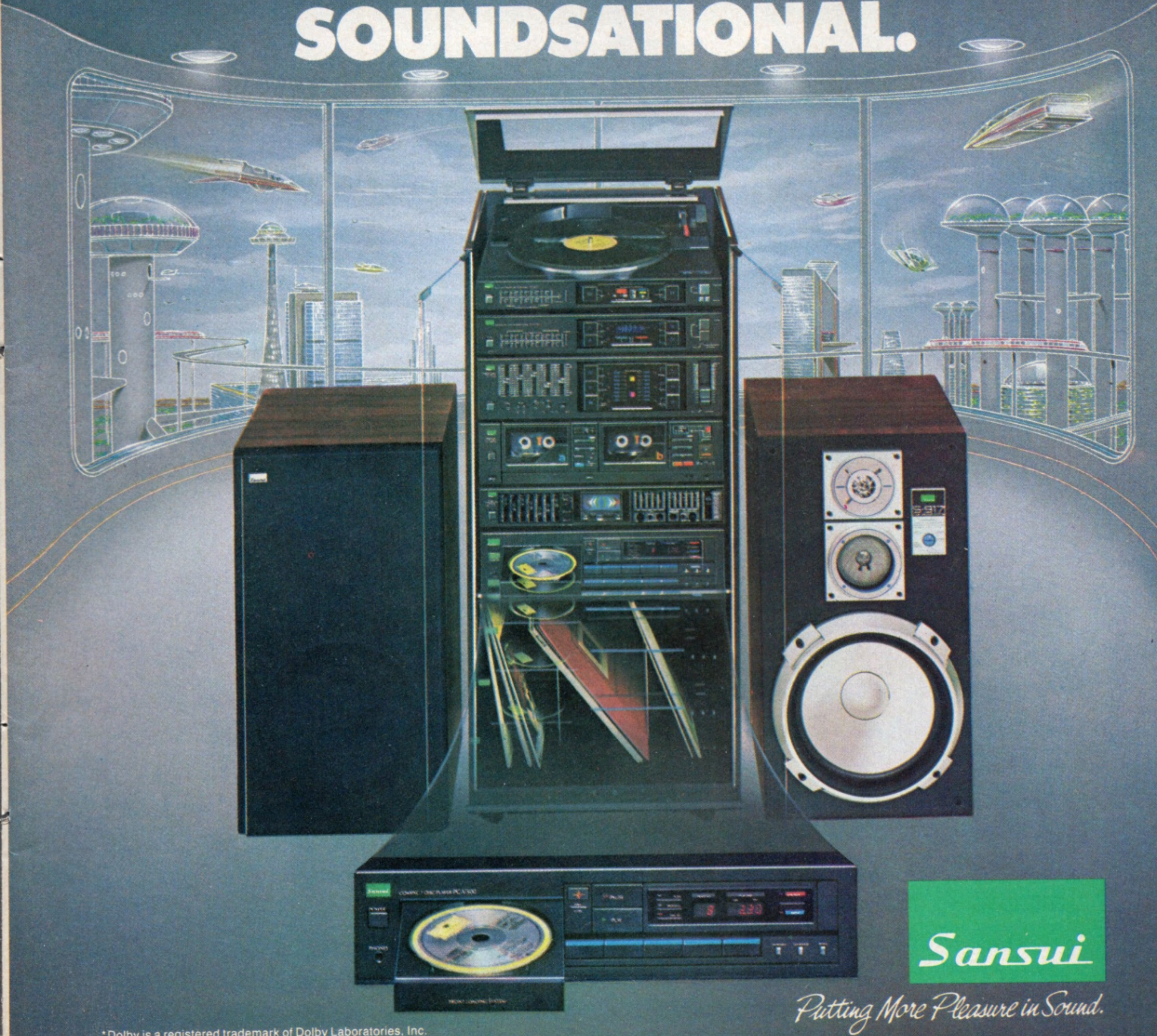

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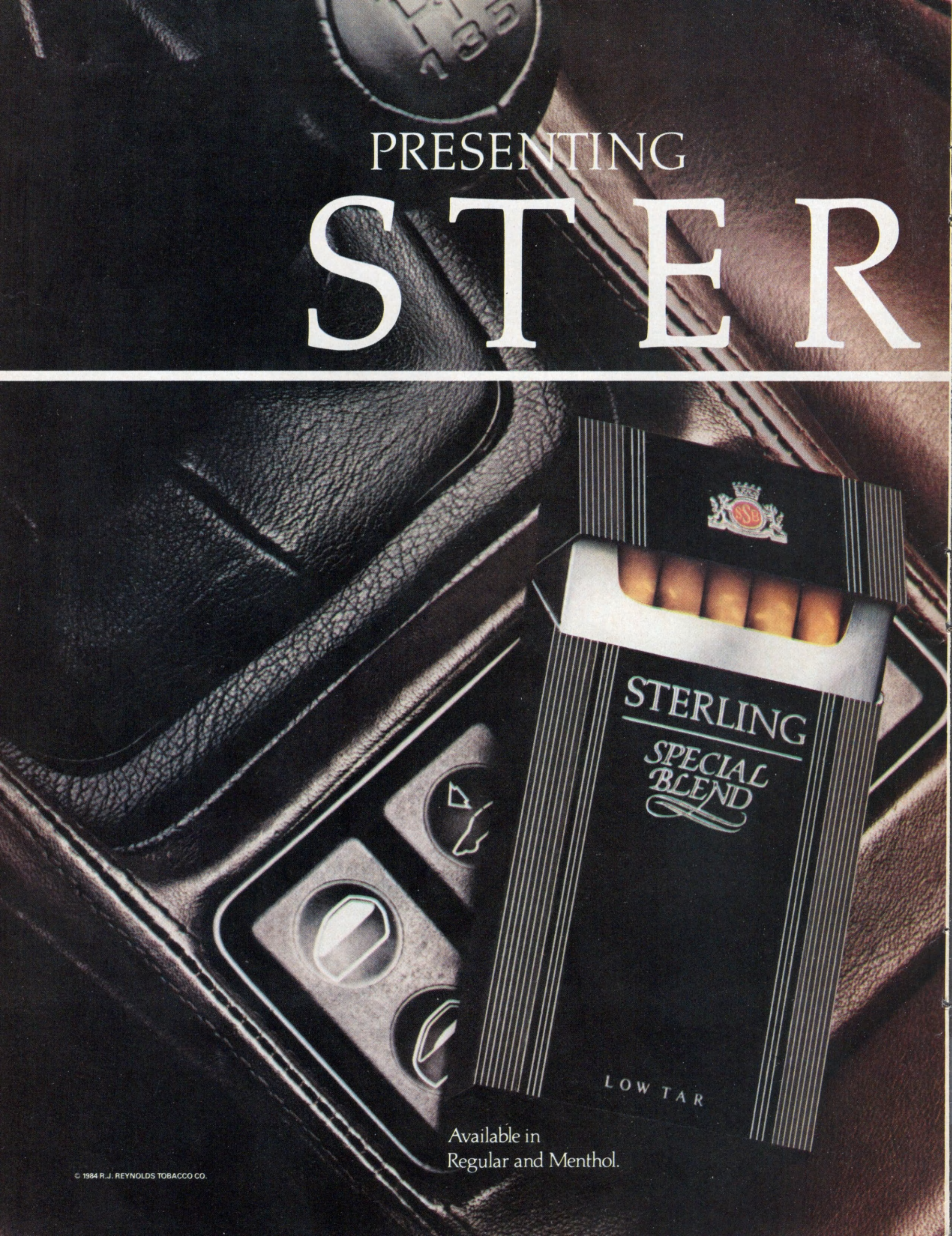
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LOVE IS GOLDEN

About eight months ago, I met a girl who is very special to me. She's not super on looks, but she's no dog either. Like me, she's rather plain. What is special about Donna is that she's just as a wild and crazy as I am.

I met her when I was on leave from the navy and was staying in New Hampshire at my family's summer home. She was visiting her relatives at a house nearby. It was winter, and even though there wasn't much snow on the ground, it was very, very cold.

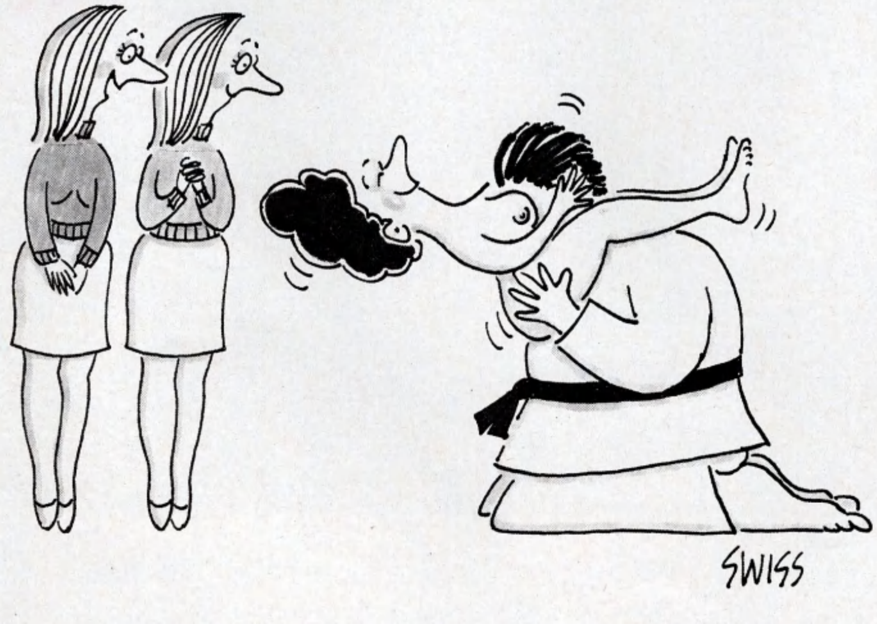
I was driving home from the local store one night when I saw her walking on the road. I stopped and asked her if she wanted a ride, and she accepted. I go to New Hampshire to be alone, but I thought a little female companionship would be nice, so I asked her over for a drink.

My family's home has a wood-burning stove that only heats one room of the house. Once there, we went from sitting cozily by the fire and sipping brandy to heavy petting in about 15 minutes. Shortly thereafter, she had my cock out of my pants and into her mouth. Now, having my cock sucked wasn't a new experience, but Donna's style was. She used her tongue, her teeth, and her throat all at the same time. She also squeezed my nuts with lots of pressure and plucked out my pubic hairs at the same time. It was a wonderful mixture of pleasure and pain. Every once in a while she'd slide her head off my shaft and bite my thigh. When I went tense and I was about to come, she put the death grip on me. I lay there, bucking like a bronco as I came. It felt like my ears were filling with jism as she licked me like a postage stamp. After what seemed like forever, she loosened her grip, swallowed my wad, and sucked me dry.

After milking me of all I had, she started rubbing her chin in small circles on the head of my cock. It was a nice sensation, but the more she rubbed, the more I needed to piss. I told her I had to go and asked her to excuse me. She said not to worry as she grabbed the top of my prick between her thumb and forefinger. Since my cock never had a chance to go limp, I now had an incredible piss hard-on. The urine inside my shaft was burning and the pressure built to where I thought I was going to explode. My eyes were watering from pain. Suddenly I let go and she tried to suck my piss in the same manner in which she took my load, but it was too much for her. Her cheeks bloated like balloons as she gulped. Piss ran out of her mouth onto my balls and into the crack of my ass. My piss orgasm was ten times greater than any regular orgasm. I sat in shock, totally exhausted. She slid up the length of my body and pressed her wet face to mine. As our tongues mingled, I tasted piss for the first time in my life.

We spent most of the next two days together, and I got to taste her piss, among other things. We sucked, bit, fucked, pissed, and did things that could fill a whole year's worth of "Forum."

I'm now back working hard for Uncle Sam, and Donna returned to her home state. We write each other every day, and even though we were together for only two days, we plan to tie the knot when I get out of the navy. I'm just crazy in love with her!—*Name and address withheld*



"I understand Mr. Matsumoto has a black belt in TONGUE Fu."

BARBER FOR HER BOX

The other day my lover came home with a mysterious package and promptly placed it in the middle of the bed. I was immediately curious and inquired about the contents. He smiled seductively and said if I wanted to find out, I had to first take a warm, steamy shower and then slip into something more comfortable.

This just piqued my curiosity even more, so I hurriedly jumped into the shower. Afterward I slipped on a loose, see-through gown that I sometimes wear to get his attention. When I came out of the bathroom I immediately knew that I didn't have to worry about getting his attention. He was waiting for me in his skimpy briefs with a very visible rock-hard erection.

He led me to the bed, laid me down gently, and lifted my gown up around my waist. He was breathing heavily and seemed eager. He leaned close to me and whispered in my ear, "Do you remember my fantasy about shaving your pussy?"

He reached into the package and removed a can of shaving cream and a new razor. Since this was a fantasy we had often shared, I was thrilled with the prospect of what was to come.

He spread my legs and began applying the cool fluffy cream to my mound. Then he raised my legs and brought my knees to my chest so that my pussy was fully revealed. My juices began to flow and my legs were so quivery that I had to hold onto my knees to keep them still.

Next he dampened the razor with his spit and gently began to remove my pubic hair. Feeling his fingers lightly touching and spreading my pussy wide drove me wild. And watching him perform the whole procedure heightened my arousal even further. With the shaving cream and new razor, the hair came off easily and the process was not at all uncomfortable.

After he was finished, my lover began to gently lick my bald and shining pussy. Beginning with the fleshy outer lips, he made his way to the inner, more sensitive spots. As he licked my clitoris, waves of pleasure spread throughout my body. I began rotating and thrusting my pelvis toward his tongue as he flicked rapidly back and forth across my clitoris.

Then he stuck his finger inside my cunt and began finger-fucking me. This always drives me wild. I grabbed his head and pushed his mouth firmly against my pussy. By this time he was licking and fingering me furiously. My hips were heaving and I could no longer hold back. "Lick my pus-

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sy, baby. Stick your finger in my cunt," I said. His breathing quickened as his tongue exquisitely licked my clitoris.

He was incredibly aroused due to our prolonged preliminaries and wasted no time in entering my throbbing pussy. He took my legs and wrapped them over each of his arms, spreading me wide so he could watch himself fuck me. Seeing his wonderful cock slide in and out of my dripping pussy increased my arousal to the point of coming.

"I love watching my cock fucking your bald pussy," he said. His rhythm increased and he began to pound my pussy furiously. With a sudden gasp, he shot his warm come deep inside me. His orgasm pushed me over the brink, and I came a second time, shivering and quivering all over as he collapsed on top of me.

I can't wait until my lover and I play "barbershop" again.—*Name and address withheld*

BOOTH FOR TWO

My experience took place last year. I had been going out with Tad for six months, and we were fucking at least eight to nine times a week (not including the others I had on the side).

Tad is six feet tall with dark-brown hair and mustache, and gorgeous hazel eyes. He's into self-defense and is in excellent shape. He has a perfect "V" form without an ounce of fat. By far his greatest feature is his beautiful nine-inch dick. His staying power is great. One time he fucked me through 12 multiple orgasms over a two-hour period, without stopping. Afterward, the bed had a wet spot at least two feet wide. I had passed out for the last 45 minutes of the session, and my pussy was so sore I couldn't touch it for three days.

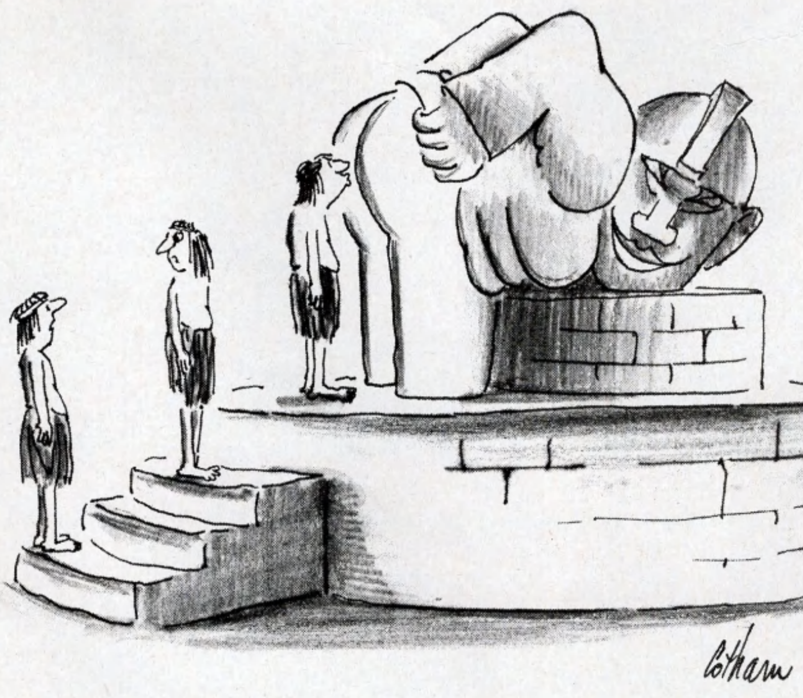
One of our most exciting experiences occurred one evening when Tad called me and said I should get dressed to go out. He told me to wear a sexy dress, stockings, a garter belt, and bikini panties. I showered and dressed in a bright-red silk dress with a neckline that plunged down to my belly button, and the back opened almost to the crack of my ass. I was so hot my pussy was dripping juice down my thighs. Just before we left, I slipped a piece of cherry candy into my cunt.

Over dinner at a nearby restaurant, Tad told me he was going to fuck me all night long and make me drink his come. Between the three drinks, the two joints we smoked earlier, and his talking, I was ready to fuck him right there on the table, which is almost what happened.

Since we were in a dark, quiet corner of the restaurant, Tad asked me to take off my panties, which by this time were soaked with my pussy juice.

I started to get up and go to the ladies' room, but he stopped me and told me to take them off right then and there. I enjoy a risk now and again, so I slipped them off. Tad made me leave them on the table in everyone's view. He then told me to finger my cunt and not to stop until I was told to. I was so hot that I immediately stuck three fingers inside myself. I was on the verge of coming when the waiter came over with our dessert. He took one look at my soaked panties on the table and at me totally disheveled with my fingers up my cunt, then winked at Tad and went on about his business.

Tad then took me downstairs to the phone booth, which was located in a small alcove near the kitchen door. He bent me over, raised my skirt, and plunged his stiff rod into me from behind. I came almost immediately. After our risky escapade, we walked out of the restaurant with Tad supporting me (I could barely walk). When we got to the car, I noticed I had pussy juice and come dripping down my thighs, a big wet spot in the crotch of my dress, and my left tit was hanging out. It was an interesting evening, to say the very least.—*Name and address withheld*



"This is the part of idolatry I hate!"

FANTASY INTERRUPTUS

A few years ago I was working as a high-school English teacher in a small Missouri town. I must confess I didn't take my job too seriously and considered it merely a stepping-stone to bigger and better things. However, I got along very well with the teenagers and generally enjoyed their company.

I became particularly close to a beautiful 18-year-old named Joan. She had gorgeous red hair, a very cute face and body, and the most appealing freckles I had ever seen. She was smart and funny, with a wonderfully innocent sexuality. Over the course of a year and a half, we became good friends. I often fantasized about her, but being a married teacher with no desire to be run out of town on a rail, I kept my desires in check.

One day, we were alone in the school store, which my students were responsible for running. We had just closed up and were going over inventory. She seemed a little upset, and I asked if there was anything she wanted to talk about. She began to tell me about some problems she was having with her boyfriend, when she suddenly began sobbing and threw herself into my arms. There wasn't much I could do but hold her and try to calm her down. Through the tears, she told me that one of the problems resulted from the fact that she thought about me so much. I was stunned but continued to hold her head against my shoulder, trying to regain my composure. I started to protest weakly, saying we shouldn't be talking like this, when she pushed herself away enough to look up at me. Well, that was it.

Before I knew it, we were kissing passionately and hugging for all we were worth. I was delirious, incredibly turned-on, and so was she. I knew how dangerous this was, but my judgment went out the window—I had to have more. All my

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325266	MCA	BEST OF DON WILLIAMS VOLUME II
321349	COLUMBIA	CRYSTAL GAYLE Greatest Hits
321307	ARISTA	AIR SUPPLY *GREATEST HITS*
322412	RIVA	JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP *UH-HUH*
317990	EPIC	MERLE HAGGARD & WILLIE NELSON *PONCHO AND LEFTY*
318048	ARISTA	GREATEST HITS OF THE OUTLAWS
322321	MERCURY	THE STATLER BROS. TODAY
322180	EPIC	RICKY SKAGGS *DON'T CHEAT IN OUR HOMETOWN*
317677	ANGEL	SCHUBERT: SYMP. NO. 8; *ROSAMUNDE OVERTURE, ETC. KARAJAN, BERLIN PHILHARMONIC*
322172	WARNER BROS.	EDDIE RABBITT Greatest Hits, Vol. II
319574	GEFFEN	JOAN RIVERS *WHAT BECOMES A SEMI-LEGEND MOST?*
323733	CBS MASTERWORKS	ZUBIN MEHTA, CONDUCTS WAGNER: *ORCHESTRAL MUSIC*
322107	RSO	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *STAYING ALIVE*
319608	COLUMBIA	MEN AT WORK *CARGO*
323410	WARNER BROS.	JOHNNY LEE GREATEST HITS
319616	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON WAYLON JENNINGS *TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT*
318055	ATLANTIC	FOREIGNER *RECORDS*
318097*	MOTOWN	BILL COSBY *HIMSELF*
322099	CASABLANCA	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *FLASHDANCE*
321976	ATLANTA	AC/DC Flick Of The Switch
322008	ASYLUM	LINDA RONSTADT & THE NELSON RIDDLE ORCHESTRA *WHAT'S NEW*
317768	ASYLUM	EAGLES GREATEST HITS · VOLUME 2
317750	ARISTA	BARRY MANILOW *Here Comes The Night*
322917	A&M	.38 SPECIAL *TOUR DE FORCE*
323444	ELEKTRA	MOTLEY CRUE *SHOUT AT THE DEVIL*
321331	COLUMBIA	HERBIE HANCOCK Future Shock
321380	COLUMBIA	Barbra Streisand's Greatest Hits, Vol. II
324707	EPIC	VARIOUS ARTISTS *GREATEST COUNTRY HITS FROM THE MOVIES*
323840	EPIC	CHARLY McCLAIN *THE WOMAN IN ME*
323899	ARISTA	THE BEST OF THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT
325597	ARISTA	THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT *AMMONIA AVENUE*
324301	MCA	Barbara Mandrell SPUN GOLD
324293	MCA	The Oak Ridge Boys DELIVER
320630	PASHA RECORDS/CBS ASSOCIATED	QUIET RIOT *METAL HEALTH*
320549	ATLANTIC	ROBERT PLANT THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS
322974	WARNER BROS.	GARY MORRIS *WHY LADY WHY*
322248	A&M	CARPENTERS Voice Of The Heart
322198	COLUMBIA	LARRY GATLIN & THE GATLIN BROTHERS BAND *GREATEST HITS, VOL. II*
320887*	CBS MASTERWORKS	*VERDI AND PUCCINI ARIAS* KIRI TE KANAWA
322933*	COLUMBIA ENTERTAINMENT	EDDIE MURPHY: *COMEDIAN*
319962	COLUMBIA	LOVERBOY *KEEP IT UP*
319939	EPIC	ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK *YOU AND YOUR LOVER*
319863*	A&M	*SERGIO MENDES*
315671	FULL MOON/WARNER BROS.	CHICAGO *16* ® Chicago is a registered trademark
316257	COLUMBIA MUSICAL TREASURES	*AN EVENING WITH ROGER WILLIAMS*
321851	CBS MASTERWORKS	WYNTON MARSALIS *HAYDN/HUMMEL/L. MOZART: TRUMPET CONCERTOS*
321968	EMI/AMERICA	STRAY CATS *RANT 'N' RAVE WITH THE STRAY CATS*
316638	COLUMBIA	BILLY JOEL The Nylon Curtain
320317	SWEET SIXTEEN	SVEN LIBAEK ORCHESTRA *NEIL DIAMOND INSTRUMENTALLY*
319624	WARNER BROS.	ZZ TOP *ELIMINATOR*
319822	EMI/AMERICA	DAVID BOWIE *LETS DANCE*
323741	NONESUCH RECORDS	W. SCHIMMEL/M. SAHL/S. KURTIS *TWO TO TANGO*
322024	CHRYSALIS	HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS • *SPORTS*
322032	CHRYSALIS	PAT BENATAR *LIVE FROM EARTH*
322990	EPIC	MERLE HAGGARD THE EPIC COLLECTION (RECORDED LIVE)
322909	WARNER BROS.	Hank Williams, Jr. MAN OF STEEL
323022	CAPITOL	ANNE MURRAY A Little Good News
323758*	EPIC	Luther Vandross BUSY BODY
318386	COLUMBIA	*MARTY ROBBINS BIGGEST HITS*
318550	MERCURY	DEF LEPPARD *PYROMANIA*
323873*	WARNER BROS.	DAVID SANBORN *BACKSTREET*
323907*	EMI/AMERICA	KIM CARNES *CAFE RACERS*
325506	WARNER BROS.	JOHNNY LEE *'TIL THE BARS BURN DOWN*
325068	EPIC	NENA *99 LUFTBALLOONS*
324277	MCA	JOHN CONLEE *IN MY EYES*
324269	BLACKHEART/MCA	JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS ALBUM
320770	MODERN	STEVIE NICKS *THE WILD HEART*
320523	GEFFEN	ELTON JOHN Too Low For Zero
322958	FULL MOON/EPIC	DAN FOGELBERG Windows & Walls
323402	WARNER BROS.	CRYSTAL GAYLE Cage The Songbird
323386	LIBERTY	Michael Martin Murphey *The Heart Never Lies*
323162	ATLANTIC	GENESIS
315655	WARNER BROS.	FLEETWOOD MAC *MIRAGE*
323212	EPIC	STANLEY CLARKE/GEORGE DUKE • *THE CLARKE/DUKE PROJECT II*
323360*	WARNER BROS.	RICHARD PRYOR *HERE AND NOW*
321638	A&M	HERB ALPERT Blow Your Own Horn
323428	LONDON	*MANTOVANI'S GOLDEN HITS*
316430	WARNER BROS.	MICHAEL McDONALD *IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES*
319566	WARNER BROS.	AL JARREAU *JARREAU*
323097	LONDON	Luciano Pavarotti MATTINATA
318998*	PABLO RECORDS	SARAH VAUGHAN Crazy And Mixed Up
322495	MERCURY	BIG COUNTRY *THE CROSSING*
316992	MOTOWN	LIONEL RICHIE
322016	PORTRAIT	ALDO NOVA *SUBJECT*
317867	WARNER BROS.	Christopher Cross ANOTHER PAGE
317800	CAPITOL	LITTLE RIVER BAND *GREATEST HITS*
322545	RSO	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *FAME*
322867	COLUMBIA	LACY J. DALTON *GREATEST HITS*
321315	WARNER BROS.	Gordon Lightfoot SALUTE
323857*	QWEST	JAMES INGRAM It's Your Night
323865	VIVA RECORDS	SHELLY WEST *RED HOT*
324764	COLUMBIA	RAY CONNIFF'S GREATEST HITS
324863	WARNER BROS.	CHRISTINE Mc VIE
324871*	MOTOWN	ROCKWELL Somebody's Watching Me

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MCMLXXXIV
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THRILLER
LIONEL RICHIE
Can't Slow Down
CYNDI LAUPER
SHE'S SO UNUSUAL
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
Uh-Huh
BILLY JOEL
AN INNOCENT MAN
ROCKWELL
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325050 COLUMBIA WEATHER REPORT *DOMINO THEORY*
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317164 ASYLUM LINDA RONSTADT *GET CLOSER*
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313049 COLUMBIA Barbra Streisand MEMORIES
321414 LIBERTY DOTTIE WEST *NEW HORIZONS*
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317263 WARNER BROS. DONALD FAGEN *THE NIGHTFLY*
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317859 397851 ATLANTIC ABBA® The Singles, THE FIRST TEN YEARS
322149 392142 RSO BEE GEES GREATEST
322164 392167 RSO ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER*

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314443 COLUMBIA NEIL DIAMOND 12 GREATEST HITS VOL. 2
321018 COLUMBIA BILLY JOEL An Innocent Man
321067 EPIC THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND • A DECADE OF HITS
321125 ASYLUM JACKSON BROWNE *LAWYERS IN LOVE*
314377 PABLO RECORDS ELLA FITZGERALD WITH COUNT BASIE & ORCH. *A CLASSY PAIR*
318337✱ 398339 GEFFEN ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST CATS
313221 393223 LIBERTY SHIRLEY BASSEY GREATEST HITS
321943 391946 RANWOOD LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS ORCH. *22 ALL TIME BIG BAND FAVORITES*
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318147 398149 EPIC GEORGE JONES *ANNIVERSARY—TEN YEARS OF HITS*
314294 394296✱ COLUMBIA *JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT RECORD*
323196 393199 AVANT-GARDE RECORDS Ferrante & Teicher *30TH ANNIVERSARY ON STAGE*
324848 394841 WARNER BROS. PRINCE 1999

324335✱ GEFFEN IRENE CARA *WHAT A FEELIN'*
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323451 ELEKTRA THE DOORS Alive, She Cried
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320291 COLUMBIA WYNTON MARSALIS THINK OF ONE
187088 COLUMBIA BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS
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321489 SCOTTI BROS. SURVIVOR Caught In The Game
322982 COLUMBIA WILLIE NELSON *WITHOUT A SONG*
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323790 EPIC ADAM ANT *STRIP*
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324178✱ BAINBRIDGE Mystic Moods Orch. *One Stormy Night*
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287003 ASYLUM EAGLES 1971-1975 Their Greatest Hits
310482 MODERN STEVIE NICKS BELLA DONNA
320390 WARNER BROS. GEORGE BENSON *IN YOUR EYES*
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322073 CHRYSALIS SPANDAU BALLET *TRUE*
318287 LAURIE COLLECTOR'S RECORDS OF THE 50'S & 60'S VARIOUS ARTISTS
318188 EPIC *MICKEY GILLEY BIGGEST HITS*
318154 CAPITOL DURAN DURAN *RIO*
324343✱ DE-LITE Kool & The Gang *In The Heart*

324558 PRIVATE MATTHEW WILDER *I DON'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE*
324475 SIRE PRETENDERS Learning To Crawl
318675 CBS PLACIDO DOMINGO My Life For A Song
318733 ARISTA MELISSA MANCHESTER'S GREATEST HITS
323337 MOTOWN ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *THE BIG CHILL*
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fantasies about her flooded into my head as I boosted her up and sat her down on the edge of the counter. I slowly slid her skirt up and her panties down. The look of passion on her face was indescribable.

I gently spread her legs apart and saw the pinkest, juiciest pussy I had ever seen. I knelt in front of her and buried my face in a sea of red pubic hair. She was absolutely delicious! Suddenly we were startled by a loud knock on the door and my name being called out. My heart jumped into my throat, but I managed to ask who it was. It was another student, wanting to turn in a late paper. I told him to put it in my office, and he left. I was so shaken, and I began to realize the implications of what we were doing. I tried to explain to her and begged her not to tell anyone or bring it up again. I ended up leaving town (and teaching) at the end of the year and never saw her again. I still think about her frequently, and she remains my favorite unfulfilled fantasy!—*Name and address withheld*

CAMPUS TOUR

When I was in art school I earned extra money giving prospective students tours of the campus. The job did not pay well, but it did offer fringe benefits for my lusty appetite.

One Saturday morning a curious-looking student entered the office. His head did not have a stitch of hair on it. He had no eyebrows or eyelashes. His black outfit (pants, T-shirt, and spray-painted loafers) accentuated his corpselike, alien look. I thought, "Did this skinhead just walk off the set of a movie?"

For the first half of the tour, he was strangely quiet, which surprised me because guys usually flatter me. But all this guy did was say yes or nod to everything I said.

I wondered whether he was shy or self-conscious, so I tried to lighten him up by telling him that the school was actually a well-disguised sexual-research center, but no change. He just stared impassively at me.

Strangely enough, although his silence pissed me off, I found his dark gray eyes and tight little ass very sexy. So, following my impulses, I cut the tour short, took him to my art studio, and began to remove my clothes. I told him that he would have to fuck me in order to gain admission to the school. He did not reply; he merely pulled off his clothes.

As I expected, his body was hairless and lovely, like polished ivory. His thin, soft cock curved like a ripe banana.

I asked him if he would like to help make a videotape. He nodded yes. After spreading two canvas sheets on the floor and dumping many colors of paint on them, I turned on the camera. As we settled into our multicolored bed, I took his smooth, spongy cock in my hand and licked it gently until it grew longer and turned a proud shade of scarlet red.

While I sucked on his shaft, he tongued my clit like an expert until I gasped for him to fuck me. He then placed me on my back, put my legs up over his shoulders, and thrashed me to several orgasms.

Sensing that I was tired, he withdrew and massaged every inch of my painted body. Eventually his tongue found my clit again and brought me off until I signaled for his cock to go to work again. He then rode me from behind until we shot off together.

Afterward, he calmly picked up his clothes and said, in a very formal, almost rehearsed tone, "I must be heading back for my interview. I'm afraid I'm late already. But first this paint must be removed from my body." I was stunned. I didn't think he knew that many words.

I, too, was worried that we might be late, so I quickly turned off the camera, wiped the paint from our bodies, dressed, and started back for the office. On the way I asked his name, but he did not answer, nor did he even look at me. Just as we reached the building, I winked and said, "As far as I am concerned, you're accepted. If you need help with the application look me up." He just walked up the stairs and out of sight. Unfortunately, I never saw him again.

A few months later I showed the videotape to a friend who sells porno flicks. He loved it and decided to distribute it. So far the sales have provided me with enough money to pay off one of my student loans. And the paintings we made that day hang in my bedroom to remind me of the most creative sex I have had yet.—*Name and address withheld*

TURNING THE TABLES

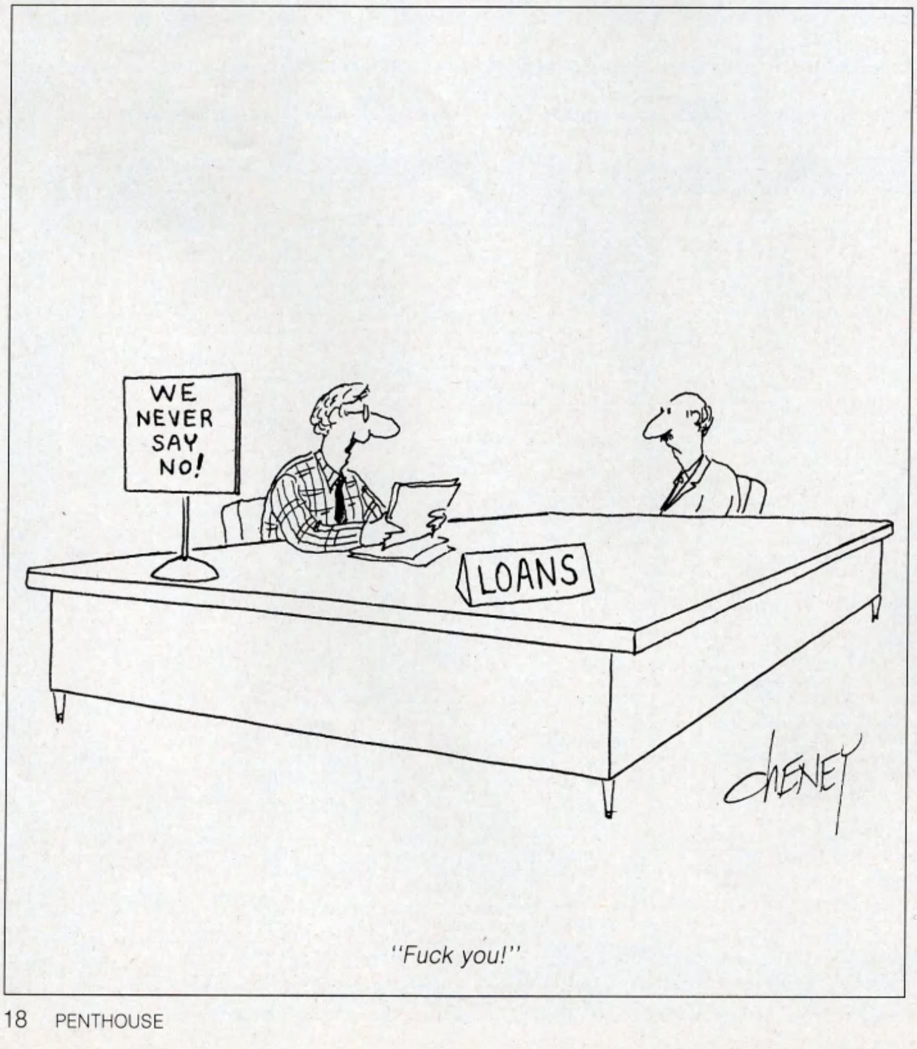
Last night was Halloween, and I was planning to take Melissa, a girl I occasionally go out with, to a party. Melissa lives next door to two girls, Jill and Lynn, who are unbelievably straight. When Melissa told me that Jill was planning to spend the night studying and Lynn was going to do her laundry, I laughed. It sounded typical of the two of them.

I was getting ready to walk over to Melissa's apartment when she called. She said she had the perfect idea for a Halloween trick to pull on her straitlaced neighbors. She said she would go over to talk with Jill and Lynn and keep them occupied while I was to go to the laundry room to take Lynn's clothes. I was in a strange mood and agreed to her plan.

A few minutes later I walked into the laundry room. It was easy to find Lynn's clothes since they were the only ones there. I took her clothing out of the dryer, stuffed it in her laundry basket, and prepared to depart.

As I turned to go, I saw a tall, beautiful woman standing in the doorway. I guessed it was Lynn, although we had never met before. She asked me what I thought I was doing. I decided that it was time for me to run for it, so I shoved the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176



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AN AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

As the author of "Blood Money," the article about the Nugan Hand Bank [*Penthouse*, April 1984], I wish to acknowledge the work of Jonathan Kwitny, whose articles in the *Wall Street Journal* provided part of the basis for my story.—*Penny Lernoux*

TAX REVOLUTION

I would like to comment on your very interesting article, "No Deposit, No Return" [April, 1984]. I was an IRS agent for two years, but after the Gordon Kahl incident, I resigned. My two years with the service turned me against not only the IRS but also the U.S. government as a whole. The IRS in my opinion is the most dangerous organization ever to have been assembled at any one time in the history of the civilized world. It has contempt for the American taxpayer that borders on insanity.

To be more specific, the tax-protest movement is an index of disgust over government spending and also a barometer of government oppression. When any group of people determine that a government is no longer sensitive to their needs, a revolution is in the making. Mainstream America has decided that it is fed up with financing the problems of the rest of the world. The more the government gets, the more it wants. Politicians see the American worker as someone to exploit the same way a rancher fattens his cattle for slaughter. The end result is their only concern.—*Name withheld, Dalton, Ga.*

The *Penthouse* article on the evasion of taxes, "No Deposit, No Return," should inform those who pay taxes dutifully, albeit at times unwillingly, that they are paying more than their share.

First, taxpayers pay for those who evade their taxes for whatever reasons.

And second, taxpayers must also pay for the costs of tracing and prosecuting those who evade their taxes for whatever reasons.

This means that we may have paid a possible $75 billion in taxes in 1981 for those who didn't pay. Those who protest through evasion ought to realize that many of the privileges of being an American, which they take for granted, were bought by people who paid taxes.

All citizens, taxpayers, and tax evaders who feel that their tax load is too high have a duty to elect representatives to Congress—and the various state legislatures—who will reduce taxes and, if necessary, government services.

And in the meantime, taxpayers should loudly and clearly voice their disapproval of tax evasion. It may be said that to a large extent tax evasion can only exist and prosper because the majority of taxpayers appear to be apathetic toward those who evade their taxes.—*Robert W. Haubrich, El Centro, Calif.*

I have just reread your article "No Deposit, No Return." I am surprised that a well-known and widely read magazine such as *Penthouse* had the courage to print an article about the growing tax resistance in this country. I would be careful, however, not to judge tax protesters as selfish individuals who don't wish to pay their fair share. Actually, protesters risk heavy fines, penalties, and even jail terms. They have a strong conviction that goes beyond not paying taxes.

Since our government did quite well without a tax on personal income for nearly 150 years, perhaps there is more to the protest saga than meets the eye.

The story about the late Sidney Lemmon is not an aberration of IRS policy. In fact, the IRS often attacks the weak—the defenseless "little man"—to instill fear in the rest of the community. Most of us are ignorant of the law and cannot afford the high cost of competent legal counsel. The IRS has even told Congress that fear is its biggest weapon in keeping the citizen in his place and maintaining the necessary high degree of voluntary compliance.

The secret guidelines for the IRS field agents on how to handle the tax protester are curious. None of the items mentioned in your article justify any secretiveness in the handling of a protester. Over and over, the IRS has threatened and verbally assaulted citizens behind closed doors to get those citizens' *fair share*—and later told the courts that the taxpayers voluntarily divulged information that could be used against them and voluntarily signed enormous tax bills that exceeded their take-home pay. By asking for identification and proof of jurisdiction, and by recording conversations, the tax victim is protecting himself from future incrimination in areas he may not be aware of. It will also help if the tax victim decides to seek recourse against an agent operating outside the Constitution.

I am sickened by the concept of using arms to try to obtain social and political change. To effectively change society, the peoples' hearts and attitudes have to change first. This is efficiently accomplished not by arms but by sound ideas and truth. Unfortunately, many people believe that once they've lost everything, it's too late to fight.

The U.S. Tax Court is a joke among tax protesters. They have come to know the tax court not as a judicial court but as a kangaroo court in which the judge is an ex–IRS agent who did his job very well and has been promoted to the level of rubber-stamping the harassment of citizens. One of the complaints of the Declaration of Independence is against taking a citizen's property without due process of law. "Due process" is understood to be a jury trial of one's peers. In tax court there is no jury. And once the judge rules against the citizen, the citizen must pay all the tax, fines, and penalties first, then he may file suit in district court for a jury trial. This presupposes that the citizen has enough funds left over to be able to "purchase" his day in court. Faced with this, it is no wonder that many citizens have lost faith in the government and are ready to go to jail.

The New York Patriots' Society upholds the constitutional restriction that the federal government cannot levy a direct tax on property without apportionment. Labor has been declared property by the courts, and payment of wages is, therefore, an equal exchange of property, not income. The income tax is an indirect excise tax on profits and gains, not a direct tax on the worker's compensation.

The implementation of the concept of taxing wages directly occurred during World War II. The nation needed vast new funds to operate, and a "Victory" tax was levied upon the paycheck of the worker. Constitutional limitations placed a lifespan of two years upon this withholding, but Congress decided that since it could not foresee the end of the war, the withholding process would remain in effect until "cessation of hostilities in the present war." Many Patriots ask, "Is the war still going on?"

Yes, Mr. Schiff did spend time in jail, but that does not make him a criminal. History shows that governments have always incarcerated those who wish to challenge those in power. I advise the reader to look closer at Mr. Schiff's ideas before judging him.

One last item. The IRS has now taken on religion, hoping to halt nonpayment of taxes by "false" churches. Many religious leaders, including Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, and local priests, rabbis, and pastors, had better be alert to what is happening. The First Amendment prohibits Congress from regulating religion. The church (and press) are "tax immune" not "tax exempt." However, now the IRS can define the word "religion," and if your church does not meet the IRS's definition of a church, then the IRS can hit that institution with an outrageous tax bill.

Freedom of the press and speech are just as vulnerable to this redefining of words. If anyone has doubts about the IRS's ability to redefine words, check out "back withholding" now implemented at your local bank. Congress repealed the 10 percent withholding [on interest] that the IRS wanted so badly. Not to be denied, the IRS has implemented a 20 percent withholding and redefined the word.

In the ultimate analysis, the IRS is after power and control, not money. I suggest that any reader who wishes to understand the need for a growing tax-protest movement read *To Harass Our People*, by George Hansen. The income tax is just the tip of the iceberg.—*Tony DeMurray, Local Coordinator, North Alabama Patriots, Huntsville, Ala.*

J. Cummings and E. Volkman reply:
As Mr. DeMurray's letter illustrates, there is a strong strain of shrill self-righteousness that permeates the tax-protest movement. Unfortunately, there is also a good deal of misinformation.

Included in Mr. DeMurray's letter is the assertion that the IRS implemented a 20 percent withholding on interest. But, in fact, Congress implemented this as a backup system for those who do not provide Social Security numbers on their accounts. Mr. DeMurray's analysis of the U.S. Tax Court is a gross oversimplification, and his curious claim that the Constitution prohibits levying of direct taxes on property without apportionment is insup-

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portable, since this law was revised by the Sixteenth Amendment to that document. Similarly, the other letters we received pertaining to our article accuse us of being constitutional idiots—for not "understanding" the Constitution's tax implications as they are defined by the tax protesters themselves. Clearly, these correspondents have not read our article closely; we noted carefully that however sound the protesters consider their constitutional arguments, thus far the federal courts have not agreed with them. And contrary to other assertions in these letters, in our article we supported neither the IRS nor the tax protesters; our purpose was to report objectively on an important phenomenon, not to take sides.

LEFTIST MEDIA

Roy Cohn is exactly right in putting his finger on the liberal bias of our major media ["Why the Press Hates Reagan," May 1984]. Curiously, when the matter comes up (and it is coming up increasingly), members of the media tend to neither admit to nor deny the charge. Instead, they try to ignore it. But it won't go away, and I doubt it can be ignored for much longer.—*William A. Rusher, Publisher,* The National Review, *New York, N.Y.*

Mr. Cohn has hit the nail on the head. Subtle censorship by the media does exist, and it's becoming more prevalent. An editor with a particular bias can easily edit out views, for instance, in a column he doesn't agree with, or even unknowingly decide not to use a story or a segment of it because his decision-making process is subliminally influenced. This is why a division between hard-news stories and columns was created for newspapers. But along came what is now called "advocacy journalism," and the new breed of reporters—some, not all—color their stories according to their personal views. Columnists, too, can have their pieces cut down if their opinions differ too greatly from their superiors'. The trick of deleting copy for space can also become a subtle form of censorship.

Therefore, Mr. Cohn's article takes on serious significance. *Penthouse,* I congratulate you for printing it. Today it's becoming more and more difficult to get such cogent views printed. Mr. Cohn has the courage not to go with the crowd or express the popular view, and to think. Whatever happened to independent thought?—*Kay Gardella, New York* Daily News, *New York, N.Y.*

WHAT A RUKUS

I've just seen your April 1984 Pet of the Month, Marcia Ruks. Wow! What a knockout she is. She is unbelievable. I don't have the words to describe her, but since you've seen the pictures of her, you know what I mean! I'm almost speechless! I *need* to see one more picture of beautiful and voluptuous Marcia. Please!—*Name and address withheld*

I would like to convey my compliments for the fantastic pictorial of your April 1984 Pet of the Month, Miss Marcia Ruks. It was a truly exciting piece of work, and congrats are befitting the man behind the camera, J. Stephen Hicks. This Joan Jett look-alike is breathtaking, to put it mildly.—*Name withheld, Philadelphia, Pa.*

When does the plane leave for Anchorage? All of my bitter-cold images of Alaska have been heated up via the lens of J. Stephen Hicks's camera. Marcia Ruks is outstanding. This 19-year-old possesses a sultry quality that is unrivaled. Her body is dynamite, and her face is absolutely hypnotic.

Your April issue is the hottest item in our computer room. So hot that the original was swiped by another victim of her spell. Not to worry, *Penthouse,* she was more than worth another purchase. For our further satisfaction, please grace your pages with another view of Marcia.—*A.R., New York, N.Y.*

For our computer experts with discriminating taste in software, here's another shot (above) of our April Pet.—The Editors

CIA'S SILENT GRAVE

As preposterous as the drugs-megabucks-CIA-in-Asia story ["Blood Money," April 1984] must appear to those innocents who imagine that the war in Vietnam involved ideologies, Penny Lernoux did a remarkable job of researching the inky truths of the late sixties and early seventies in the "CIA crescent."

Having been in Thailand and Vietnam during the period under scrutiny, I witnessed on a low level the astonishing and routine feats of government-funded chicanery. In bars and night spots across the American-dominated continent, but specifically in Thailand, Cambodia, Singapore, and Laos, I spent time with pilots who looked upon their professions as Air America drug runners and smugglers as an amusing open secret. If one was a "round eye"—i.e., Western—female, as I am, one could easily ask and get answers to the most incredible questions about America's real interest in the area. As Lernoux says again and again in her piece: No rules existed. In Chiang Mai, northern Thailand, it was "received wisdom" to associate with anthropologists, Peace Corps doctors, and teachers from Canada's peace corps (CUSO)—all of whom worked amiably with Meo tribespeople growing poppies for all they were worth. (And more, of course.)

Naturally, our telephones were tapped. People disappeared regularly. It didn't matter if you had a date with them—either they had been shot in some unmanageable deal, or they had changed identities and assumed new countries of residence. One was never entirely certain if the people one was dining with were the people they claimed to be. A scan of most wallets revealed credit cards and ID's in several equally plausible names, always accompanied, naturally, by ironclad résumés and handsome, burnished government photos.

Lernoux's flinty unearthing of the banking and Australian connections is all the more laudatory in that, in spite of the passage of years and the lack of a statute of limitations on some of these malfeasances, she was able to string together the enormous skein of associations binding the CIA, the Nugan Hand bank, the drug trade, and the mercenary, criminal network that made the Vietnam-era Orient such a remunerative free-for-all. Lernoux did exemplary work on South American and Central American church-state politics—I met her myself several years ago, living in Central America—but she has outdone herself in this instance.

And still, the so-called intelligence community is silent as the grave in all matters pertaining to this blood money.—*M.D. Slotnick, New York, N.Y.*

IS WAYNE WILLIAMS INNOCENT?

William Warren Northrop's recent article on the so-called Atlanta murders ["Wayne Williams Is Innocent," April 1984] is composite proof of something I have professed for a long time—they never caught

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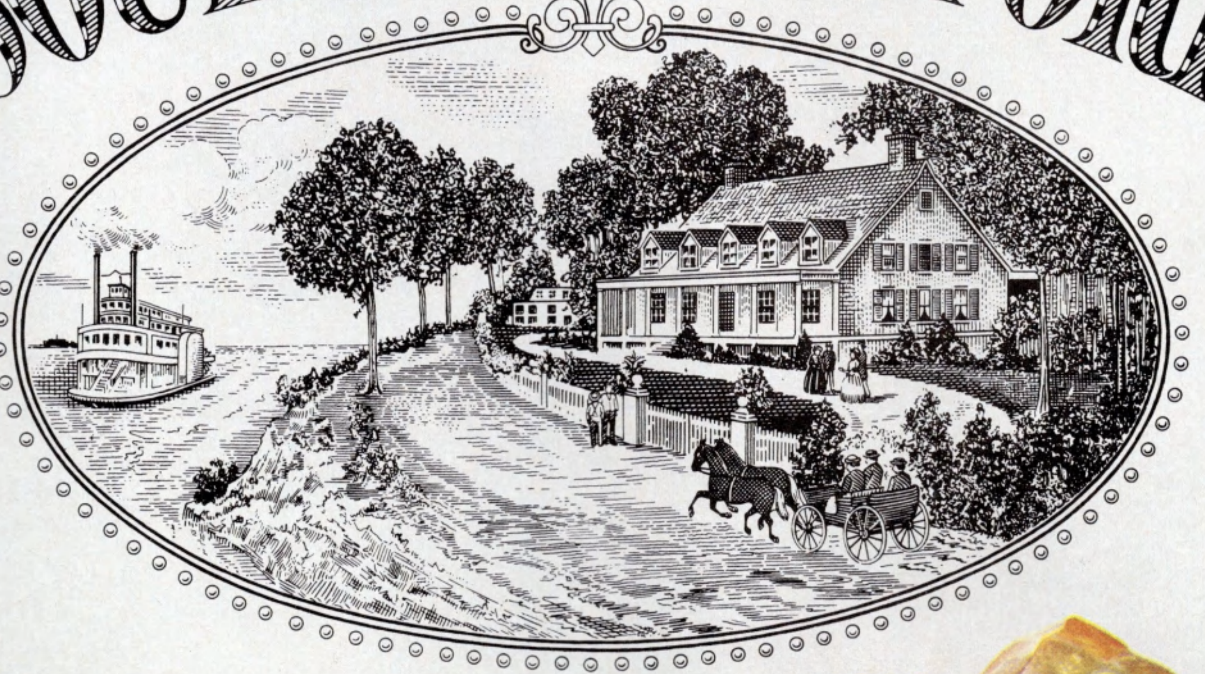

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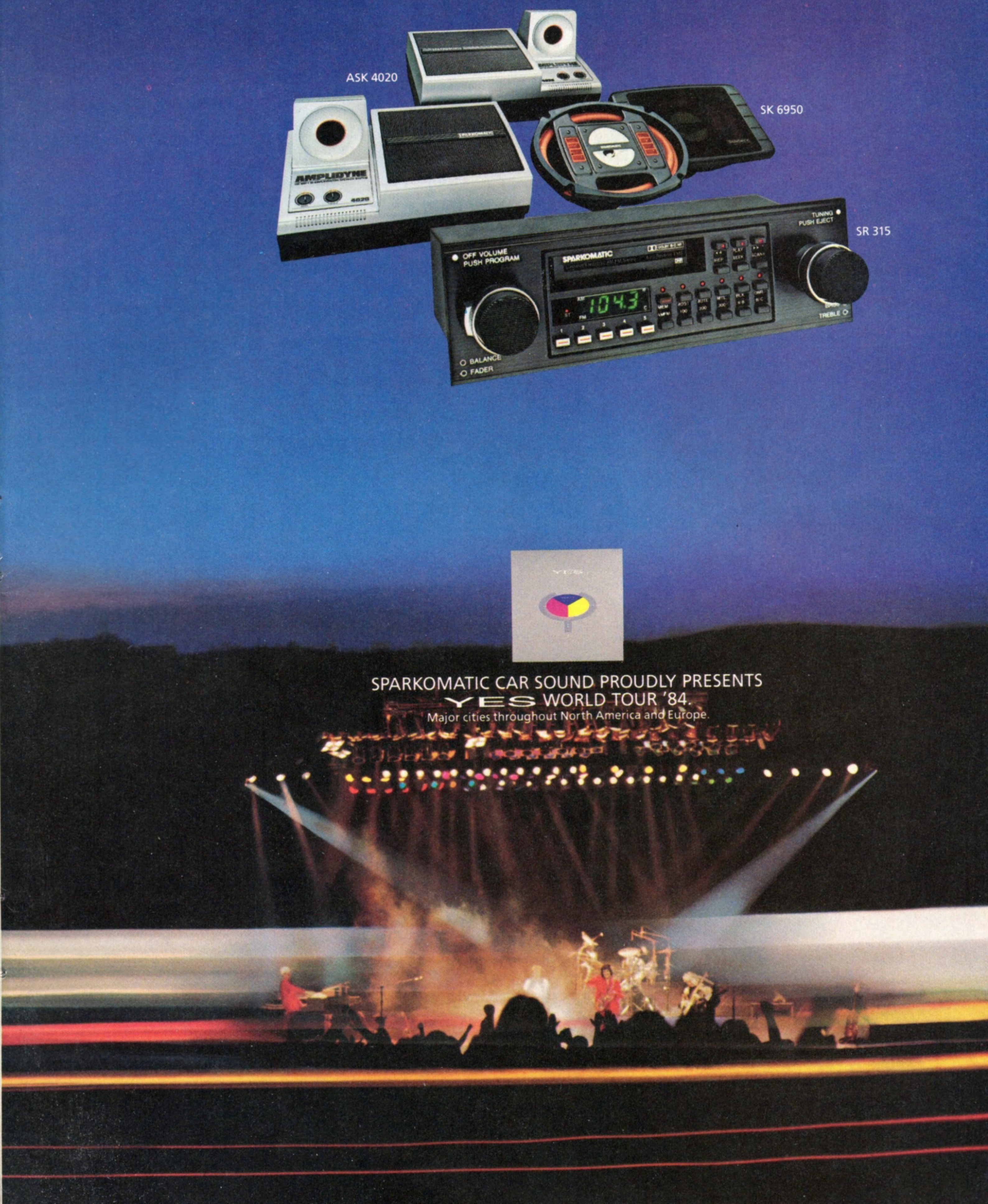
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As a part-time resident of Atlanta, a city I truly love and consider home, I am shocked by the hysteria of groups who are certain that there was one murderer in Atlanta killing black children. Here we have a city whose population is roughly half a million—if you want to include the outskirts, easily a million. As sad as this situation may be, there will be crime and murder in a city that size.

Pick up any recent edition of *The Atlanta Constitution* and you'll still read about the murder of blacks. There are hordes of cult groups, such as the KKK, infiltrating our community.

With all due sympathy to the parents of the murdered children, I must say that they have done more harm than good, and they know it. Mayor Young knows it. We all know it. How they can allow this injustice to go on is beyond me. And what is the greater crime, the murders themselves or the fact that an innocent man is in jail without just cause and the real murderers are free—if indeed, technically speaking, the children's deaths were murders at all? These misguided people who are out trying to avenge the losses that they have suffered are the greatest criminals, and because of this we are all suffering.—*Jeffrey L. Rutledge, Atlanta, Ga.*

With great admiration, I read William Warren Northrop's stinging exposé of the Atlanta witch-hunt of 1980 and 1981. As a Yankee truth-seeker living in Georgia at the time, I was endlessly exposed to the ad hysterium reportage of the events that led to the conviction of Wayne Williams. The media, ever the Establishment's faithful tool, depicted with great emotion and fervor what became a clearly predictable scenario. As this scenario unfolded, some of us looked on in horror.

For months, the media, which led the law-enforcement machinery along like a puppy dog, raised paranoid cries of all-too-easily-triggered indignation among the gullible populace. Suddenly, the media had "discovered" the shockingly high death rate of young black Atlantans, historically a statistical fact of life for young blacks throughout the South. But instead of the special task force applying itself to the embarrassing and self-incriminating work of identifying the real cause of these deaths—the intractable feudal order of the South—it fingered a single patsy, who was framed and convicted in what must have been the most ludicrous investigation and trial ever. The "new" South may don the emperor's clothes in the hope of fooling the rest of the world with its gleaming cityscapes and legendary economic booms, but it cannot hide the fact that social inequity clearly remains.

The Wayne Williams case points out the phoniness of the chimerical "new" South in the most tragic way. Once again, responsibility for neglect based on class and race—the real culprit in Atlanta's "attrition rate"—has been sidestepped. The plain fact is that this oppressive society continues to keep the plug pulled on minorities and poor people. Wayne Williams is the accused "witch" whose ordeal by fire has served as the peacekeeping and conscience-cleansing sacrifice to white domination in the South. Yet to be answered though is the question: How do we get Wayne Williams out of jail?—*P.B. Crabb, West Chester, Pa.*

DELTA FORCE DEFENSE

I am writing in response to the *Penthouse* article "Death at Desert One," by Logan Fitch [March 1984]. Overall, the major painted a pretty fascinating picture of what went on during the preparations for and final execution of the Iranian rescue mission. However, I fail to see what qualifications Major Fitch has that would enable him to criticize his superiors in another branch of the service, and in an area that he knows little or nothing about, i.e., the marine helicopter community.

From 1977 to 1979 I was a member of the best heavy-helicopter squadron in the military. This squadron supplied the majority of the helicopter personnel for the Iranian mission. Also, "the Skipper," as he was called in the article, was my commanding officer from '77 to '79, and Staff Sergeant Johnson, Sergeant Harvey, and Corporal Holmes (all casualties) were my personal friends in the same unit. In August 1979 I was transferred to the Marine Corps Command Center, in Washington, D.C.—a unit of superior administrators who monitor various world situations, including the one in Iran. Since the accident, I have had extensive contact with the marines in the mission.

In defense of the Skipper, I would agree that he is made from a "different cut of cloth," but to insinuate that he did not have the right stuff is totally irresponsible. The Skipper's military record is also impressive—as are those of Colonel Beckwith and Mr. Meadows—with extensive combat missions in Vietnam. He is also the top heavy-helicopter pilot the marines have to offer in terms of flight hours.

In defense of the marines in general, I would like to note that in all accounts I have heard or read, including this one, not one mentions the marines losing their cool after the accident. Yet, almost every account mentions that the *other* service personnel lost their cool and acted irrationally. Because of this, I would say that Major Fitch's men deserved the "raking-down" session given by Colonel Beckwith when they were back in Egypt.

To pin the accident—which is what it was, an accident—on marine aviation is unjust. Delta Force will live to fight another day and will have marines—a "different cut of cloth"—as an integral part of the force.—*Sergeant D. L. Collins, U.S.M.C., Frankfurt, West Germany*

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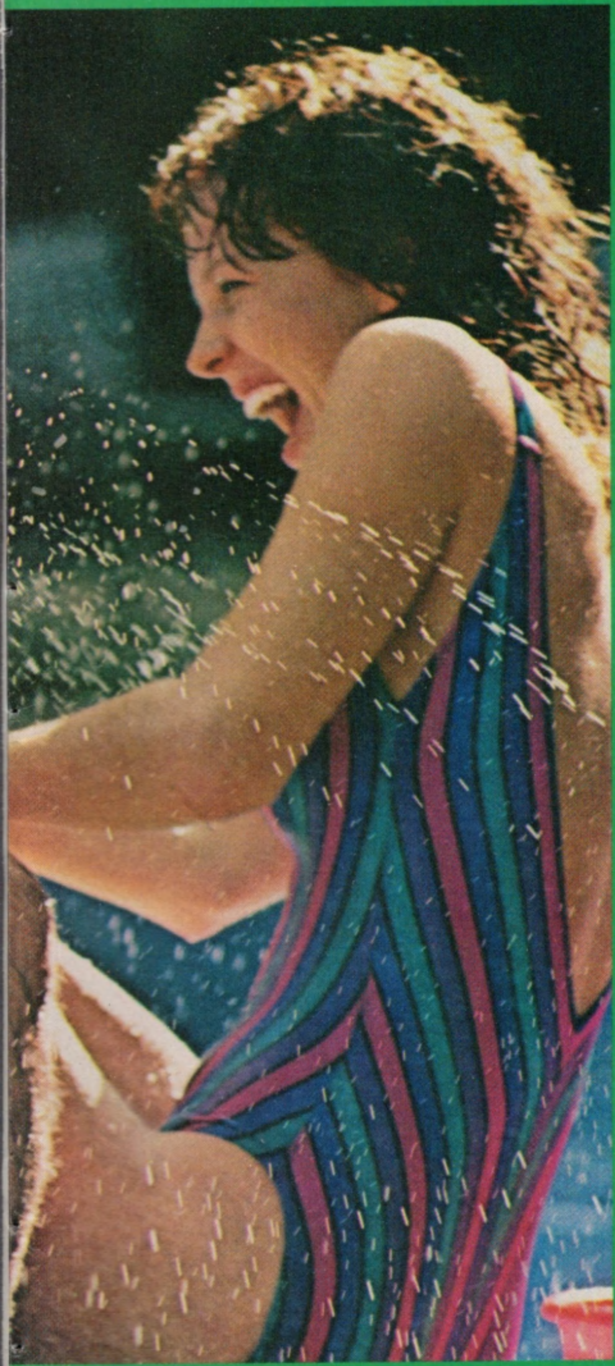

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MEN'S RIGHTS

The Democrats have bowed to the feminists, but Reagan isn't a source of hope for men, either.

The summer of 1984 is upon us. It will offer us those two great spectacles, the Democratic and Republican party conventions. My concern is with the party platforms. What will they look like in terms of issues, and who will be the presidential and vice-presidential candidates?

The Democrats have gone out of their way to win favor with the feminists, if not with women in general. A number of Democratic candidates have promised that if elected they will withhold money for federal programs from states whose legislatures are opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment. As an example of their party's genuflecting to women, Senator Hart, attending the convention of the National Women's Political Caucus last year, apologized for exhibiting an "attitude of disregard" toward women. What had Hart done? He had ignored a time limit on speeches.

The Democrats have genuflected to such a degree to the growing political power of the feminists that one can understand why there exists a so-called "gender gap" between the parties. At the same time, President Reagan can hardly be viewed as a source of infinite hope for men. Reagan, too, has tried to appease women. He has supported a federal law for a mandatory wage deduction of child-support payments, without any consideration of a father's correlative right to visit his child.

The thrust of feminism is increasingly obvious: It has affected in many areas the political platforms of the various presidential candidates. During the upcoming conventions and elections, politicians will find themselves addressing many feminist-supported issues, and once again the pennant of the ERA will be flying from the feminist flagship.

I support the ERA, but in the last eight months I have been setting forth in this column the need for greater recognition of men's rights. Where do these important issues appear in the party platforms? They aren't there. Where is the Republican or Democratic platform dedicated to amending our Constitution to permit Congress to enact legislation for a fair national divorce law? Or a fair national custody law? Or a visitation law? Or a reasonable alimony and child-support law? It should be obvious that it is a national disaster to have 50 different state laws pertaining to divorce, custody, visitation, and division of property.

Men who have experienced the inherent unfairness or failures of the present systems governing divorce and custody are aware of the need for change. But many men still have to be awakened to the threat of gender-biased political decisions. Action is necessary to stem their growth. The respective party platforms should include strong positions calling for the repeal of affirmative-action regulations and guidelines favoring quotas for the hiring of women over men. Quota systems that are based on gender result in severe and counterproductive reverse discrimination.

Vital also to the repeal of gender affirmative action is the need to stymie the "comparable worth" doctrine. Comparable worth is a feminist proposal that extends beyond equal pay for equal work. To permit individual judges across the land to compare different job descriptions and award salary increments based on judicial interpretation is economically diabolical and will not work. Let's stop it now!

I favor the elimination of alimony jails for those men who are found to be able to pay and are adjudged to be in contempt of court. Currently, they are committed to prison for failing to obey the court's "order to pay." Imprisonment means fingerprinting and mug shots, and these become part of the FBI files.

I favor a party platform on children's constitutional rights in divorce or separation. Children have the right to know the noncustodial parent and have the benefit of that parent's love and guidance through adequate visitation.

I favor a platform that includes a provision to draft women as well as men if there's a military draft. Women can no longer be excluded from military selective service. Don't fall for the feminist statements that they are a "peace organization" and don't want a draft. Everyone wants peace—not just feminists. Again, as a men's-rights advocate for 20 years, I restate my hope that one day the Equal Rights Amendment will be passed. I believe that passage of the ERA will take men's rights out of the shadow of injustice, and that it may even prove to be the Achilles' heel of the feminist movement.

BY SIDNEY SILLER

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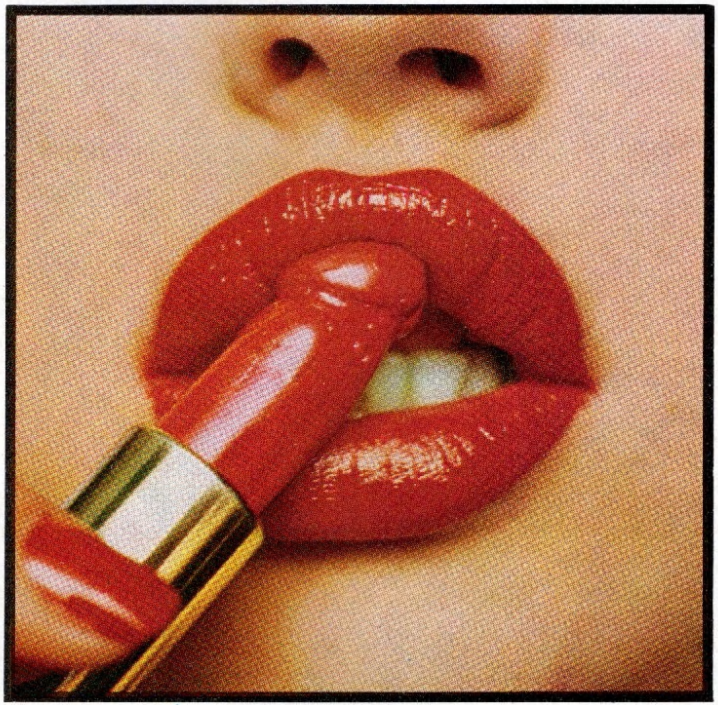
❛If I were you, I'd introduce the subject of lesbianism to your friend by casually pulling a vibrator out of your purse, as if by mistake, and watching her reaction.❜

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



LETTER OF THE MONTH

Just when you think you're the only one not getting a piece of the action, something wonderful happens. On our last Christmas vacation, my wife and I traveled by car to the West Coast to visit our old friends Joyce and Bill. During the long car ride there, Nan and I grew very horny. We arrived late at night, had a few drinks with our friends, and then literally ran to the guest bedroom.

We engaged in foreplay, and when Nan's pussy was ready, I turned on my back so she could go for a ride, and soon she was grinding up a storm. Then right in the middle of a wild orgasm, I heard the door open. Nan's eyes were closed, so she didn't see Joyce stroll casually into the room and sit down. For some reason, I said nothing, but continued to let Nan pump my shaft.

After a while, Nan must have sensed my disconcertedness, because between her gasps she managed to ask, "What's going on?" I then informed her that Joyce was in the room with us, and she immediately rolled off me and pulled the covers over herself.

Joyce had put her hand down her panties and was now frantically rubbing her pussy. When she realized we'd stopped, she pulled out a come-coated hand and sat down on the bed beside me. Then she began to explain how her sex life with Bill was getting dull and that the only thing that turned her on nowadays was watching other couples make it. She said she hoped we weren't angry at her for not announcing herself but that she hadn't wanted to disturb us. Then suddenly, right in the middle of her explanation, her head went down and her mouth closed round my cock. Nan gasped, but quite honestly, I was in no condition to do anything but enjoy.

Throughout the next day, none of us mentioned the episode. After dinner Bill and I went down to the den to watch TV. A short while afterward, Nan walked in wearing only her bathrobe and stood directly in front of Bill. Bill said, "Excuse me," and moved his head to see the set. "Sure," Nan said, putting one leg out sideways so that Bill and I could see her puffy cunt lips.

Bill froze for a moment, then looked at me.

"Why not?" I said, winking.

Well, that's all it took. Bill unzipped his jeans and his dick sprang out and continued to grow to its full length of about ten inches. I saw Nan's eyes light up. I'd always known she wanted more than my seven inches, and now she was going to get the dick of her dreams. At that point, I went upstairs to fetch Joyce.

When we came back together, Nan was lying on her back on the floor and Bill was avidly eating out her pussy. Joyce didn't give them a second glance, but sat down on a chair and stuck her hands down her panties. I never knew how thrilling watching a woman play with herself could be, Xaviera! I was in heaven! When I could no longer control myself, I gently pulled her down to the floor and undressed her.

Once she was nude, she lay back and spread open her cunt lips with two fingers and stuck a third deep inside. Just then I heard Nan whispering, "Fuck me, fuck me, you hunk." I glanced back at Bill pumping into my wife like there was no tomorrow.

Needless to say, my cock was near coming from all the visual stimulation. When I could hold back no longer, I turned back to Joyce, grabbed my prick, and shot my load right into her face. She didn't seem disturbed, but seeing that Nan and Bill had come to a standstill, she crawled over to them on her hands and knees.

Nan pulled away to make room, and the two of us watched in amazement as Joyce gradually swallowed the entire length of

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Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

enormous shaft. In sweet emulation, Nan knelt in front of me and licked and sucked my swollen cock until I shot into her thirsty mouth. This was the first blowjob she ever gave me!

This kind of activity continued throughout the rest of the vacation, and since we returned home, Nan has been much less inhibited in bed. There's only one thing about the adventure at Christmas that disturbs me—I can't help thinking that every time Nan goes down on my meager seven inches, she is longing for that supercock of Bill's. Is it foolish of me to have this suspicion?—W.D.

Have you ever stopped to think that it is perhaps because of the erotic content of magazines like *Penthouse* that people like you, your wife, and friends get ideas for wonderful bouts of partner-swapping? I am delighted to hear you finally got a piece of the action.

But to clear up a little confusion in your letter, dear friend, are you quite sure that Bill's cock was ten inches long? Perhaps in the excitement of the moment, you overestimated. If you did not, that is a hell of a piece of meat. To be quite honest, every time I get a letter from someone who claims that there are "at least nine or ten inches" attached to either themselves or their boyfriends, my first reaction is, "Ah, another bullshitter." Have you recently taken out a ruler to see how long ten inches really is? In my experience, which as you know is considerable, the best-hung man I've ever known was about nine and a half inches, and I tell you, that is pretty damn big! It's highly unusual for any man to have that kind of apparatus, so if I were you, I wouldn't worry about my own seven inches. You are, in fact, about one inch above average.

Incidentally, the famous Dr. Frankfurter (God preserve him) of Utrecht, the Netherlands, invented the Frankfurter Scale of Penis Measurement. The technique involves pulling the limp penis out to the fullest extent and then measuring the distance from the abdomen. The result will be what Frankfurter termed "insertion length." In the case of an uncircumsized penis, the foreskin should not be included, as this is only a flaccid membrane.

THE HARDER THEY COME

I'm getting a little worried about myself. I'm 20, but am only a senior in high school because I'm an army brat and often moved around the world during my childhood. As a result, my education was interrupted several times.

Since I'm pretty good-looking and sociable—I have no trouble getting dates. I've had intercourse with several guys, but now I just moved to a new school and everyone thinks I'm a virgin. What's bothering me is this: Sex has always been very boring for me. The only thing I've found that really gets me excited is watching a guy masturbate.

I really get off when some slender, good-looking guy gets his wang all blue-veined and purple-tipped and begs me to let him come. Then, to tease him, I pull up my skirt and finger myself and tell him I won't make it with him till I get good and wet. Once I'm wet, I still don't let him in but watch him go ahead and shoot off into a pillow. Sometimes I try him again, saying, "When I'm just a little hotter, I'll let you in," and then when he's hard, I deny him again. If he says anything nasty about it, I tell him that he's just too quick on the trigger and that shuts him up quick.

We have some real hunks on our basketball team, and I'd like to get about three or four of them together and try this game, but I'm afraid things might get out of hand. I can handle one guy okay, but three—no way!

What worries me is that I might always be this way. If I am, once I get married, how will I be able to have a baby? Xaviera, are there other girls like me, or am I some kind of a freak? Above all, how am I eventually going to make the switch to regular sex? It's just so messy and dull in comparison with watching some guy going at it while I'm taking better care of myself than he ever could.—B.B.

You say that because you're an army brat and moved around all your life you're only a high-school senior at 20. Well, I have news for you. You're behind in more things than your education. It's no wonder that everyone at your new school thinks you're a virgin. You behave like one. "Sex is boring," you say. Well, a graduate course in advanced psychology would be boring to someone who has never taken a beginning class in psych. What you need, before you graduate into adult sex, is a

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freshman-level course in the basics. Were the several guys with whom you've had intercourse all of the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am variety? This would explain your bad attitude. What you need is a professor of sex, someone older and more experienced than your fellow students, with whom you can start all over again, patiently exploring each other's bodies, learning what turns each other on.

Expressions like "I watch him go ahead" and "I'd like to get about three or four of them together" show that you have little regard for the feelings of your fellow man. You refer to them as if they were cattle. I think you also need some education in the art of human companionship. Men are people, not just sexual objects to be watched from a distance! I notice that in your letter you never once say "making love" but use terms like "having sex" or "intercourse." You're not too young to realize that you might be lacking an essential emotion in your sexual life.

If you are lucky enough to meet a good lover (one who knows how to please every part of your body—for instance, how to caress your clitoris with his tongue ten times better than you can with your own hand), you will realize that sex doesn't have to be dull. If I were you I would stop fooling around with your clumsy novice lovers and start looking for a postgraduate in the sexual arts. This is more likely to happen with a change in mating strategy.

ENDURANCE ASSURANCE

I'm a 25-year-old bachelor who works in a major accounting firm. About a month ago my boss held a party at his suburban home. It was the first party he'd ever invited me to, and when I came in he took me around and introduced me to all the guests. Then he took me into the kitchen to meet his wife, Marianne. Though not a ravishing beauty, she was very well built and had a lovely smile. Finding her witty, intelligent, and charming, I spent most of the evening chatting with her.

Around 1 A.M., as the party was winding down, Marianne asked me if I would stay and help put her husband to bed, since he was pretty drunk. I told her I'd be happy to. We had quite a problem getting my boss upstairs since he weighs around 250 pounds and was so tipsy he couldn't walk. Afterward, Marianne led me downstairs to a cozy study where a fire was burning in the fireplace. She poured two glasses of wine and we sat side by side, drinking. I started to feel both nervous and excited at the same time. As soon as I had finished the last drop of wine, Marianne leaned over and gave me a penetrating kiss. Then, rather abruptly, she stood back and began taking off her clothes, telling me to do the same. When I slipped my shorts off and she saw my cock standing straight out, she seemed overjoyed. She pulled me down onto the sofa in front of the fire and began to guide my dick into her already lubricated pussy.

However, my erection didn't last very long, and I was feeling pretty bad about it—I hate to disappoint a woman—until Marianne assured me that the fun had just begun. She gently pushed me back on the sofa and then sat on the floor beside me and began sucking me off. I've never had anyone suck me off like that before, Xaviera! She had me ready to come so many times I lost count! When she finally got on top of me, I thought her pussy was going to suck my whole body right out through the tip of my cock. The fresh spurts of my come were exploding out of my cock into her as if they would never stop. When we woke up, her legs were still wrapped around me.

On the following Monday morning, Marianne phoned me at work and said that her friend Joanne was going to call and invite me to a party. Later that day, Joanne called. The next morning, my boss said he knew I was going to the party and asked if I would pick up he and his wife so we could all go together. I figured Marianne had done some pretty deft preplanning.

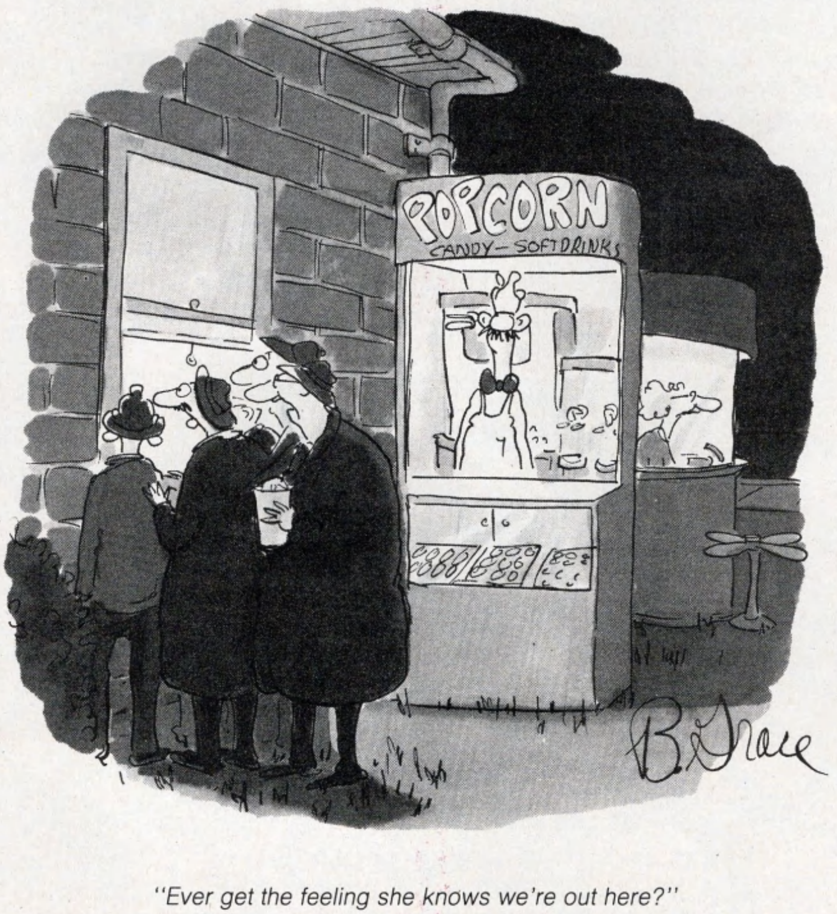
Come Saturday night, I picked them up, and we went to a really smashing party. Just before 11 o'clock, Marianne found me in the crowd and said that her husband was completely blitzed and asked if I would please take them home.

Back at her house, after we had gotten my boss upstairs and in bed, Marianne and I spent the entire night making love. We indulged in a good deal of sixty-nining, and I'm not sure which of us swallowed the most love juice, but I know I've never had more in one night before!

Last night I got another call from Marianne. She said she knew there were more parties coming up in town that I was sure to be invited to. I told her I was pleased, but lately I've been a little worried about these rendezvous. The problem is this: I hope to be around for a long time, Xaviera, and I've been wondering if too much sex is bad for me. I do want to be a good husband someday and am afraid I might be wearing myself out with Marianne. Is this a realistic fear?—C.P.

In my opinion, at 25 you should be most concerned with your newly launched accounting career, rather than worrying so much about your recent inauguration into the stud profession. I suspect that this is what is at the back of your mind when you ask if sex is bad for you, which is, of course, a ridiculous contention. Marianne sounds like a very forceful, aggressive lady. If she were ever to turn sour on you, it could have a disastrous effect on your business career!

Of course, it is physically impossible for a man to have too much sex. Your balls may ache, your cock may be sore, but as long as that wonderful organ will rise to the occasion, lovemaking is a non-detrimental occupation. On the contrary, you probably develop more muscle tone (in certain areas) from sex than from jogging or aero-



"Ever get the feeling she knows we're out here?"

bics, and like any other activity, the more training and limbering up you do, the better you will be at it. However, if I were you, I would develop my skills in territory safer than that of the boss's wife.

PLAYING BY EAR

I'm a 23-year-old male of better than average intelligence and looks. I have always had an active and exciting sex life, and I can proudly say that most of the women I have slept with have not been left unsatisfied. Many gave me praise on my skill at the amorous art.

The most exciting part of sex for me is listening to my partner. There is no more erotic turn-on for me than hearing the sounds of my lover's pleasure—the panting and moaning, the gasps and affectionate words.

My favorite kind of woman is in her early twenties, with a high, feminine voice. As I stimulate this chick, she squeals and trills me to near-orgasm. I always know which moves will excite sounds. It's like the little rubber toys that squeak when you squeeze them. I have a hunger for a woman with an incredibly high voice—maybe an opera singer whose voice could soar to notes above "high C" when I finger her tender cunt and lick and suck her moist, pink clit. Do you know how I could get the woman of my fantasies, Xaviera?—D.T.

I'd try hanging around outside the stage door of any major opera house. But if it's push-button control you're after, why not buy an opera recording and play it every time you have sex? I hear that the opera *Turandot*, by Puccini, has lots of high C's.

VIBRATOR MARY

For the last six months I have had this incurable desire to have a lesbian relationship with a girl I know, whom I will call Mary.

She has always been very friendly and affectionate toward me. Little by little, I started seeing her in my "vibrator fantasies."

At first, only in flashes: sneaking a grab on my ass at a party, rubbing her small, firm breasts against my back. Now I desire her totally. I want to feel her rubbing my twat, licking my breasts and neck. I love to imagine her slowly disrobing me, caressing my body, laying me down, and teasing my thighs. First with her hands, then with her tongue.

I imagine her slowly working her way down to my vaginal lips. Softly and slowly, she licks the outside, tantalizing my lust. Her tongue slides inside me, and is replaced with her fingers, one by one, until four or five are in my cunt.

All of a sudden she grabs my clitoris with her lips and massages it. I come, but she keeps going, alternating between lapping my juices and teasing my clit—again and again and again. . . .

*To agonize me even more, Mary has an identical twin, Rose. What I need to know is how to go about finding out if she would be interested in me for lesbian sex. Invite her out for drugs and talking or to a club "with the girls," or what? I'd appreciate your knowledgeable advice.—*M.M.

Get to know her a little better and talk openly about sex, but don't be too forward. The drugs-and-booze scene may relax her, but be aware you don't overdo it, because it may dull the senses when you're finally about to attain the object of your desire. She may pass out on you. Try and set the scene in a romantic, candlelit atmosphere, and rather than being too forceful and asking her outright, tactfully introduce the subject of lesbian sex and get her general opinions on it. If she sounds at all enthusiastic, you're off and running. Don't take her straightaway to lesbian bars, but keep it on a one-to-one basis. After she's warmed up to the idea and has maybe slept with you, then you can always take her to such places. Another way is to chat about subjects other than sex while you put an arm around her shoulder. Unobtrusively lower the lights and try a physical rather than a mental seduction. You may get a smack in the face, as I have once or twice. However, nothing attempted, nothing gained.

And if Mary turns you down, you've always got Rose as a reserve. Or better still, double your pleasure, double your fun—have them both.

If I were you, I'd introduce the subject of lesbianism to your friend by casually pulling your vibrator out of your purse as if by mistake and watching her reaction. Then you can bring the conversation round to masturbation and your fantasies.

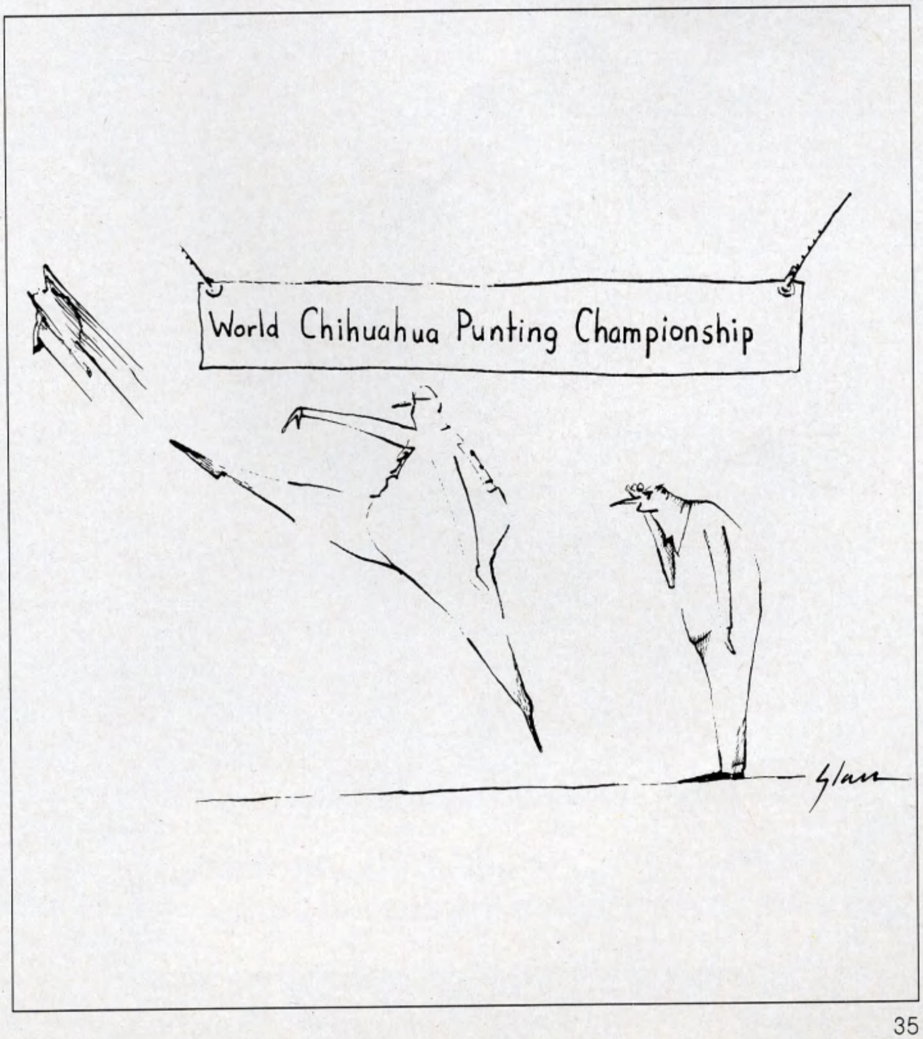
SPOUSE LOUSE

My story began about five years ago when my wife, a beautiful redhead with a voluptuous body, confessed that she had fucked my best friend. My first reaction to the confession was rage, but oddly, when I began to envision the two of them together, the idea of infidelity became arousing. The more I thought about the possibility of one man physically possessing another man's wife's vagina, the more obsessed I became with the desire to fuck married women myself.

Most married men are convinced of their wives' fidelity. They think they own their pussies. I'm here to tell them that it's easy for other men to fuck their wives. Oh, I have learned much from your spouses, gentlemen!

Let me relate one of my more exciting wife encounters. I met Bobbie on a bus in L.A. a few years ago. She told me that she'd been married for 12 years, had two daughters, and had never had a sexual experience with anyone outside of her husband. By the end of the bus ride, she admitted that her desire to fuck me overrode her faithfulness, and she suggested we meet at her house the very next day.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



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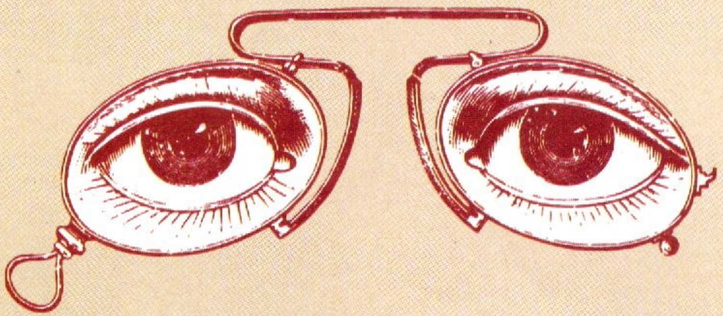


VIEW FROM THE TOP

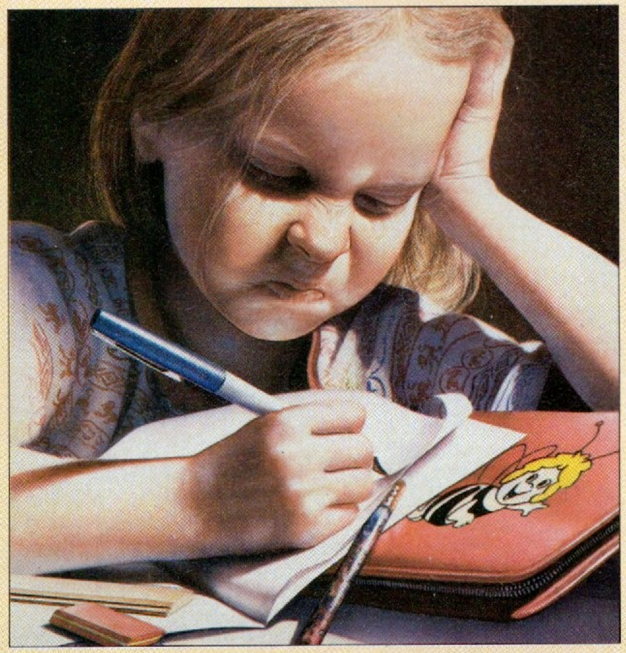
THE FIRST NATIONAL PRAYER

BY EMILY PRAGER

What Americans decide they can and cannot do has always fascinated me. The issue of prayer in the schools is a perfect example of our latest national mood swing, our most recent episode of ethical contradiction. We can give our national broadcasting systems—the most sophisticated, far-reaching propaganda force in the Western Hemisphere—to a group of advertisers and programmers who evince not one whit of concern for national welfare, morale, decent human values, or the cerebral nurturing of our children—and this with hardly a second thought. But when it comes to the idea of a droplet of mysticism in daily school life, there's a terrific fight. As if the concept of deity could in any way be more damaging to a child's mind than the repetitive violation and degradation that is prime time, or the national bummer that is the evening news. I daresay, a few thoughts of God, any God, would hardly find elbowroom in the doomed-world fantasies of suicidal teens or the adolescent worship of Michael Jackson's glove.

Further, I find it rather shortsighted, even insulting at this point in time, that Congress has rejected out of hand the suggestion that we Americans write our own prayer for the schools. Some senators claim the prayer would be too bland. Others invoke the wrath of the Founding Fathers. As if the Founding Fathers couldn't understand sitting down and writing a document that makes sense to all Americans, as if the Founding Fathers couldn't see the need for an injection of spirituality into our consumption-stuffed childhoods, where decency is equated with the wearing of designer clothes and religion has become synonymous with the Jerry Falwells and the Bishop John J. O'Connors, those sinmongering clergymen who peddle restrictive and punishing dogma.

In defiance, then, of those vote-craving dolts who run our nation, I offer the following prototype of the First National Prayer for the Schools, a supplication that I feel is relevant to all, offends evil, and can hardly be described as bland.



GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

The American Children's Prayer: O God (substitute: gods, Jehovah, Yahweh, External Benevolent Force, Christ, Unknown Factor, whatever your preference, to describe the possible existence of a larger sensibility). Let the chemical-waste dump near my house not leak. Let our rivers not stagnate or the fish within them die from dioxin-drain by industries that operate on greed. Let our forests not cease to grow because of an acid rain that can't be traced to any one cartel. Let my mind not be polluted by a television ethic that bonds violence with glamour and sex with ugly comeuppance. Let me have something to look forward to besides my first coke deal, nuclear war, and Boy George's next outfit. Let me respect my fellow humans even if there's nothing in it for me. Let me remember that when my government escalates a war on foreign soil, the TV-news footage of wounded children that I see is real and not a heavy-metal video. Let the bacon my mother feeds me, the DES she took while pregnant, the asbestos in my school walls, and the flame-retardant in my childhood sleepwear not give me cancer until I'm at least 40. Let my teachers worry more about my reading skills and less about their pay scales. And when I'm kidnapped by a three-time sex offender, grant that my parents have missing-child insurance, and let the police give a damn. Amen.

BULLETIN! Several months ago, in this column, I predicted through Chinese astrology the outcome of the presidential election. At that time, I pointed out that Gary Hart, who had then given his age as 46, was born in the Year of the Ox. Since the Ox does quite well in the Year of the Rat, I wrote that Hart would make gains beyond expectation.

Last March, however, Gary Hart finally owned up to being 47. This means Hart was born in the Year of the Rat. This is the Year of the Rat and, of course, this year Rats can do no wrong.

In light of this fact, I hereby revise my prediction and project that Hart will in fact win the Democratic nomination over Walter Mondale. Since Mondale is a Cat, we can look forward to a classic cat-and-mouse competition between him and Hart. Even though the Pig, President Ronald Reagan, will do very well this Rat year, the odds are definitely with Hart to win.

As evidence of how well a Rat can do in a Rat year, I point to this year's most successful Rat, Michael Jackson, born March 29, 1960. Bettors will do well to consider that the last Rat who was victorious in a presidential election in a Rat year was Jimmy Carter.

SCENES

JUST A SPLASH

Okay everybody, let's talk about some things you might like to be.

I mean, things like good-looking. Would you like to be good-looking? Of course you would. How about rich? Damn right.

Okay, how about irresistible?

You bet!

Fair enough, but what can you do about it? Being good-looking is mostly a matter of heredity, isn't it? And being rich? Well, heredity helps there, too.

So those first two aren't easy; but being irresistible—that seems like the hardest of all. After all, you can work hard and make money, and maybe a haircut would pick up your looks, but what can you do to make that beautiful woman across the room spin around to look once, twice, and then longingly.

Picking up *that* skill doesn't seem possible, does it? But, in fact, scientists have taken a long look at sexual magnetism, and they think they've got a handle on it. Better yet, they think they've got it in a bottle.

The secret is a chemical called alpha androstenol, one of a large group of chemical compounds called "pheromones."

Pheromones are chemicals that your body releases to broadcast the message, "Hey, you! Here I am!" They're a chemical dinner bell calling, "Come and get it!"

Well, that in a nutshell is the scientific theory. But Jōvan, who has successfully marketed several perfumes and colognes, has decided to see how well that theory holds up by launching a new cologne that's spiked with alpha androstenol. They call it "Andron."

Now, bear in mind that alpha androstenol doesn't have any odor. It's not a question of how you smell. It's a matter of . . . well . . . of something else. A cologne by itself might make a woman think, "Hmmm. He smells nice"—which is fine. But a whiff of good old alpha A is going make her say, "Wow! This dude is one hot number!"—which is clearly better.

That, as we've said, is the theory. Some people think that a pheromone cologne is a dream—a kind of sexual tooth fairy. But Jōvan has faith in pheromones—enough faith to declare they've put their product to the test.

And thus the *Penthouse*–Jōvan Andron Challenge was born. It was, quite simply, a matter of *Penthouse* saying, "Prove it," and Jōvan saying, "Hey, you're on!"

The place and time were set: Steamboat Springs, Colorado, in mid-February, the night after the Jōvan Challenge Round in the nationwide Penthouse Grand Prix ski-racing series.

The scene was the Diamond BJ Dance Hall, a genuine honky-tonk cowboy bar. And with word out that *Penthouse* was throwing a party, the hall was jammed full with everyone, from Colorado ranch hands to skiers looking for a hot night on the town.

Expectations were running high. Everyone knew that three of *Penthouse*'s hottest pets were going to be on hand: Antonia Larsen, Dusty Jackson, and Dominique Mauré.

Mitch Berk of Jōvan took the stage and tried to talk about pheromones, but the science lesson didn't go down too well.

"Fairy gnomes?" shouted someone.

"Farrah moans?" cried another.

Science aside, however, it was clear that the crowd understood the definition of pheromones, because when Antonia, Dusty, and Dominique walked into the room, every man there instantly turned to take a good long look.

"That," said *Penthouse*'s Maureen Sharkey, "is what pheromones are all about!"

Bob Price of *Penthouse* joined Mitch Berk onstage, the band played a fanfare, and the Andron Challenge was under way.

Two dozen men pushed forward, eager to vie for the title of The Andron Man and, not so incidentally, to introduce themselves to the Pets. While these preliminaries were taking place, the band struck up a song.

Everyone began dancing. The Pets were out on the floor, spinning and smiling, surrounded by an assembly of admirers. Someone started spraying Andron into the air and suddenly the room was awash with excitement. Hundreds of subliminal fire alarms went off simultaneously. Hundreds of chemical dinner bells were ringing. The dancers were moving fast and close—couples surged onto the floor and shouted with delight.

Bob and Mitch did their best to keep it under control. But with clouds of Andron hanging in the air, the challenge was lost in the frenzy. Mitch staggered offstage, shouting, "Have you ever seen people this crazy? It's got to be the Andron."

People were snatching up samples of Andron and spraying it into the air. And the crowd got wilder still. Even the weary *Penthouse* staffers were looking at one another with a new light in their eyes.

"I've never seen anything like it," said a photographer, firing his flash as fast as he could. "Do you think it's the Andron?"

Mitch and Bob surrendered; everyone lost control. The mists swirled thicker; the music played louder. The crowd went wild.

Was it the Andron? Did Jōvan win the Andron Challenge? Nobody was prepared to comment. But to this observer it looked as if everyone in the joint was going to get lucky enough to be declared the winner.—*Andy Stone*

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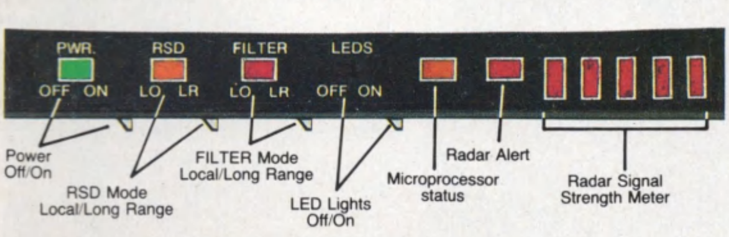
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SOUNDS

THESE CHIMING BANDS

Learning to play basic rock and roll isn't as easy as, say, falling off a log. But at this very moment, in every town in the so-called civilized world, a garage band is flailing away at "Louie Louie." Many of these bands are competent enough to start the song and end it at the same time. So learning to play this stuff must not be all that difficult.

One of the first noises that beginning electric guitarists learn to make is a ringing bell-like sound. If your guitar is plugged into an amplifier and tuned to a major chord, you can make it ring by simply hitting it. But in pro-level rock, there's ringing, and then there's chiming.

Back in the mid-1960s, Roger McGuinn of the Byrds used his heavily amplified 12-string guitar to fill tunes like "Fifth Dimension" with chiming. More recently, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, with lead guitarist Mike Campbell, made their two regular six-string electrics chime enchantingly, through hits like "Refugee" and "You Got Lucky." Younger bands like U2 and Big Country are testifying to the contemporary relevance of the chiming guitar's sound.

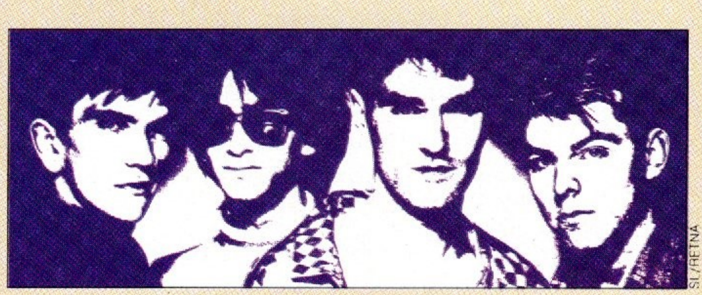
But if you think you've heard it all before, then you haven't heard three new bands. **Icicle Works**, **The Smiths**, and **R.E.M.** are using that Byrdsy chiming sound and rock's most traditional and persistent group format—the three- or four-man unit with singer, guitar, bass, and drums—to create music that is striking and genuinely new.

Icicle Works and The Smiths are British bands that recently recorded first albums, cleverly titled *Icicle Works* (Arista) and *The Smiths* (Warner Bros.). R.E.M., a quartet from Athens, Georgia, made a promising debut album last year. Their second LP, *Reckoning* (R.I.S.), fulfills that promise.

Each of these bands has a strong and supple rhythm section and a guitarist with an encyclopedic knowledge of chiming sounds past and present. And each band includes a singer-songwriter with an individual verbal and vocal style, and has a more musicianly approach to singing than one is accustomed to hearing in rock and roll. With their introspective lyrics and their fondness for Eastern-style drones, these bands may remind older listeners of 1967, the psychedelic summer of love. But 60's psychedelic bands tended to drone on and on. These musicians accommodate their trippy effect to tight pop-song structure and brisk rhythm.

Icicle Works is the most psychedelic of the lot. "Nirvana," the band's first single, was a hit in England, where its mystical lyrics and hovering-flying-saucer effect led critics to lump Icicle Works with Echo and the Bunnymen and other neo-psychedelic Liverpool bands. As a result, Icicle Works put out a second single called "Love is a Wonderful Color," and posed for photos wearing fringed jackets and beads.

The band's style came together on its next single, "Whisper to a Scream" (Birds Fly), a melodious song built around chiming guitars and galloping rhythms. Ian McNabb, Icicle Works' front man, writes the songs and plays guitar and keyboards while singing through a head mike that leaves his hands free. And he doesn't sound crowded—he can *sing*.



SI/RETNA

The Smiths with Morrissey: heartfelt lyrics and astonishing vocals.

Icicle Works from England: There's ringing, and then there's chiming.

Morrissey (no other name) sings with The Smiths and writes personal, heartfelt lyrics that the guitarist Johnny Marr sets to music. Unlike Icicle Works, which goes for a total sound, The Smiths' emphasis is on Morrissey's astonishing vocals. The man is what every other rock singer would like to be—a self-made stylist. His vocal lines flow, and he decorates his melodies with musical embroideries of a sort heard in the pop music of India and the Arab world but rarely in rock. Morrissey is one of those vocalists who could sing the phone book and move you.

R.E.M. lyricist and vocalist Michael Stipe sings in a voice that lacks Morrissey's richness. But in his understated way, he is an equally musical singer, and his vocal timbre blends perfectly with Pete Buck's ringing, finger-picked guitar textures. Like Icicle Works, R.E.M. fuses guitar, voice, and rhythm into a single evocative sound. But R.E.M.'s sound is so country-rooted and American that if you looked under these musicians' toenails, you'd find rich, red Georgia clay.—*Robert Palmer*

NEW OFFERING

Mixin' with Mixon (Cinderella) is the Danny Mixon Trio's first album, and from the way it sounds it should not be their last. While pianist Danny Mixon has been on the New York jazz scene for 15 years, his arrangements and sounds are more eclectic than anything else. The album ranges from churchlike passages in "Mom's Dream" to an upbeat bossa nova, "Trieste."

The other members of the trio include bassist Lisle Atkinson, who is also known among New York jazz aficionados but has never received the recognition due him. Lisle's solo on "Trieste" will win him new admirers. The group's drummer is Tony Savoy, who provides a near-perfect steady and classy rhythmic backdrop to Danny's and Lisle's offerings.

Mixin' with Mixon is for jazz lovers who like new sounds.—*Allan Sonnenschein*

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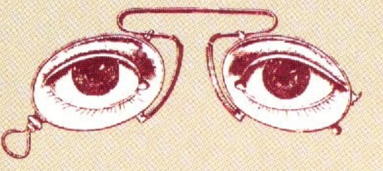


COMPUTERS

DIALING FOR DATA

This is the age of instant information—facts at your fingertips almost as fast as you can punch a few computer keys. Want to track your stock portfolio's performance? Run down the pedigree of your favorite filly or read up on robotics? All you need is a personal computer equipped with a modem—a connecting device that "talks" over the phone lines to other computers. You now have access to a staggering variety of international reference sources, including over 50 million books, 100 million magazines and newspapers, and several complete sets of good, old-fashioned encyclopedias.

These huge electronic libraries are called data bases, and they contain billions of continually updated facts on literally everything from animal husbandry to zinc. You can also use some of these services to book travel reservations, shop, bank, send letters, job hunt, and even indulge in a little computer flirtation by putting messages on an electronic bulletin board.

Modems cost anywhere from $150 to $700, depending on the speed at which they transmit information. But they are getting cheaper as more people go online, and some of the newer personal computers come with their own built-in modems.

There are currently more than 2,000 commercial data bases, and they are breeding like rabbits—that number jumps by an amazing two per day. They range from mammoth information utilities—such as **The Source** (McLean, Virginia)—which, like Macy's, are made up of many individual departments, to boutiquelike services that offer specialized data at designer prices.

Horse, a special-interest service, lists complete breeding and track records, dating back to 1925, for one million Thoroughbreds. **Casino** follows the ups and downs of the legalized-gambling industry. The Kinsey Institute plans to go on-line with **Acrobat**, an electronic bibliography of pornographic literature dating back to the 1600s. But titillating as some titles—like *A True Account of a Dreadful Fire That Recently Broke Out in the Pope's Breeches* (circa 1713), or the more recent *Wanton in the Woods* (1967)—might be, browsing through data bases can be an expensive diversion, costing anywhere from $5 to $300 an hour, with an average price of about $65.

For both general-interest and professional users, there are about a half-dozen data bases that offer a smorgasbord of practical services. And while their fare is similar, each has a slightly different flavor.

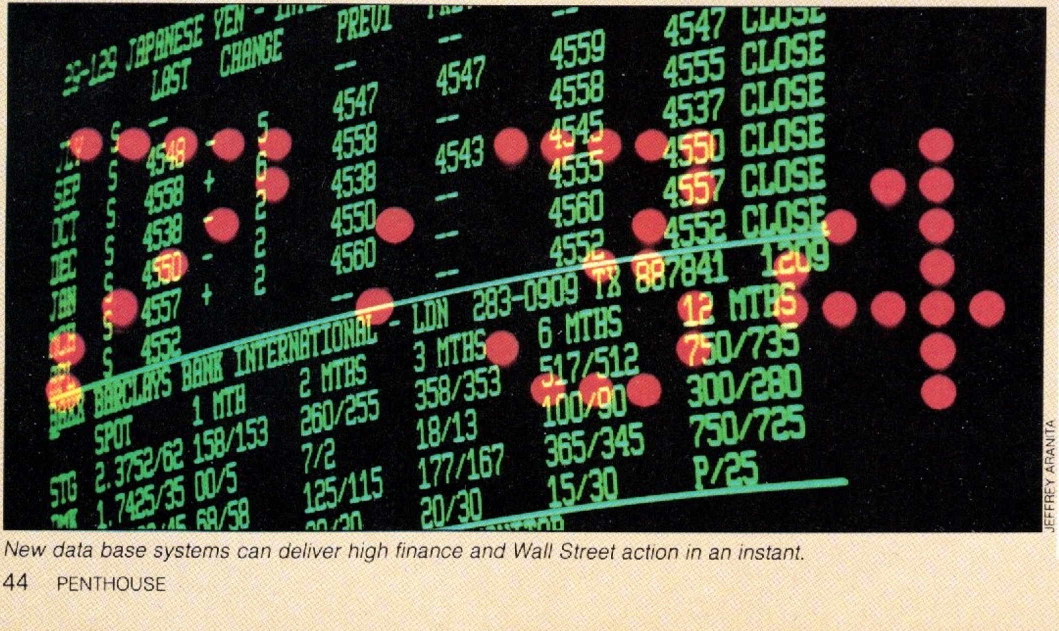
Dow Jones News/Retrieval (Princeton, N.J.) caters to Wall Street watchers. For a $75 start-up fee and a service charge of about 60 cents to $1.20 per minute, depending on time of day, you can get quotes on thousands of stocks, bonds, options, commodities, and mutual funds; look up the vital statistics of over 9,000 publicly held companies; and scan the *Wall St. Journal, Barron's,* or the 20-volume *American Academic Encyclopedia.*

Both The Source and **CompuServe** (Columbus, Ohio) run the gamut—from news, sports, weather, and finance to electronic mail, games, and ski reports. It costs $100 to sign up with The Source, and there is a service charge of $20.75 per hour at peak time and $7.75 off peak. The Source contains close to 1,000 separate files, including a user publishing column where computer owners start up their own services. Here you'll find listings like "classic cars for sale," and a guide to New York hangouts.

CompuServe's contents are even more mind-bogglingly eclectic. Aside from news, sports, and weather, it offers information on business and financial topics—from quotes on stocks and bonds to Standard & Poor's corporate-information files. It's even got an advice file called "Ask Aunt Nettie." It costs $40 to subscribe to CompuServe, and there is an hourly service charge of about $22.50 peak, $5.00 off peak.

Three other huge information networks are now offering scaled-down versions for personal-computer users. **Dialog** (Palo Alto, California) has trimmed its gargantuan coffers down to a manageable 19-file data base called the "Knowledge Index." It costs $35 to join and about $24 an hour to use. **Bibliographic Retrieval Service** (Latham, New York) has a cut-rate, evenings-only information service, called "BRS After Dark," which offers 25 of its most popular data bases, covering areas from agriculture to religion to the complete text of the *Harvard Business Review.* The initial fee is $50 and the hourly service charge ranges from $6 to $25.

For more information on data bases, look at *The Omni Online Database Directory* (Collier), which reviews over 1,000 data bases, and the quarterly *Directory of Online Databases* (Cuadra, Santa Monica, California), which is geared more to the professional user. Ironically, there is no data base of data bases—but that gap may soon be filled. *Online* magazine (Weston, Connecticut) plans to put its directory on-line soon.—*Phoebe Hoban*



JEFFREY ARANITA

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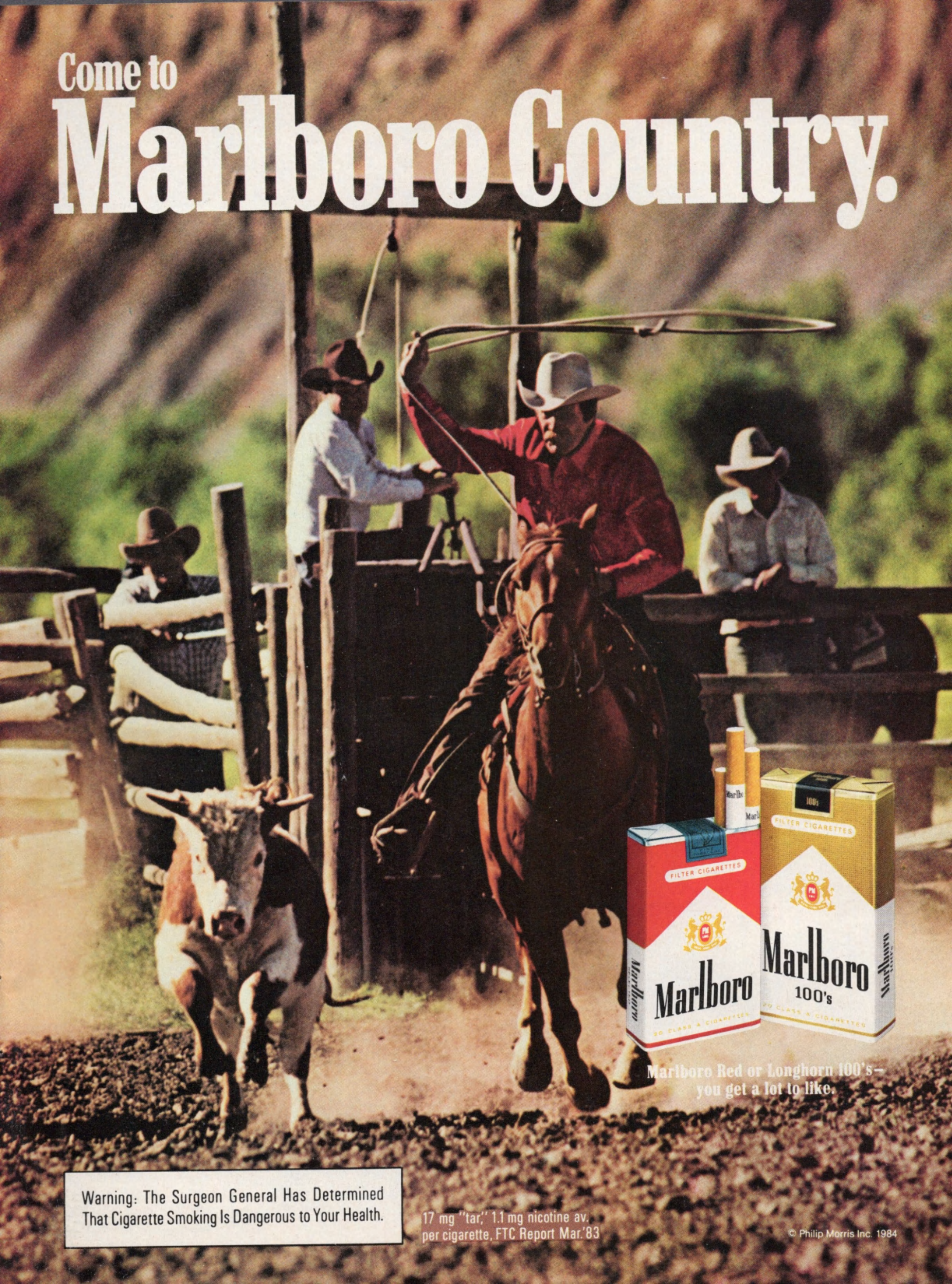
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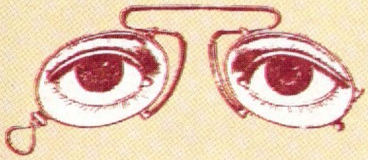


HOME VIDEOS

MULTIPLE CHOICES

Whether you have just bought a VCR or have had one since they first appeared almost ten years ago, you're probably still just barely acquainted with the wealth of prerecorded home-video programs now available on cassette and disc. Recent and vintage movies, music videos, X-rated films, documentaries, and how-to's comprise some of the choices you have for programming your night's entertainment.

Rock videos have become the most dynamic segment of the software industry, thanks to cable's MTV and shows like *Friday Night Videos*. A 60-minute "LP" costs about $30, and the 12- to 20-minute, three- or four-song "45" sells for under $20. Sony invented video 45's, or "singles," in early 1983, and the latest spring additions to their list are **The Motels** and **Thomas Dolby** ($17). New Sony LP's include **Split Enz**, **Kansas**, and **Graham Parker** ($30).

Ninety-minute concerts and music documentaries are also popular. George Harrison's ***Concert for Bangladesh*** (Thorn EMI, $40), the Madison Square Garden benefit that made rock history, includes performances by Leon Russell, Bob Dylan, Billy Preston, Ringo Starr, and Eric Clapton.

The most recent feature-length rock video of note is David Bowie's ***Serious Moonlight*** concert (Media, $40), taped for the 1984 HBO telecast of his "Let's Dance" tour. He performs the hits "China Girl," "Ziggy Stardust," and "Changes."

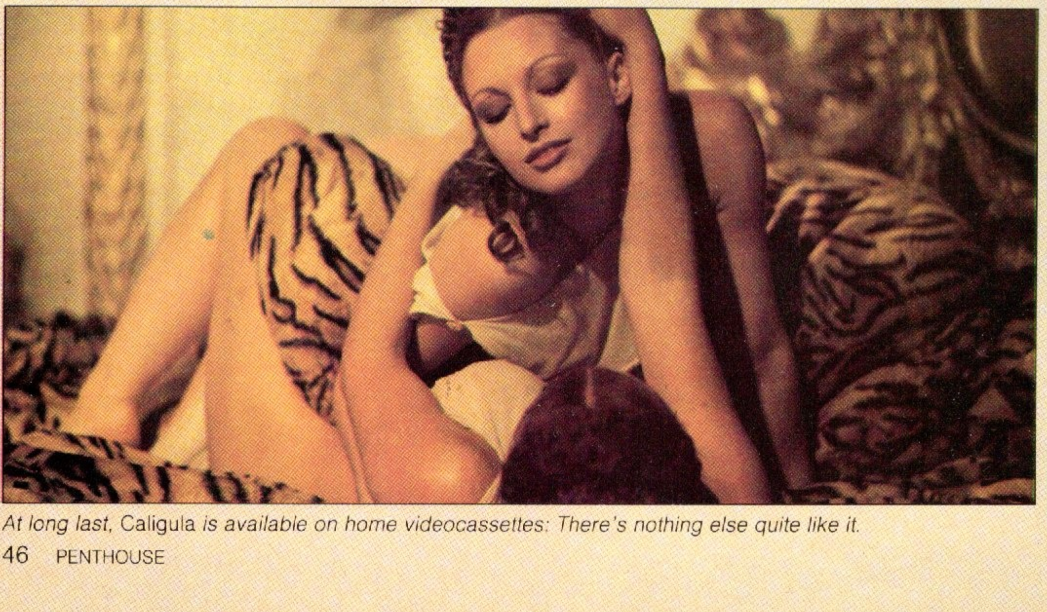
Also just released is ***The Other Side of Nashville*** (M-G-M/UA: cassette is $60; CED, $30). A made-for-video program, *The Other Side of Nashville* is a behind-the-scenes documentary on the country-music establishment, featuring interviews with and performances by Kris Kristofferson, Hank Williams, Jr., Charlie Daniels, Willie Nelson, Kenny Rogers, Emmylou Harris, and Terri Gibbs. Tracing the roots of this Tennessee town, the program includes vintage footage of Hank Williams, Sr., and a recording session that Bob Dylan and Johnny Cash did together.

Whether you buy or rent movie videos, the offerings represent Hollywood's treasure and treacle to videophiles. Here are some of the more notable spring and summer releases: ***Zelig*** (Warner, $80) is Woody Allen's intriguing facsimile of a documentary about the "chameleon man," who uncannily mirrors the characteristics of the people he's with. This is a particularly good movie for video because you may want to freeze-frame and replay for a closer look at the great special effects. ***Blame it on Rio*** (Vestron, $80) is not noteworthy except for the fact that it was directed by veteran Stanley Donen (*Singin' in the Rain*) and still turned out so inept. Even Michael Caine confronted with the lovely naked breasts of his best friend's daughter can't rescue this one. ***The Idolmaker*** (M-G-M/UA, $60) has great feeling for, and insight into, the impresario who molded unknown kids like Fabian and Frankie Avalon and put them at the top of the teen-music charts. Director Taylor Hackford (*An Officer and a Gentleman*) pulls a very lively movie out of a weak script, and the music, with incipient rock undertones, is fit for an idol.

Adult videos, like movie videos, vary widely in quality, but ***Caligula*** (Vestron) stands out among this season's best. Malcolm McDowell, Peter O'Toole, and John Gielgud star in this Penthouse International Films production about the young, mad life of the most notoriously depraved Roman emperor of them all. The majority of video outlets carry only the nonrated, 143-minute version (cassette is $90; laser disc, $40), but an R-rated, 100-minute version (cassette is $80; CED, $30) was prepared for certain areas where shipping hard-core material is illegal. A few stores will accommodate blue laws by using the R-rated version for display while they stock, rent, and sell the uncut version. A very special brand of home entertainment, there is nothing like *Caligula* in home video.

A significant development in adult video is the availability of X-rated films on laser disc. Video-X-Pix, a leading producer of adult video, now offers 11 titles on laser at $60 each, whereas X-rated cassettes run from $80 to $110. The response to the lower-priced discs (disc players are also less expensive than VCRs) has been so good that Video-X-Pix has started another low-price trend, this time in cassettes. Each title in the "Inside" series (***Inside Seka, Inside Jennifer Welles, Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle***) goes for $40.

Video-software producers and distributors have found a burgeoning market for high-quality "how-to" cassettes, such as the recently-released ***Casino Gambling*** (Karl, $40) narrated by comedian David Brenner, who explains how to play blackjack, baccarat, craps, and roulette. When you win enough to invest in a different sort of gamble, try ***The Joy Of Stocks: Forbes Guide to the Stock Market*** (M-G-M/UA, $50). This is a lucid "electronic textbook" divided into ten lessons, with a quiz following each, so you *know*, before investing a bean, whether you are catching on or not. Both how-to's are priced affordably, since renting them will do you little good. Besides, the price is a pittance compared with your first windfall. Think of them as investments.—*James Link*



At long last, Caligula *is available on home videocassettes: There's nothing else quite like it.*

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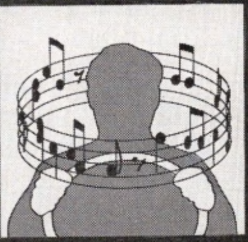

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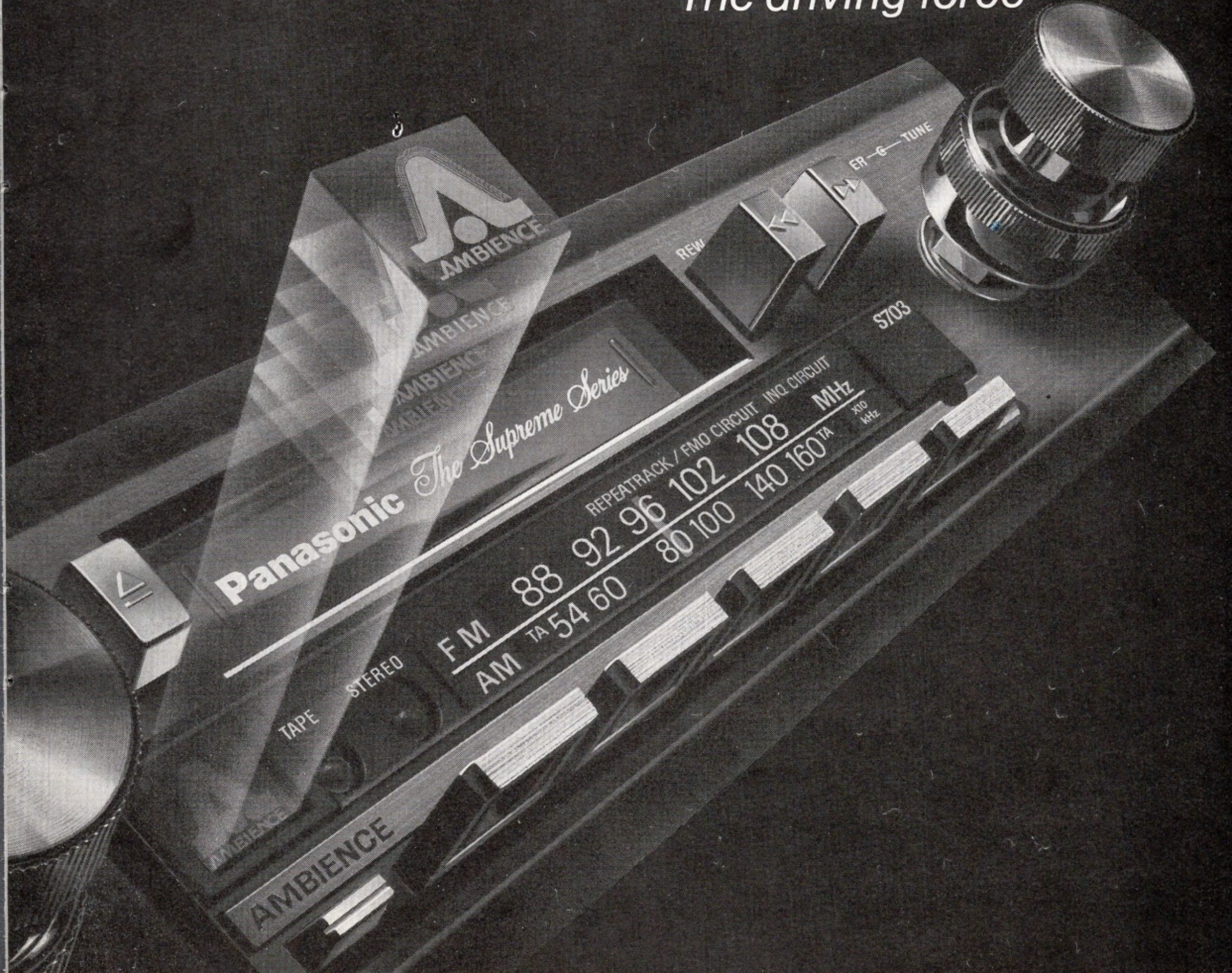
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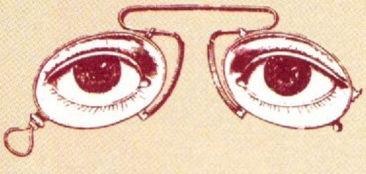


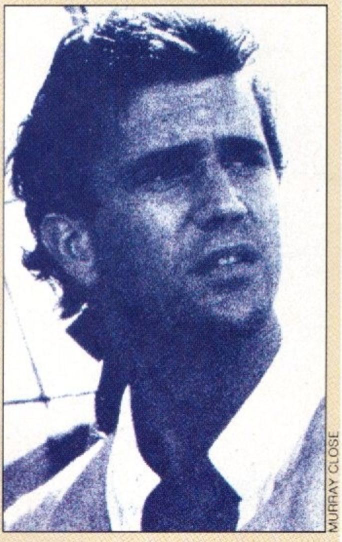
FILMS

BOY'S LIFE

They've been making and remaking Tarzan movies since 1918. So if you wanted to follow the changes in how this civilization projects itself through one small corner of its fantasy life, you might do worse than to examine a sampling, from Johnny Weissmuller to Lex Barker, right down to Bo Derek in her life after *"10"*. The newest Tarzan movie is clearly a tale for the 1980s. It isn't called *Tarzan*. It's called ***Greystoke*** (Tarzan's hereditary name), and is subtitled *The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*, which puts some distance, plus a lord and a legend, between this film and the nitty-gritty of what Tarzan movies have always been about. It is serious, far more serious than the famous Edgar Rice Burroughs jungle adventure on which it is based. And its priorities have been adjusted for the times. I shouldn't say that it prefers apes to people. But in the world of *Greystoke,* though there are many good people, there are comparatively fewer bad apes.

It happens also to be an often marvelous movie. That realization may take you by surprise. It did me, after an hour of screen time full of actors scrambling about in ape suits, and with 80 percent of the dialogue consisting of grunts, screeches, growls, yelps, clicks, and squeals.

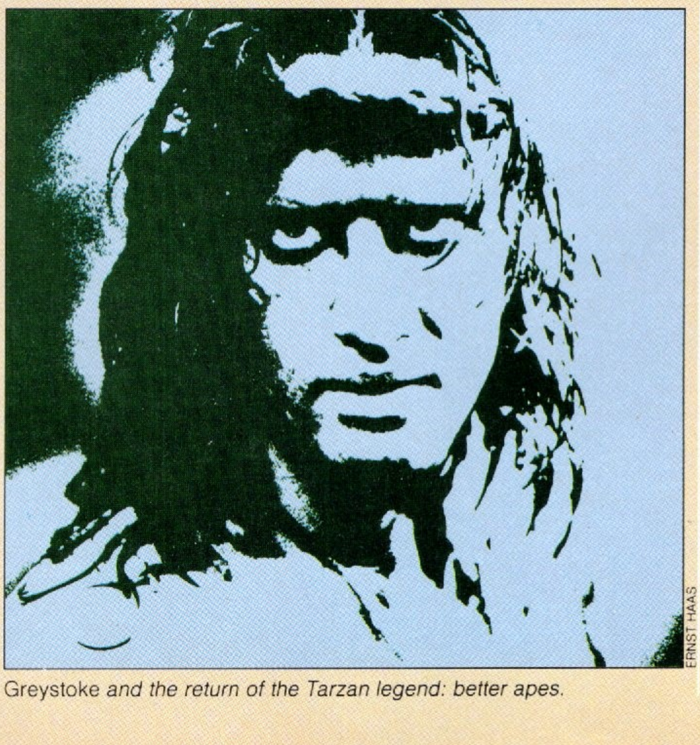
Greystoke reaches us courtesy of some of the talent that gave us *Chariots of Fire* (most notably, director Hugh Hudson). *Greystoke* is a better movie—in part because it doesn't finally disdain the vitality that suffuses the old Burroughs novel. Hugh Hudson's preference for elegant distancing thus has a healthy quantity of animal head bashing, flesh tearing, and louse picking to work against. To this the film adds a collection of genuinely interesting human beings. There's never a chance for "Me Tarzan, you Jane." Jane Porter, an American, lives safely among the refinements of England. When he comes to her, Tarzan, tutored by one Capitaine Phillipe D'Arnot, emerges from the jungle speaking French. He never does quite give up scurrying about on toes and knuckles, just as he never gives up his sense of personal justice (learned, naturally, among the apes), but he brings his fine old grandfather new hope for the vigor of the fading family line.


MURRAY CLOSE

Mel Gibson in The Bounty.

The late Ralph Richardson plays the grandfather. It was his last performance: controlled, subtle, gentle, and humane—altogether the loveliest thing in the film. But I'd also reserve high marks for Ian Holm's honorable D'Arnot, and for Andie MacDowell's beautiful Jane. She never disrobes beyond the modesty of an Edwardian nightdress, in which she easily seduces Tarzan, but she may well be the sexiest Jane in Tarzan history. As Tarzan, the excellent Christopher Lambert plays mainly for grace and a quality of mysterious self-sufficiency, with the hint of possible tragedy to come.

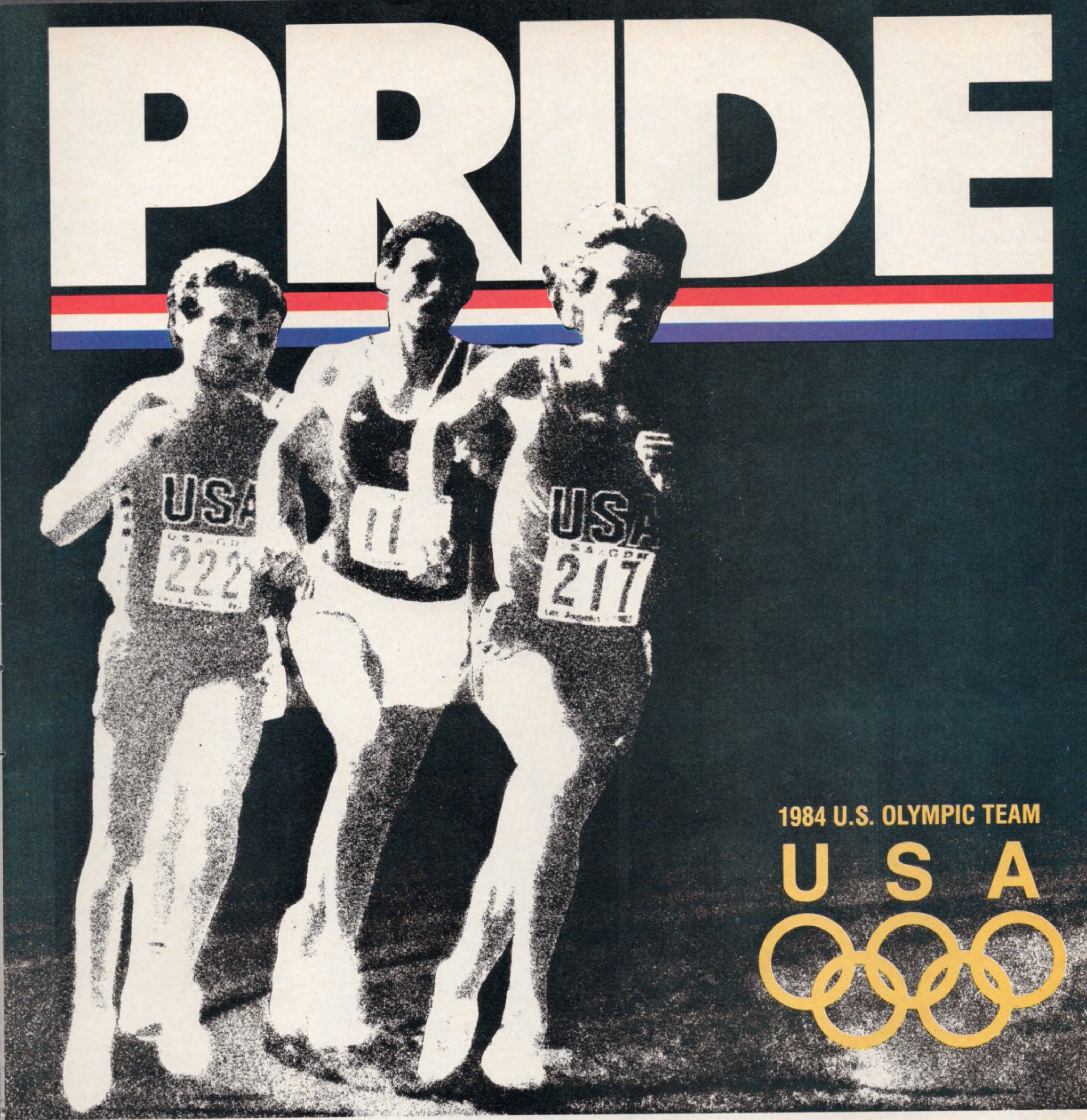
Who knows what will come? At the end of *Greystoke,* the young lord returns to the jungle, his wild half winning out over untold wealth, stately homes, hunting dogs, racehorses, England, and even Jane. Burroughs wrote more than 20 Tarzan books. Maybe Hugh Hudson will make another Tarzan movie. This one, at least, is a very thoughtful, if not very close, adaptation. And its various responsibilities—to primates, to privacy, to a healthy young woman and a fond old man—really do pay off in a splendid elegiac tribute to an Africa of the imagination and an aristocratic England long lost in the mists of time.


ERNST HAAS

Greystoke *and the return of the Tarzan legend: better apes.*

If *Greystoke* shows how the sumptuous update of historical myth should be handled, Roger Donaldson's ***The Bounty*** shows how it shouldn't. I believe this version of—pardon the recollection—*Mutiny on the Bounty* means to avoid the old movie-character clichés. But instead, with Anthony Hopkins's Captain Bligh virtually a rebirth of Charles Laughton in the 1930s version, with *almost* all the personality quirks suppressed, and with Mel Gibson's Fletcher Christian looking like relaxation after *The Road Warrior,* the mutiny seems more a question of generation gap than of shipboard crisis in the eighteenth-century British Navy.

The Bounty strives for physical authenticity. But after the ways the movies have gone to sea recently in *Le Crab Tambour* or the not-half-bad *The Riddle of the Sands,* this one feels as if it never left the model-ship pond in the studio back lot. What with choosing not to choose between Bligh and Christian, and failing really to exploit the nautical adventure, *The Bounty* misses its best chance to succeed. It does offer all the voluptuous bare-breasted Tahitian beauties left in the world and one—unintentionally—utterly hilarious fertility dance. But for vicarious sex in the cinema, I'd recommend Tarzan's proper Miss Jane.—*Roger Greenspun*



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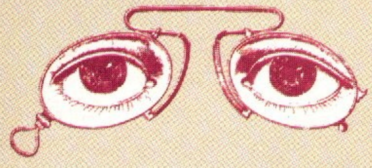


WORDS

SHIFTING GEARS

Talent must be a real bitch. Take three top-of-the-line authors like Dick Francis, John D. MacDonald, and Robert B. Parker. These guys share a genuine gift for writing the kind of adventure novels that land them on the best-seller lists every time. And yet, here they are in their current books fighting like crazy against their natural gifts, gagging the distinctive voices that make their writing unique, putting down the talent that makes them the best.

Dick Francis has been writing great action-adventures about professional horse racing ever since he retired from the sport as a champion steeplechase jockey. The man is a genuine thoroughbred in the genre. But is he satisfied? Neigh.

In ***The Danger*** (G.P. Putnam's), Francis moves far from the earthy sights and smells of his native turf with a sophisticated adventure about a wily international kidnapper and a private investigator who's determined to track him down. It's a tough, taut suspenser told with stylistic finesse, but fans of the earlier horse-track thrillers will sense the loss of heat that gives his racing yarns their peculiar passion.

Andrew Douglas, the white-knight hero, wouldn't know a horse from a hernia. He's an undercover consultant for a British firm called Liberty Market, Ltd., which hires out to the families of kidnap victims for the delicate negotiations between criminals and constabulary. After falling in love with one of the kidnap victims he's rescued—an Italian beauty whose success as a professional jockey has made her the darling of the international set—Douglas starts running with the horsey crowd, as two more of them are hit by the same professional kidnapper.

Francis paces his hunt-and-snatch action scenes perfectly, and his description of the international kidnapping industry is fascinatingly detailed. But his hero, Douglas, is colder than a fish and duller than a saint, and the archvillain arrives too late to goose things up.

If Francis wants to prove that he can write with icy brilliance off the track, he's made his point. But there's still nothing quite as steamy and pungent as the fresh manure that fertilizes a man's home turf.

John D. MacDonald has written more than 60 novels, but less than one third of these concern themselves with the color-coded adventures of Travis McGee—which usually show the author in firm grip of his sizable talent. More often, MacDonald feels compelled to crank out overweight philosophical tomes on more "serious" subjects than a Florida beach bum who solves crimes to keep himself sane in a crazy world.

Such a leaden brain-buster is ***One More Sunday*** (Knopf), an overwritten story about a famous television evangelist and the secret scandals that are corroding his multimillion-dollar religious empire. There's a neat little mystery buried inside this solemn book: What happened to a woman reporter who disappeared while working on an investigative story on the Eternal Church of the Believer? But in his zeal to show us the mechanical technology and human perfidy running the fundamentalist sect, MacDonald smothers the story line under a mountain of superfluous matter.

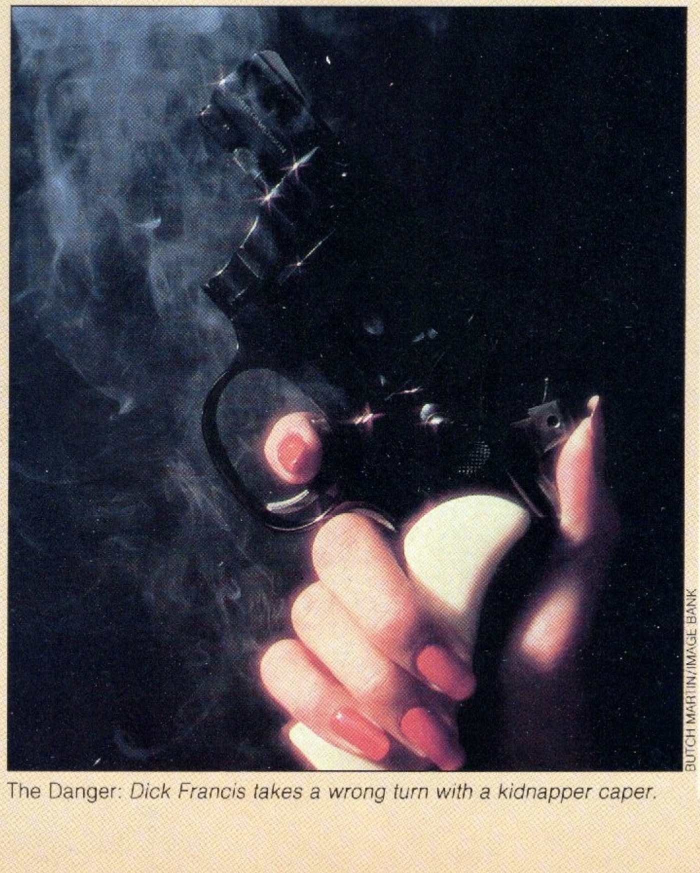
Which is not to say that this *Sunday* sermon isn't interesting, on its own pompous terms. There is a macabre fascination in the mass of data describing how such mega-churches operate as big business; but a few economically drawn scenes in the private "post office" where the tithings of the faithful are counted—or in the computer center where cynical geniuses plot the financial moves of the church solvent—would really tell it all. The rest is overkill.

Robert B. Parker is another kamikaze pilot, doing a nosedive in his latest work, ***Valediction*** (Delacorte). This is the eleventh in Parker's popular private-eye series featuring that gentle giant, Spenser, a sleuth with the physique of a small tank and the soul of a romantic poet. The novel does exactly what this Boston writer's fans would want it to do: It tells a decent story with a keen feel for action and a flip sense of humor. But a heavy dose of angst that cramps its style indicates that Parker is having some kind of private battle with his own talent.

The plot isn't inspired; but, then again, Parker's plots never are. The skimpy details—a "kidnapped" dancer leads Spenser to a religious cult whose leaders seem to be in bed with some shady underworld characters—do work well enough to get the big guy up on his feet and into deep trouble. Crude, but effective.

The bum news is that Spenser's much-admired sensitivity has gone over the edge. His beloved Susan has taken her new Ph.D. from Harvard to San Francisco and another man. Spenser is so distraught that he's thinking of writing his memoirs: *Bitter Ale*.

A little mid-life crisis can soften up a tough egg—only our guy was already soft enough, thanks. Now he's starting to dribble all over the toast. Between the meditations on good and evil, the attacks of sympathy for all God's squishy little creatures, and all those *delicato* dancers pirouetting around him, Spenser is starting to look a little silly. *—Marilyn Stasio*

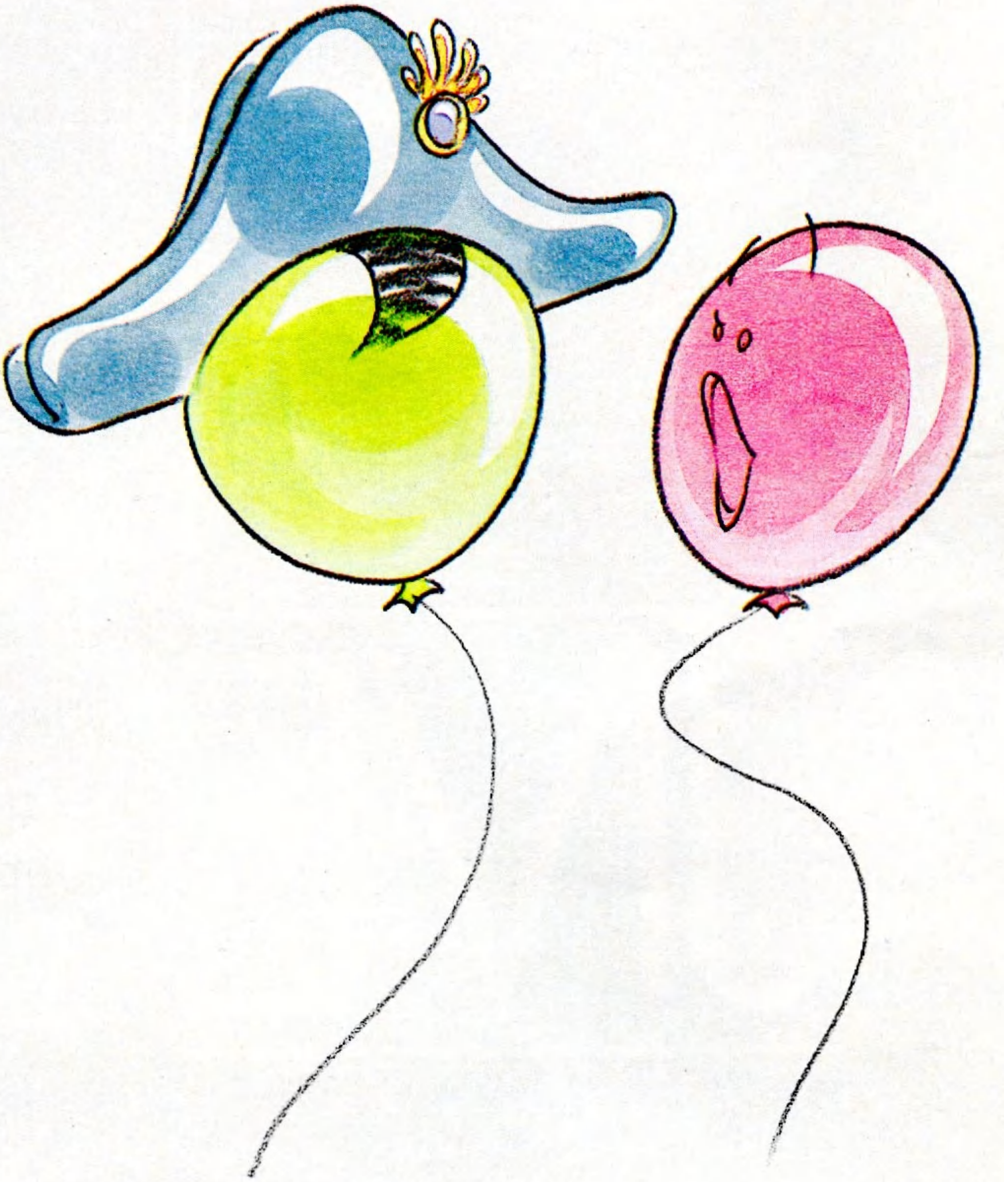


BUTCH MARTIN/IMAGE BANK

The Danger: *Dick Francis takes a wrong turn with a kidnapper caper.*

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



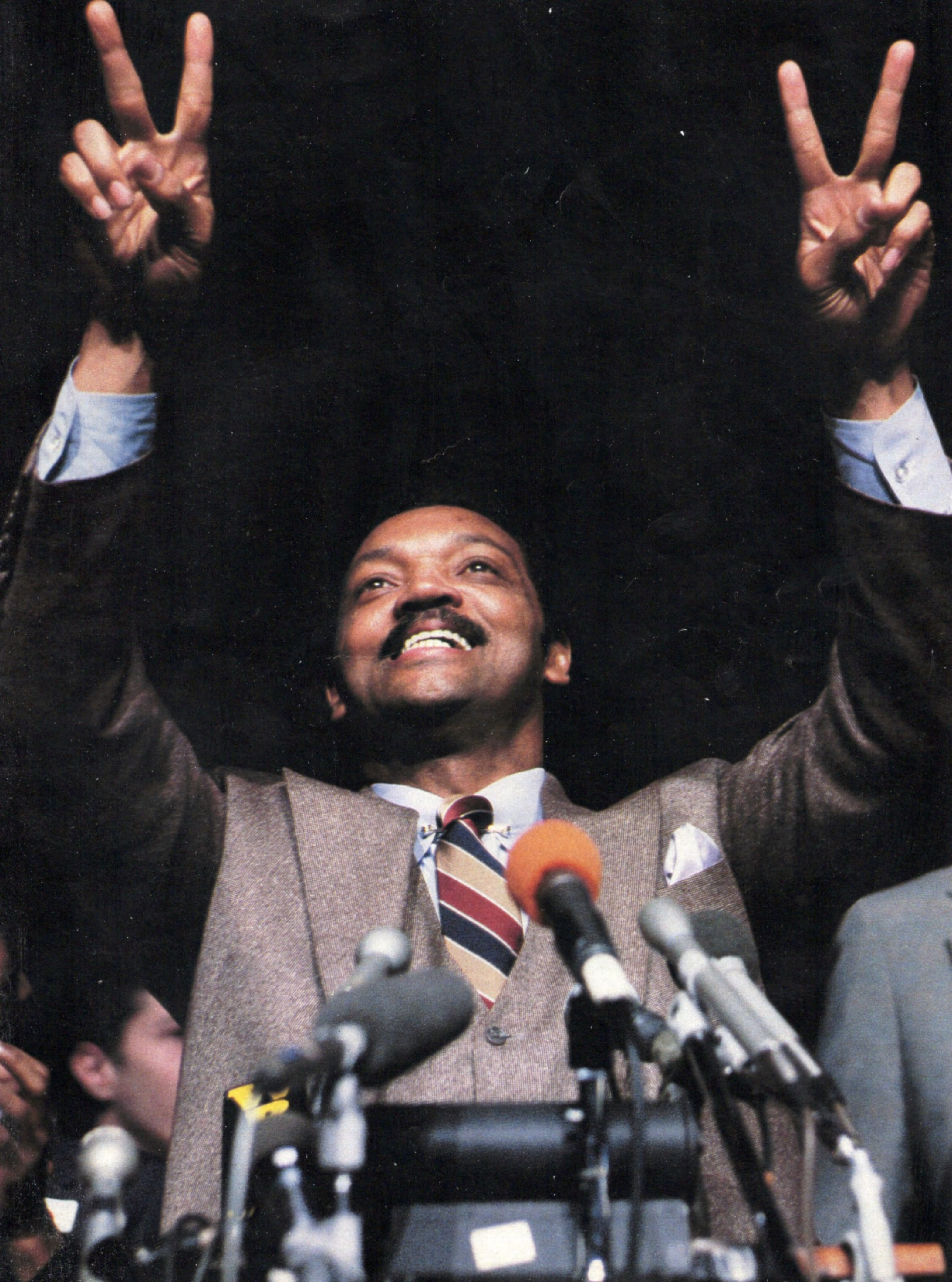
"I suggest a couple more sessions before you announce your candidacy."

JESSE JACKSON'S

JIVE

America's leading black politician talks about rainbows and extraracial brotherhood, but he is really in the business of consolidating black America, and that isn't good—not for blacks, not for America.

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.



Integral—but absolutely integral—to the success of the Reverend Jesse Jackson is his idiom. Without it his heroic up-from-slavery posture simply evaporates. H. L. Mencken once wrote that the Latin recited by the priest was essential to the apparent sublimation of the liturgical process. Unless the priest is incanting in an exotic tongue, uttering strange and progressively hypnotic sounds, the mind of the communicant inevitably focuses on a middle-aged man, his armpits asweat under the encumbering vestments, who if he had not elected to receive Holy Orders would probably be clerking at a grocery store or tending bar. The image is Mencken's, who lost few opportunities to make sport of theology. But the insight is universal: The style is very often the man, is another way of putting it.

Listen. "*We're movin' on up!*"—uttered slowly, just a hint of mounting excitement.

"*At the '72 convention, George McGovern was the nominee . . . Reubin Askew was the keynoter . . . I was just fightin' for a seat in the hall.* And I beat 'em in New Hampshire!"

Pause for a moment.

Suppose that he had said, "We're moving up," instead of, "We're movin' on up." Why, the whole image drains. It's almost as if Gary Cooper, having peered over the boulder and viewed the approaching Indians, had reported back to his beleaguered colleagues, "I estimate there are two dozen of them, armed with rifles, and that the probability is they will charge us some time before sundown." No, no, no!

"*There's a lot of them out there, I figure, maybe twenny, twenny-five. Got guns. They'll pro'bly come on in befoh the sun sets.*" That's more like it.

"Movin' on up." The anaphora. The rhetorical device whose effect is achieved by repeating the initial phrase of a sequence. For maximum effect, it is run quickly after the termination of the preceding sentence, as in:

"*I have a dream today.* I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed. . . .

"*I have a dream today.*

"*I have a dream* that one day every valley shall be exalted. . . . *I have a dream.*"

"*Movin' on up. Alan Cranston, a powerful senator from California,* and I beat him!

"*Fritz Hollings.*" [Long pause.] "*When he was governor of South Carolina, I couldn't use the bathroom in the state capitol.* I beat Fritz Hollings! *We're movin' on up.*

"*John Glenn was up there orbiting the earth when I was scufflin' for dimes down here. Now he is gone,* and I'm still in the race. *We're movin' on up.*"

And then the triumphant bugles sound. The gates of paradise open. . . . "*I am at the apex of the triangle.* And that is the very opposite of blacks being taken for granted by the Democrats or written off by the Republicans!"

PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 52 AND 53 BY ARTHUR GRACE/SIGMA AND KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Ratiocination is subversive in revival meetings. If the American people were tomorrow given the choice of McGovern versus Jackson, Askew versus Jackson, Cranston versus Jackson, Hollings versus Jackson, or Glenn versus Jackson, the score would be Jackson, 0. So that Jackson is left, really, without a point to make. And certainly without any claim to having advanced the evolution of Martin Luther King's dream, which was that white and black Americans would in due course mix as though differences in the color of their skins were irrelevant. Jesse Jackson is engaged in attempting to do quite the opposite. His success is measured precisely by the extent to which he can persuade the black community that just as he, Jackson, is primarily a black man, they are primarily black men and black women, and that therefore their ethnic bond is the chain that binds them together above all other kinships, attenuated, that they share with their neighbors.

> Jesse Jackson has sold out to the old political dream. The dream that suggests that the state is the witch doctor with the keys to prosperity.

This exuberant tribalism makes for flash-flood victories (27 percent of the vote in Virginia, that kind of thing). But the flash-flood victories (remember, George Wallace actually won the primaries in Maryland and North Carolina in 1972) don't really add up to very much, not if such victories tug against orderly inertial thought. And that is a good thing, because we should not wish success for any political movement that says of a Jew or of a Protestant or of an Italian or of a Hispanic that he is primarily that, secondarily other things. When John F. Kennedy became the first Catholic elected president, he managed this by persuading the American people that his being a Catholic affected not at all his qualifications to serve as disinterested chief executive. If Kennedy's bellowed stand had been that he stood at the apex of a triangle in which he represented Catholic interests in America, he would not have carried Boston.

Jesse Jackson is a remarkable figure. But his strengths are primarily theatrical. He strains, for the most part, athwart the American tradition of progress. That tradition is extra-racial. The tradition does not enjoin Jews from helping other Jews, Italians from helping other Italians. In *Beyond the Melting Pot,* sociologists Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan remarked that 95 percent of the commercial business done by Chinese Americans in New York went to other Chinese Americans. Now here they remarked an interesting disparity: Negro Americans (as they were then called) patronized primarily white businessmen (the exceptions: beauticians and morticians).

If Jackson were aiming at cultivating pride in the black American of the kind that results in fraternal commercial camaraderie—in creating a demand for more black businessmen and professionals—he would be moving with tradition. And this he began to do a dozen years ago with Operation PUSH. That was when he was speaking out about how blacks need not stand out as athletes: Let them stand out also as mathematicians and as doctors; but lo, this requires homework, and great, extra-athletic application.

In recent years, however, Jackson has sold out to the old political dream. The dream that suggests that the state is the witch doctor with the keys to prosperity.

Up to a point, the state can be the effective ally of the oppressed. A convulsive effort, enlisting the police powers of the state, was required to liberate black people from slavery; another statist effort, 100 years later, to give the black people the vote and spare them the humiliation of Jim Crow. But now, even though there are residual prejudices, of course—as there are against Catholics and Jews, Italians and Mexicans—there is no Fortress America calculated to exclude blacks from any position of prominence. To suggest otherwise—which is exactly what Jesse Jackson continually suggests (the Reagan administration is "racist")—is to mobilize an army behind an objective that is either unclear (What, assuming President Jackson were inaugurated, would he do for blacks?) or, where it is clear, un-American (Blacks cannot, by virtue of being black, deprive non-blacks of their own rights and opportunities).

Jesse Jackson is a man of transient fixations. For a while, he seemed to be exclusively concerned with 1.6 million Palestinian refugees. This at a time when there were 2 million refugees in Africa. He never acknowledged the 350,000 Ethiopians in the Sudan, the 125,000 Angolans in Zaire, the 134,000 Burundians in Tanzania, the 200,000 Ethiopians in Somalia, the Cambodians in Thailand, the Burmese in Bangladesh.

No, it was the Palestinians, even as now it is South African black victims he wishes to organize our foreign policy around, not Nicaraguan victims, or Chinese victims, or Afghan victims, let alone Russian victims. "Let's build houses, not bombs," he says, which is flower-child cant, like saying let's have fiddlers on the streets, not policemen. He is given to the most grating verbal rhetorical disjunctions in contemporary

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

Pall Mall
A Step Ahead
Step up in taste,
step down in tar
100's
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
LIGHTS
LOW TAR FILTER
PALL MALL LIGHTS
PALL MALL LIGHTS 100's
9 mg. tar
0.8 mg. nic.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GHOST TOWN

PRODUCED BY ED HOLZMAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GLENN BRADLEY MORALES

Driving through the Texas wasteland, she comes across a ghost town—the onetime haunt of a notorious gunfighter. Setting out to explore the deserted streets, she enters a dilapidated saloon. Suddenly, she hears the creaking saloon doors and sees him: the outlaw's spirit in the flesh....

"Ghost Town" is one of many erotic featurettes included on Penthouse's *first videocassette,* The Girls of Penthouse, *to be available in retail outlets this summer.*

Fear gives way to desire when she learns that this handsome apparition owns a weapon already cocked and waiting to fire....

Shirt by The Centurion, Garden Grove, Calif.

Though noting his gleaming six-gun, her interest is quickly drawn to the more appealing hardened steel in his riding breeches. For a vision fashioned in smoke and air, he had the firm fine stuff that real dreams are made of.... With his long-dormant urges awakened, he leads her to a dusty divan and proves that modern urban cowboys are a tough act to follow.

Anonymous sex with a stranger is hardly her style; but dead men tell no tales, and besides, this well-armed (and well-hung) desperado is desperately attractive as well.

Receiving his unleashed volley, she suddenly understands, with a quiver, how the wild, wild West got its name. After delivering his very best shot, the phantom gunfighter fades back into the past.

For over 30 years,
the United States covered up its
involvement with one of
the world's most wanted war criminals,
a cover-up that continues
even now, as Barbie finally faces trial
for his crimes against humanity.

THE BARBIE WHITEWASH

BY ERHARD DABRINGHAUS

Klaus Barbie was brought back to France from Bolivia in January 1983. This Nazi war criminal, known as the "Butcher of Lyons," had prospered and lived a free life as a Bolivian citizen for 30 years. I had worked with Barbie when I was a member of the U.S. Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) in Augsburg, Germany, in 1948, and it was I who broke the news, when Barbie was photographed by NBC in Bolivia, that this same Nazi war criminal had been employed by American intelligence.

In February 1983, Jean Berthier, the prosecutor in Lyons, read Barbie the following charges for which he will be tried later this year or early next year. These charges refer to crimes against humanity, for which no statute of limitations exists.

- Murder of 22 hostages as a reprisal for an attack upon two German policemen in 1943.
- Arrest and torture of 19 people in 1943.
- Deportation of 86 people who had aided a group of Jews from Lyons.
- Execution by firing squad of 42 people, among them 40 Jews, in and around Lyons during the years 1943 and 44.
- Search and seizure of French railroad workers in 1944: Two people were killed, several seriously injured, and others never seen again.
- Deportation of 650 people, mostly Jews, into the concentration camps of Auschwitz and Ravensbrück. The last transport of this deportation took place on August 11, 1944.
- Execution of 70 Jews in the town of Bron, and several Jews, as well as two clergymen, in St. Genis Laval.

PAINTING BY FRED OTNES

- Deportation of up to 55 Jews, most of them children, from the village of Izieux.

Devastating as these charges are, they are by no means all the crimes and atrocities committed by Barbie. The prosecutor did not read Barbie the list of crimes he had committed in Lyons, for which he had earlier been tried in absentia, since he cannot be tried for them again. As Germany's SD intelligence chief in Lyons from 1942 to 1944, Barbie personally had a hand in 4,342 murders, and saw to it that nearly 8,000 people were shipped to death camps. These are the numbers arrived at by the French courts that twice sentenced him to death—in 1952, and again in 1954. During an interview in Bolivia in 1978, he was completely unrepentant. "What is there to regret?" he said. "I'm a committed Nazi, and if I had to be born a thousand times over, I would be a thousand times what I have been."

After he left Lyons in late 1944, Barbie was chased through an assortment of Allied camps, always managing to conceal his true identity. In the city of Kassel, in the American zone, he was interned without having his identity discovered. He escaped from the Americans on a bicycle and went underground. A farmer gave him a place to stay, and he had to work very hard for this hiding place. Six months later he tried his hand at black marketeering. He had been in touch with other SS people who had taught him how to forge identification cards. In November 1946, he was arrested by British intelligence agents and sent to an internment camp in Hamburg. "After I had been there only a few days," he once told me, "I walked right out of the camp past the sleeping guard."

In April 1947, Klaus Barbie met Kurt Merk at a railroad station. They had known each other in France, where Merk, a former member of German Army Intelligence, had been stationed. Merk by now was working with the Americans, and he immediately offered Barbie a job. When this proposition was presented to Lieutenant Colonel Garvey, the commander of Region IV of the 970th CIC Detachment in Munich, he was more than happy to accept, provided that Barbie agreed to break off all ties with his former SS associates. This Barbie was willing to do.

Robert S. Taylor was one of Garvey's agents. Agent Taylor had used Kurt Merk as a paid informant in Memmingen since 1946. Merk's qualifications as an intelligence agent were revealed when he was first interrogated. Taylor immediately recognized the value of Merk's cooperation; Merk could reestablish the network of informants that had functioned admirably during the war. And because Merk was not SS—just regular army—atrocities did not figure strongly in his background. Also, although his rank of captain in the German intelligence service required his arrest, this could easily be circumvented by reporting that he had been thoroughly interrogated and that no incriminating information was found.

A new network of Allied informants was established and given the code name "Petersen." Barbie and Merk became the leaders of the Petersen Network, which consisted of 52 informants throughout Europe.

Agent Taylor worked from a "safe house" in Memmingen. He was very impressed with Barbie, claiming that he was a strong anti-Communist and Nazi idealist who felt betrayed by the Nazis in power. Taylor ran the network until the summer of 1947. Although Taylor knew that Regions I and III were looking for Barbie in Stuttgart and Marburg, he did not inform headquarters for two months that Barbie was part of the Petersen Network.

In the summer of 1947, Taylor was replaced by CIC agent Camille Hajdu, who worked from a safe house in Kaufbeuren. Agent Hajdu, too, was impressed with the work and successful results achieved by Merk and Barbie.

> "What is there to regret?" Barbie asked. "I'm a committed Nazi, and if I had to be born a thousand times over, I would be a thousand times what I have been."

On December 11, 1947, Barbie was sent to the European Command Intelligence Center (ECIC) at Oberursell, near Frankfurt, for "detailed interrogation." The operations officer of CIC headquarters sent instructions to ECIC requesting that Barbie be interrogated only about his postwar activities. CIC headquarters was apparently not interested in Barbie's wartime experiences.

Region IV and Agent Hajdu were not at all pleased with Barbie's arrest. They requested some type of preferential treatment. Lieutenant Colonel Ellington Golden, who had replaced Lieutenant Colonel Garvey, requested that Barbie be permitted to return to Region IV at the end of his interrogation.

It is not difficult to understand why CIC requested ECIC not to go into Barbie's background. Region IV had an overriding interest in using Barbie as an informant, and no one wanted to know what he had done during the war. Former gestapo and SD agents were no longer considered a security threat. By the time Barbie was sent to ECIC, Allied authorities believed that remnants of the Nazi regime were no longer a danger to the Allied occupation. In May 1948, I was ordered by American intelligence to bring Klaus Barbie and Kurt Merk from the town of Memmingen to Augsburg, where my CIC unit was stationed. After providing proper housing for these two men, I met with both of them at least three times a week to edit information they provided, and I then forwarded this report to our higher headquarters. For this service I was authorized to pay them $1,700 per month in American dollars, which the two men ostensibly divided among their informants in the field.

On two separate occasions during this period, French intelligence agents requested to talk to me with regard to the whereabouts of Klaus Barbie. This because a French Resistance officer, Colonel René Hardy, was being tried in Paris for collaboration. During the war Klaus Barbie had captured Colonel Hardy on a train, and for several weeks had tried to make him work for German intelligence. According to Barbie, Colonel Hardy never broke during interrogation, never collaborated, and eventually was able to escape—but the French government had misconstrued the escape as a release.

Upon instructions from my own higher headquarters, I was told to deny to the French agents that I knew where Klaus Barbie was; in fact, I convinced them that I "never even heard of the man." Personally, I was very upset that I could not turn him over to the French. I later learned from Kurt Merk that Barbie deserved the title "Butcher of Lyons," having killed over 200 French during the period of their association in France.

Last month in *Penthouse,* I wrote about my working relationship with Barbie, and about the fact that it was Merk who told me of Barbie's war crimes. It is important that I write more about the relationship between Merk and Barbie in order to explain the fates of these two men.

Merk was unquestionably the driving force of the network. He hired Barbie, and the network's code name, Petersen, was the same as Merk's own alias, Walter Buro Petersen. It was common practice by American intelligence units to use as a front a non-SS man who had not been charged with atrocities, so that we would be working with a "clean" and reputable man. He might then use war criminals as sub-informants, but the operation maintained a respectable facade.

Merk was by far the more polished intelligence officer; he had achieved his successes with cleverness and finesse. During a two-week period in July 1948, when Barbie was away at ECIC, Merk worked alone. The quality of material he presented to me for translation was of far greater importance—and was more fully substantiated—than the material submitted by Barbie. Merk's sub-informants also appeared to be more intelligent than those who were used by Barbie, who generally employed former SS officers or black-market operators.

Barbie had a tendency to write his re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

PLAYERS GO PLACES

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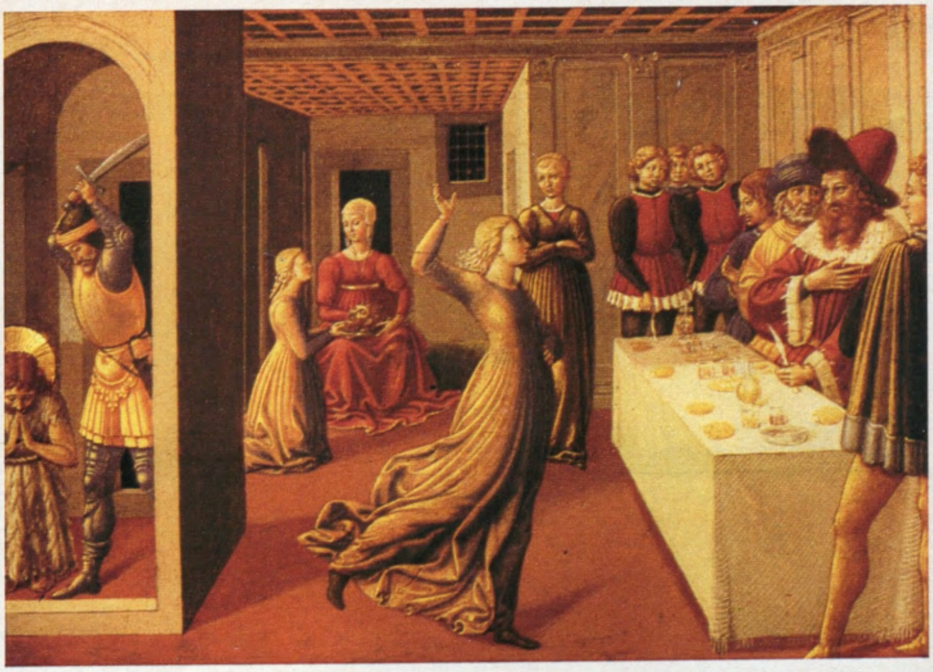
STRIPPERS

BY NICK TOSCHES

As is plainly known by anyone who, in the folly of his youth, tried to employ a copy of *Sunshine and Health* magazine as an accessory to the act of manual self-love, simple nudity does little to stoke, and less to slake, the flames of that divine prurience that alone distinguishes man from the beasts of the earth, the fishes of the sea, the fowl of the air, and the ABC *Eyewitness News* team.

Throughout history, the classic nude has connoted natural purity and prelapsarian innocence. "In naked majesty" dwelt Adam and Eve, wrote our supreme poet of metaphysical gastritis, John Milton, in Book IV of *Paradise Lost*. "Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed; Then was not guilty shame." Indeed, according to Milton's predecessor—God—couture preceded sex in the order of worldly things. Only after Adam and Eve had

P. PERRIN/LIAISON LEFT: THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE



THE GRANGER COLLECTION

fashioned and donned their fig-leaf aprons, the Bible tells us, did he stick his mysterious part into hers.

Since that first fuck, most of those who have embraced nudity—from the fourteenth-century Adamites to the Utopian nudists of the present day—have done so in an attempt to renounce their concupiscence and live in Edenic innocence. (Anyone who has witnessed a gathering of nudists will agree that they seem to have succeeded in their purpose, so strikingly do they give the impression that they would be unable to get laid even if they had $50 bills pinned to their chests.) Only in rare and morbid instances—such as that of Pope Paul IV, the Jerry Falwell of the Renaissance, who had pants painted on Michelangelo's Sistine-chapel nudes—has nudity in itself been regarded as obscene.

(We should here hold in mind the useful distinction, made by Kenneth Clark in his classic work *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form*, between nudity, meaning the depersonalized, idealized human image, and nakedness, the imperfect individual bare body. Michelangelo's depiction of Adam and Eve is an example of the former. An *au naturel* Dolly Parton passing forbidden grits to a bare Porter Wagoner would be an example of the latter.)

The truth of the matter is that it is not through our bare flesh that the erotic impulse is most powerfully conveyed, but through our clothing. Like the plumage and color markings of lesser species, clothes are the means by which the human sexes attract and arouse each other. More than 300 years ago, Robert Burton expressed this fact quite succinctly when he wrote, in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, that "The greatest provocations of lust are from our apparel." More recently, Anne Hollander, in her brilliant 1978 book *Seeing Through Clothes*, observed that "the Christian theory that clothing is unnatural or profane in its very essence, the result of man's fall, undoubtedly grew out of the direct experience of the erotic pull of dress—even modest dress. People's clothes had the effect of making their inferred nude bodies seem more, not less, desirable. Nakedness, of course, has its own fierce effect on desire; but clothing with nakedness underneath has another, and it is apparently even more potent." Less eloquent, perhaps, but no less telling are the words of the late, great Lou Costello, delivered to an audience of three at the Comet Bar in downtown Newark on a fine spring day in 1958: "Who the fuck wants to look at a goddamned naked broad? Put *some*thin' on her, for chrissake! High heels, a bathin' suit, *some*thin'!"

Costello, as usual, was right. If the most beautiful nude Aphrodite of Praxiteles and the loveliest nude Venus of Titian do little to arouse our noble and unclean desires, what dare we expect of the gum-chewing checkout goddesses at the local supermarket? Not a whole hell of a lot, pals o' mine, not a whole hell of a lot.

Wise, and best fit to serve their own ends, are those of Eve's daughters who understand that the sensuality of Goya's *Naked Maja* derives mainly from its juxtaposition with the artist's *Clothed Maja;* that the volleyball-playing Aryans of *Sunshine and Health* are no match for the temptresses who glide, Lycra-swathed, through the ladies'-underwear pages of the Sears catalog; and that, ultimately and truly, the voice of Lou Costello is the voice of all men.

Those who understand these things know that the baring, not the bareness, is the thing that raises the clownish scepter of each vain and fleeting king; and that regardless of how modesty or the uppity impatience of the little man in the boat beseeches milady to rush toward nakedness, the matter of disrobing is to be treated with all due artfulness and obscene subtlety, should she wish to render herself more desirable in the eyes of her sweet-

JOHN LAUNOIS/BLACK STAR

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LEFT AND RIGHT: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

heart than, let us say, *This Week in the NFL*. For as Messrs. God and Milton so long ago observed, simply standing there in naked majesty is no way for a lady to go about the business of getting her brains fucked out.

History, like West 49th Street, abounds with tales of notable disrobings. The Greek myth of the Judgment of Paris dates from at least the eighth century B.C. To the wedding feast of Peleus and Thetis, the fated father and mother of Achilles, came all the gods and goddesses of the heavens, bearing gifts. The exception was Eris, or Discord, who arrived uninvited and threw to the ground a golden apple inscribed "For the Fairest." Hera, the violently jealous wife of Zeus; Athene, the goddess of war and of wisdom; and Aphrodite, the goddess of love and of playing doctor, all claimed the apple. The contention was referred to Paris, the handsomest of mortal men. Hera offered him an empire, Athene offered him military glory, and wet Aphrodite offered him the most beautiful woman in all the world, Helen. Then the goddesses stripped, each in turn, as the handsome prince stood and stared, getting so worked up in the process that he chose the payola that Aphrodite had offered. Paris carried Helen off to his native Troy, and in so doing brought about the long Trojan War, in which the rejected strippers Hera and Athene supported the Greeks (and during the course of which, according to recent classical studies, more than a thousand men died for every ounce of princely sperm that lovely Helen swallowed).

The Judgment of Paris, the first great strip show, was written about, though not nearly as well as has been done here, by such ancient authors as Ovid and Lucian,

Memorable disrobings through the ages: (page 71) the First Stripper's Convention, Las Vegas; (opposite top) Salome; (above top) Lili St. Cyr; (left) the Dallas Fair.

and has inspired several masterpieces of the posed-the-way-ya-like-'em genre, by Cranach, Rubens, Watteau, and others.

We are told that Aspasia, the lifelong mistress of Pericles, the great Athenian statesman of the fifth century B.C., ran a training school for whores in Athens, at which, among other things, was taught the art of seductive stripping.

Phryne, the most infamous whore of the classical world, and the model for several sculpted and painted Aphrodites of the fourth century B.C., stripped for the whole of Athens during the feast of Poseidon every December. When she organized a club for young girls, ostensibly dedicated to the worship of the Thracian god Isodaetes but in actuality a sort of pagan Brownie pack for fledgling floozies, Phryne was charged with impiety and the corruption of morals. The distinguished orator Hyperides, who was one of Phryne's johns, did his best to defend her, but Phryne herself persuaded the jury to acquit her—by stripping in court.

The story of Salome tells how, in the year 29, that sanguinary slip of an Idumaean danced the dance of dick hunger, stripping off the seven veils of her modesty before the lustful eyes of her stepfather, Herod. By the finale of her performance, Herod so burned to experience the miracle of love, doggie-fashion, with his stepdaughter, that he offered to give her whatever gift might please her. Salome, by no means your average roses-and-anklet type of gal, asked for the head of John the Baptist, which she got—Herod's hard-on thus having as disturbing an effect on Christianity as Paris's had on international détente.

Originally told in the New Testament and in Josephus's *History of the Jewish Wars*, the tale of Salome's dirty dance has long fascinated the minds of men (or at least of those men who have believed that menstrual blood can wither flowers and induce dropsy). Francesco Bachiacca, Caravaggio, Guido Reni, Francesco del Cairo, Gustave Moreau, Aubrey Beardsley, and a guy who used to live downstairs from me on 15th Street have all portrayed her fateful dance. Oscar Wilde wrote a play about Salome on which Richard Strauss later based an opera. Theda Bara played Salome on film in 1918; Rita Hayworth in 1953.

In his scandalous *Epigrams*, Martial explained that the dancing girls of Gades, a Roman colony near the Spanish coast, were the most wondrously skilled in stripping and wriggling. They ended their dances, we are told, by sinking to the ground and reclining on their backs, thighs spread and buttocks quivering in rude oblation. Martial commented that the Gaditan dancers "might well stiffen trembling Pelias." (Pelias, a son of Poseidon, was cut to pieces by his own daughters.) Juvenal, another observer of these Spanish dancers, described them, in his *Satires*, as "a sight to sting languid senses of love."

Martial also recounted the yearly entertainments, based on the Judgment of Paris, in which a trio of Roman girls, in the roles of the Greek goddesses, stripped in competition before Emperor Domitian and his guests.

A later emperor, Elagabalus, added a twist to such entertainments. At a performance of the Judgment of Paris, which was acted in his luxurious palace, he himself played the part of Aphrodite. And as if this were not enough to set tongues wagging, Elagabalus closed the show with an added surprise, raising his imperial buttocks and summoning an attendant to do to him what he had previously done to the SPQR. What a guy.

“It is better left to psychologists to explain why stripping is the most powerfully erotic of all non-copulatory acts, even that of counting money.”

Life was less lubricious in damp, stony Britain, and it is not surprising that the earliest reference to stripping in the English language, found in the twelfth-century *Life of St. Juliana*, is an act of sinful outrage: "He het hatterliche strupen hire steort naket!" In time, though, the harsh wimple fell from the face of British life, and in the seventeenth century we encounter our first full-blown piece of strip poetry, from the pen of none other than that bell-tolling, panty-sniffing Anglican preacher, John Donne:

Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glistering
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate, which you wear
That th'eyes of busy fools may be stopped there:
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you that now 'tis your bed time.
Off with that happy busk, whom I envy
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown's going off such beauteous state reveals
As when from flowery meads th'hills shadow steals.
Off with your wiry coronet and show
The hairy diadem which on you doth grow.
Off with those shoes: and then safely tread
In this love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.

We notice that when the bell tolls, it tolls for *thee;* but when some bimbo strips, she strips for *him.* So much for that no-man-is-an-island shit.

An anonymous madrigal of the same period put the issue quite simply and sweetly:

No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

In *The Soldier's Fortune,* Restoration playwright Thomas Otway had one of his characters specify, "Be sure that they be lewd, drunken, stripping whores." A few years later, in 1695, the Grub Street pamphleteer, Ned Ward, in his *Female Policy Detected,* warned of the disappointments that are often wrought by stripping women of their clothes. "Many in rich ornaments," he wrote, "look inviting whose beauty, when they undress, flies away with their apparel, and leaves you (as Juno did Ixion) nothing but a cloudy mistress to embrace."

The third act of Richard Steele's 1701 comedy *The Funeral*, or *Grief à la Mode*, includes a scene in which the young Frenchwoman Mlle. d'Epingle offers to strip for the edification of a staid British couple. The Englishwoman replies, aghast, that she has never so much as dressed, let alone undressed, before her husband. (In light of this wifely attitude, it is not difficult to see how pornography became such an important industry in eighteenth-century England, leading to the attorney general's anti-smut campaign of 1745.)

It was in the America of the nineteenth century that stripteasing finally became a defined, recognized and appreciated art form. As early as 1843, in his poetic drama *The Spanish Student*, we find Henry Wadsworth Longfellow looking down his sensitive nose at "a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money."

By 1847 the American Theatre in New York City was, it is known, presenting revues that featured dancing girls in various states of dishabille. In the spring of 1904, the exotic (read "dirty") dancer Little Egypt became the sensation of the St. Louis Exposition. At the Mason Opera House in Los Angeles, in 1908, Anna Held, the first wife of the impresario Florenz Ziegfeld, disrobed behind a screen as an orchestra played a song called "I'd Like to See a Little More of You." By the following year, the Columbia Theatre in Manhattan was staging shows with titles such as "Tease for Two" and "Strip, Strip, Hooray."

At the Hippodrome in San Francisco, in 1913, an act known as the Skevo Brothers (whose immortality has apparently been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

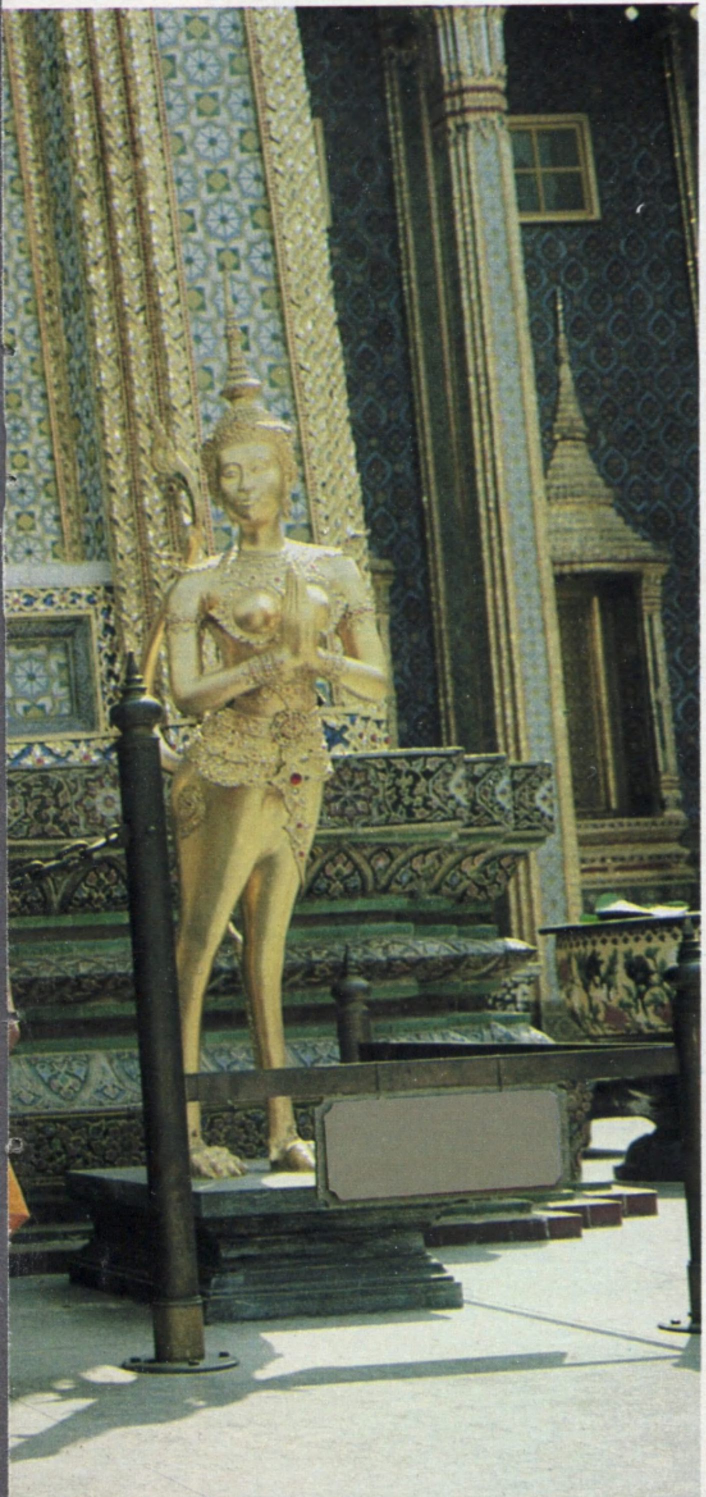
STACY

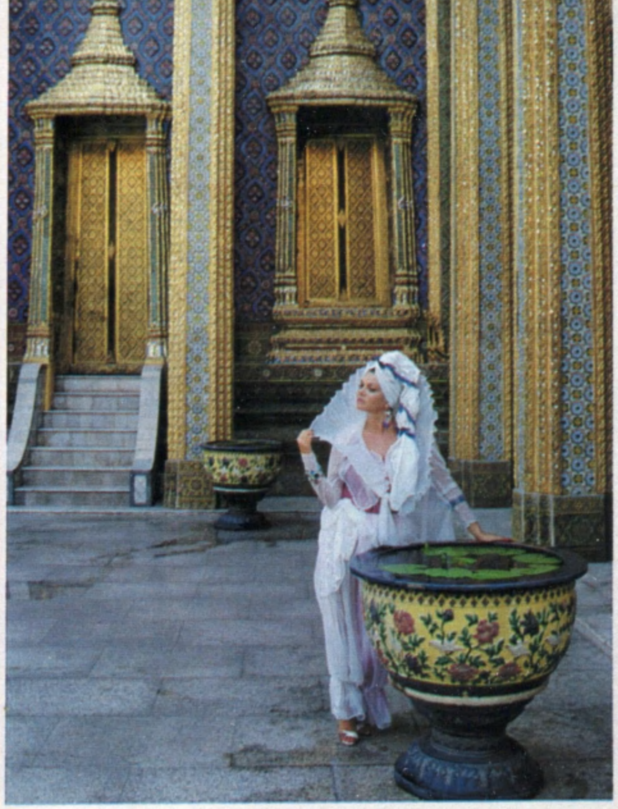
The one career I don't want is marriage....I even flunked child care in high school.

WORLDLY WISE

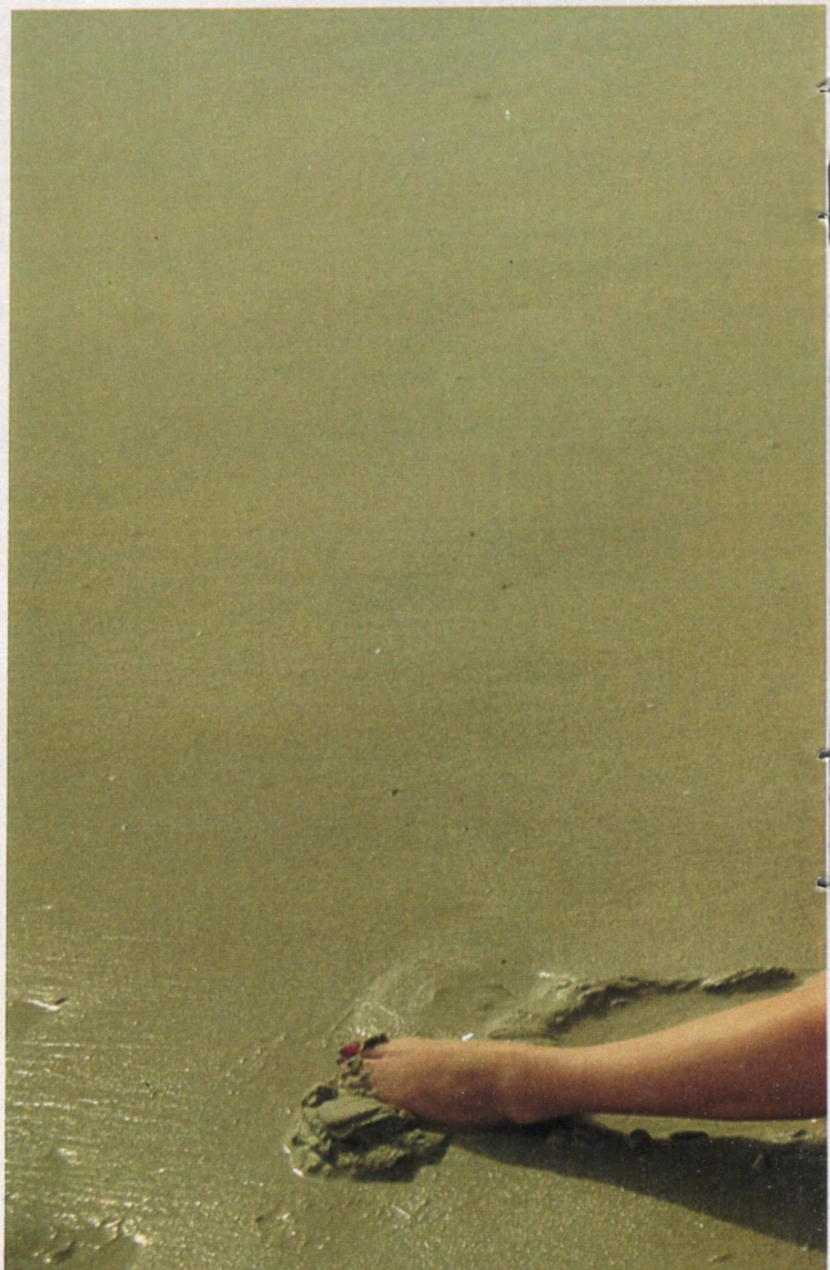
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Shooting on location in Thailand didn't put Louisville native Stacy Cole into a state of culture shock. Our Pet of the Month for July has always been relatively fearless, citing Kentucky-pioneer heritage and the Crow Indian blood in her veins as contributing factors. Another: her childhood, which sounds like a remake of *Bringing Up Father.*



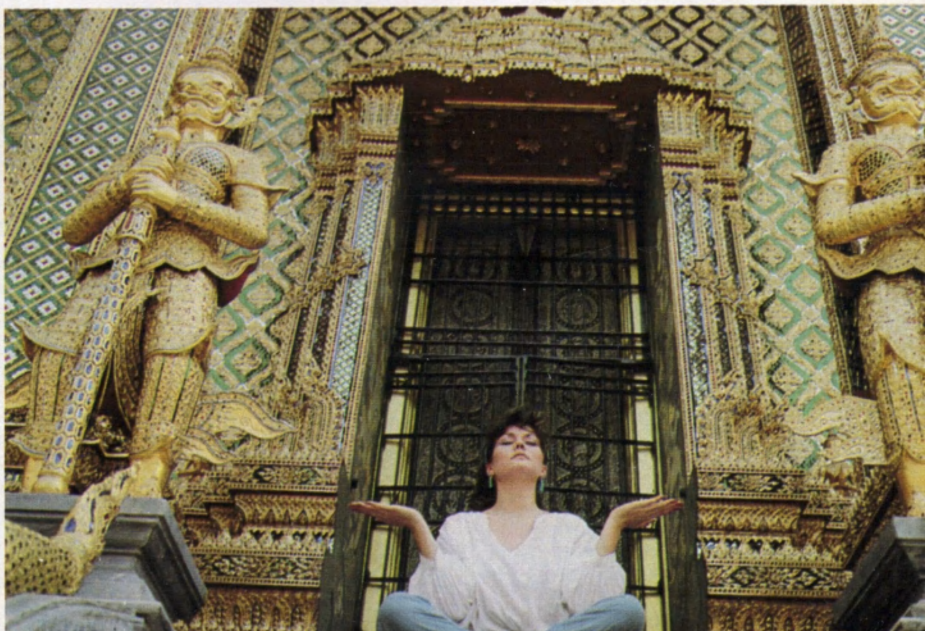


Location courtesy of Phuket Island Resort, Phuket, Thailand



At the age of nine, when her parents divorced and her father was given custody, she became the lady of the house. "I decided right then never to give up on anything." An ardent disbeliever in surrender, 36-24-35-inch Stacy feels that even sexual submission should always be a sort of erotic triumph.

In the working world, our Pet has managed successful stints as a waitress, auto mechanic, convention hostess, runway model, and advertising saleslady. She'd love to do the latter for *Penthouse*, promising with a grin that in contrast to her modeling duties she'd never submit to lying down on the job. The only career she rejects out of hand is marriage. "My independence means too much to me; besides, I literally flunked child care in high school."



Both love and sex are better, she feels, with no strings attached. One of her more memorable flings was a buoyant evening spent in her former boyfriend's Jacuzzi.

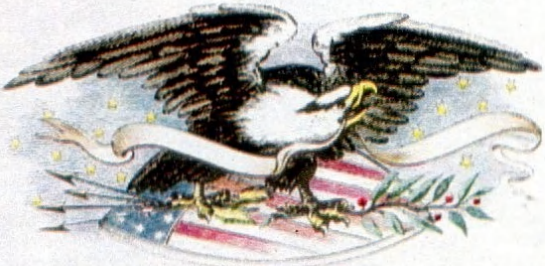
Clothes by Sabrina

Another: the time she
undressed in his Porsche–
stripteasing as he drove up
the long front driveway–
then posed naked under
his porch light–at three in
the morning.

Best of all: the stranger she met in a bar who indulged her with four delirious hours of foreplay, demanding nothing in return...

...Proving that valor isn't dead. Speaking of which, Stacy's ideal man would be a king. Why? "Because I like to be treated like a queen."

MISS STACY COLE / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

According to a report by the VA's Office of Reports and Statistics, the number of women veterans living in the United States as of March 1983 totaled 1,150,000, or 4.1 percent of all living veterans. The number was about 39,000 higher than the figure from the 1980 census, an increase that is not characteristic of the male-veteran population. The report also showed that:

- Thirty-six percent of the female veterans served only during peacetime.
- One of every five female veterans is at least 65 years old.
- Because of the expanding number of women in today's all-volunteer force, the female-veteran population is expected to increase steadily throughout the next several decades.
- Whereas more than half of the present male-veteran population are 65 years or older, and this figure is expected to reach 75 percent by 1993, the elderly female-veteran population is projected to increase at a much slower pace.

In response to this data, VA Administrator Harry Walters last year appointed the 18-member Advisory Committee on Female Veterans to assist him in addressing the needs of this group of veterans. This was a step in the right direction, but it falls far short of what is needed. As Walters and others have noted, the number of female veterans is growing, and as more and more move into the older age groups, their needs for more VA services will increase accordingly.

> “The plain fact is: The Veteran's Administration's medical-care delivery system is incapable of meeting the medical needs of female veterans.”

We think there exists a unique opportunity for the government to demonstrate its commitment to this category of veterans. The VA has for many years practiced a kind of institutional discrimination that lumps all veterans together irrespective of their characteristics. To be sure, some differentiation is made between groups or classes of veterans, as in the cases of service and non-service disabilities and educational benefits for veterans without a high-school diploma. And previous and current legislation makes it clear that the VA is expected to meet and treat the needs of all veterans without regard to their race, color, creed, or national origin. This is fitting and proper, but it assumes in practice that a veteran's sex is irrelevant. It isn't, and one area where it isn't is that of medical care.

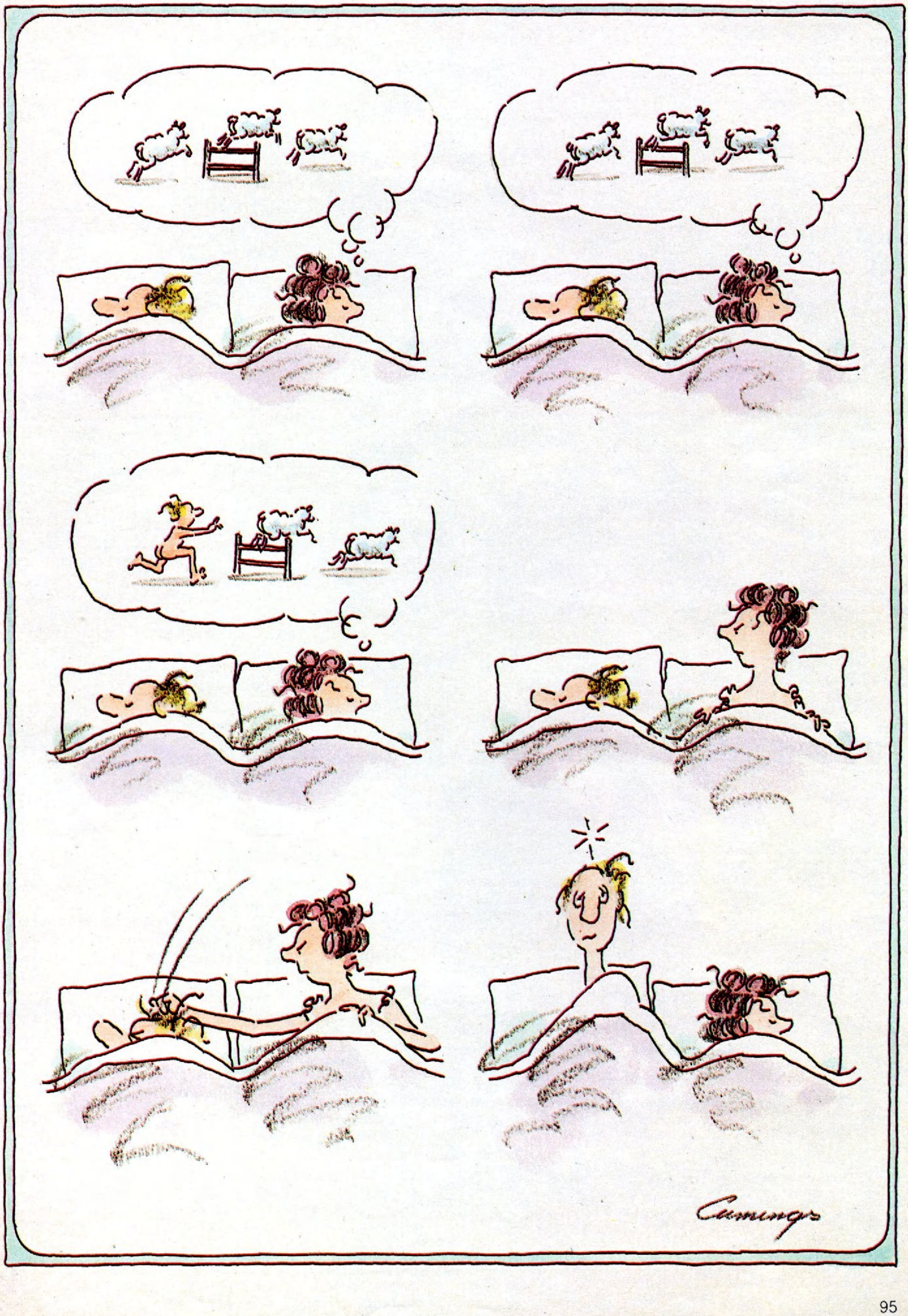
According to Dr. Paul Schafer, president of the 12,000-member National Association of VA Physicians, the VA's medical-care delivery system is, at present, incapable of meeting the separate medical needs of female veterans. He notes that specialties such as gynecology are handled by part-time consultants rather than full-time staff members.

And added to the specific medical problems of female veterans are those associated with providing adequate medical care to widows and children of deceased male veterans. These survivors, who qualify for VA medical care because of their spouse's death, are likewise dependent on a system that is presently incapable of meeting their needs.

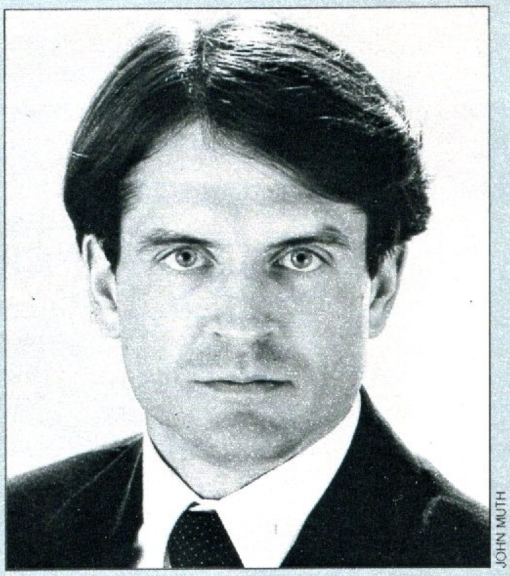
These problems are a ticking time bomb. They won't go away, and the demographic facts are such that because of the longer life expectancy of female veterans, the VA medical system will face a crisis at the turn of the century. What we must do now is start revamping the VA medical-delivery system in order to meet the needs of female veterans and of eligible widows and children. At present, there are approximately 225,000 women in the all-volunteer force. This amounts to a doubling of women in the armed services since the end of the Vietnam War.

Medical care is the most pressing need for female veterans. But there are others. It will be necessary to insure that a female veteran can qualify for a VA-guaranteed mortgage, and will receive equitable treatment in applying for a bank loan. It is sad but true that a single woman faces almost insurmountable odds when she attempts to buy a home.

These matters are serious, and because they require direct intervention, we believe that VA Administrator Harry Walters should go beyond reliance on the Advisory Committee on Female Veterans and establish the post of deputy administrator for female veterans affairs. This person should insure that the needs of female veterans as well as qualified widows and children are met adequately and fairly. The ERA is not the law of the land, but all veterans, regardless of race, color, creed, national origin, *or* sex, are entitled to equal treatment under the laws and regulations that govern the conduct of national affairs.—*William R. Corson.*


Cumings

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION


JOHN MUTH

BY JARED TAYLOR

The author, now a New York–based writer and lecturer, was born in Japan and has lived and worked there for 16 years. This article is adapted from his recently published book, *Shadows of the Rising Sun* (William Morrow).

WHAT WE SHOULDN'T LEARN FROM THE JAPANESE

There has been a lot of talk about the Japanese economic miracle—and rightly so. When a nation's real per capita GNP increases *tenfold* in one generation, it's nothing short of miraculous. Japan's successes have been so spectacular that some of us have begun to worry that if we don't start doing things their way we're going to be left behind. Books that sing the praises of the Japanese have become best-sellers.

And the Japanese do have things to teach us: inventory control, production engineering, and plant layout. But most of the shouting hasn't been about plant layout. It's been about management—the subtle art of motivating people. In this respect, what works in Japan might not work in America, because what motivates the Japanese may leave us cold.

The Japanese are culturally different from Americans. They have a much more vivid sense of national destiny than we do. They are far more willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the group. They arrive at the workplace better prepared for obedience and hard work than we do, and Japanese management's great achievement has been to harness these qualities for its own ends.

But as Japan gets richer, traditional values are beginning to fade. Just when some Americans are trying to become more like the Japanese, younger Japanese are becoming more American. We are fooling ourselves if we think that we can solve our problems by using techniques that are already losing ground in Japan.

The Japanese sense of national identity is fueled by a profound, agonizing sense of uniqueness. The Japanese think of themselves as mysterious, impenetrable people who will never be understood by *gaijin* (foreigners). They are astonished by *gaijin* who have mastered the Japanese language or who eat raw fish. They are threatened by those who know a lot about them, because they're not sure they *want* to be understood. When I meet a group of Japanese and speak to them in their own language they will frequently turn to one another and joke nervously about my fluency: "Well, here's one *gaijin* we can't keep any secrets from."

The people of Japan are so convinced of their uniqueness that they sometimes seem to think of other people as a different species. Foreign drugs, for example, can't be sold in Japan until they have passed clinical trials on Japanese test subjects. On a recent visit to a Japanese bookstore, I came across a serious work on human evolution with the disturbing title *From the Fossil Apes to the Japanese.*

‘Japan’s economic successes are spectacular. But the management techniques that work in Japan might not work in America, because what motivates the Japanese may leave us cold.’

This sense of being a people apart is linked to a powerful sense of national vulnerability. The Japanese live on a few rocky islands with no natural resources. They are battered by typhoons and shaken by earthquakes. And well within living memory, their homes were reduced to rubble by American bombers. All this gives the Japanese a crisis consciousness, a sense of always skirting the abyss. Older Japanese, especially, are convinced that they have to run like hell just to keep from falling behind. When they flood our markets with Nikons and Toyotas they're not trying to take away our jobs; they're just trying to feed their kids. This sense of uniqueness and vulnerability leads to a kind of arms-linked solidarity that Americans feel only in time of war.

A willingness to submerge their differences and put their shoulders to the common wheel is further encouraged by the Japanese devotion to the group. No one knows why the Japanese make such good team players, but Westerners aren't the only ones to notice. The Koreans, who throughout 35 years of colonization by the Japanese had reason to reflect on the Japanese national character, sometimes put it this way: One on one a Korean can whip a Japanese, but if you pit three Koreans against three Japanese the Japanese are sure to win.

Teamwork requires a special bond. The Japanese scholar Shichihei Yamamoto points out that Westerners often form groups on a strictly contractual basis to accomplish specific goals. Corporations are an example; American employees don't need strong, emotional ties in order to work together. In Japan, such contractual groups won't function properly unless their members establish what Yamamoto calls a "virtual kinship group." The Japanese group thrives on close, almost familial ties.

Sure enough, the Japanese business world is shot through with family analogies. Big Japanese companies don't establish subsidiaries; they establish "child companies." At work, the boss is "Dad," and more experienced colleagues are "older brothers." To the middle-aged men who run the company, young female employees are "our cute daughters." The ideal relationship between superior and subordinate is one that most clearly resembles that of parent and child.

For management, the implications of this potential for devotion are obvious; cultivating devotion is what Japanese management is all about. This is the purpose of the company song and company uniform, of guaranteed job security and automatic promotions. Devotion is what management expects in return for company housing, company commissaries, company athletic teams, and company vacation homes. Plenty of companies have in-house marriage bureaus. One well-known firm even has a company grave site so employees can be together in the next life. The company becomes a worker's club, family, job, and church all rolled into one.

This kind of management is called *marugakae*, or "total embrace." For the large, top-tier companies that can afford it, *marugakae* pays real dividends. In 1981, Toyota's 48,000 employees submitted 1.3 million formal suggestions to cut costs and improve efficiency—90 percent were accepted and implemented. This kind of employee identification with the firm is common in Japan but difficult to imagine in America. The average Chrysler employee doesn't spend his free time thinking up money-saving suggestions to submit every two weeks the way Toyota men do.

However, as Japan grows richer, fanatical company loyalty is waning. Younger Japanese, who have never known anything but prosperity, don't have the sense of crisis that their elders had and aren't willing to toil 12 hours a day for company and country. As one personnel manager says, "Establishing the loyalty of younger employees is the crucial challenge for Japanese companies in the 1980s."

Other Japanese are preparing for the inevitable. Recently, as American businessmen were scrambling to learn Japanese management, the *Wall Street Journal* asked a Japanese junior executive why his company had sent him to Stanford Business School. He explained that Japanese workers are inclined to work less and play more. He added that this was a new problem in Japan but an old one in the United States, and he wanted to learn how American managers dealt with it.

But Japanese working people won't change overnight. For now, they still throw themselves into their occupations with touching zeal. On a recent trip to Japan, I called on a company that had the following message, in English, printed on the back of its business cards:

COMPANY RULES
1) *For self:* Are you carrying out your mission?
2) *For society:* Are you rendering service to society?
3) *For the world:* Are you acting without shame as an international businessman?

This company doesn't build nuclear reactors or supertankers. It makes gloves. When you're ready to carry the company rules around on the back of your business card, you'll be ready for Japanese management.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

> “In order to survive in
> the barrio, I became a clown. I figured if
> the meanest dude in the
> gang was laughing, then nobody else was
> going to fuck with me.”

PAUL RODRIGUEZ

He's young, Chicano, and very, very funny. Paul Rodriguez, who describes his mission in life as "I'm here to be misunderstood," has arrived, although he believes that he is still arriving as one of the country's hottest young comedians. Not since the days of the late Freddie Prinze have audiences greeted a Latin comedian with such enthusiasm. Like Prinze, Rodriguez has transcended the confines of an ethnic audience and found wider acceptance with his irreverent and biting humor.

The star of Norman Lear's sitcom, *a.k.a. Pablo*, which premiered early this spring, has for several years been a favorite of Southern California comedy clubs like the Comedy Store and the Improvisation. It was not until Paul starred as the cocky Latin lover in last year's hit movie *D.C. Cab*, however, that the rest of the country began to learn who he was. And just how funny he is.

The road from East Los Angeles to movies and television began 29 years ago. The youngest of five children born to migrant farm workers, Paul remembers what it was like being poor and Chicano in America. Clothes and toys were usually hand-me-downs from older siblings, and at an early age he learned that to survive in the barrio, where all the authority figures were white, he would have to be sharp-tongued and quick-witted. It was on the street that Paul learned to hustle.

Like most youngsters growing up in East Los Angeles, Paul spent much of his time as a member of a street gang, and his perception of the world, which would later become material for his routines, was formed on those tough streets. But unlike many of his friends, Paul drew different conclusions about street life. He saw its limitations and pitfalls. He recognized that violence would lead nowhere, and drugs would lead to death. He took in its lessons and when the time was right, he left to join the air force. He somehow knew even then that the way to success would be through his mouth, or putting "his good rap" to use. He took college courses, continuing for two years at California State University at Long Beach, with the hope of becoming a lawyer. He still believes he could have been dynamite in a courtroom: "I would have gotten John Hinckley off with probation." However, Paul decided he wanted to do something more glamorous.

Despite advice and warnings from "just about everybody," Paul announced that he was going to be a comedian. "My father practically disowned me, believing that I had gone crazy. In fact, to this day he can't believe anybody can make money by simply telling jokes." Taking the bus from East L.A., Paul began the painful chore of going from one Hollywood club to another, looking for work. He had to beg to be given the opportunity to perform, usually without pay. There were many failures and disappointments during the first few years.

In fact, his comedy career might have died in some obscure Southern California nightclub had it not been for his relationship with the prestigious entertainment manager Murray Becker. Becker caught Paul's act when he was performing at the Hermosa Beach Comedy Store. He recognized Paul's raw talent and signed him to a contract. Under Becker's tutelage, Paul began to develop into the polished performer he is today. Their relationship was so close that when Becker died, Paul quit the business. It took his friends several months to convince him to return to the stage.

Paul first began to click at the popular Comedy Store, on Sunset Strip. He developed a following among audiences as well as some of his fellow comedians. At first, Paul's acceptance was perhaps due to the novelty of a Latin comedian making Anglos laugh nervously and self-consciously about Chicano life, but as his confidence grew, his appeal began to widen. Soon Paul was as comfortable appearing before a Jewish audience in a synagogue in La Jolla as he had been in a Latin nightclub in East Los Angeles. Hollywood began to pay attention. Offers for television specials

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN CASTILLO

and movies started coming in. In the last year, Paul has found himself in the enviable position of picking and choosing which offers to accept.

Norman Lear's *a.k.a. Pablo* is the life of Paul Rodriguez. In the sitcom, Paul plays a first-generation Mexican-American who finds himself living the American dream. A streetwise Chicano who finds success as a comedian, Paul Rivera has trouble coping. There is conflict with friends and family in the Mexican community—paralleling the dichotomy of Rodriguez's own life. Norman Lear chose some veteran Mexican actors—Hector Elizondo, Katy Jurado, and Joe Santos—to lend the scripts an authenticity usually absent in television's portrayal of Mexican-Americans. Although the series premiered to mixed receptions from both critics and viewers, almost everyone agreed that Paul Rodriguez had definitely become a national comedy star.

Penthouse asked Contributing Editor Allan Sonnenschein to interview Paul Rodriguez. Sonnenschein, who had met him about a year earlier, was amazed at the change in the young comedian's life. "Whereas a year ago Paul and I were able to sit at a table at the Comedy Store undisturbed, now there seemed to be bedlam in his life. Hustlers, hangers-on, and Hollywood honchos were snapping at his heels. Everybody was looking for something, but Paul remained patient and courteous, giving everyone an opportunity to make their pitch. Finally, we decided to go to his hotel suite to conduct the interview. It wasn't much better there, though—the phone rang endlessly with calls from writers and producers. It was only when Paul took the telephone off the hook and put a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door that we were able to get down to some serious talking.

"While much has changed in Paul's life since I last met him, he was very much the same person, although a bit bemused by his sudden fame. He was open and frank, and seemed eager to answer any and all questions—sometimes thoughtfully, often with irrepressible good humor. It would appear that Paul Rodriguez is not just arriving. He has, indeed, arrived."

Penthouse: Last year was a big year for you. Do you think America is ready for another Chicano star?

Rodriguez: It better be. I'm ready for America. Mexicans have always been ready for America. The only antidote for racial bigotry is economic success. The minute you become middle class, or higher, then you're not black, you're not brown, and you don't talk funny anymore. You're accepted. It was always "me" and "them." Then one day I woke up and I was them.

Penthouse: You obviously think it's important for the country to have a different impression of Chicanos.

Rodriguez: I just think it's important for them to know who we are. It's the only way we can get exposure. The only time you hear about Mexicans is when we fuck up or do something bad. Did you know that some 36 Mexican-Americans have won the Congressional Medal of Honor? There has never been a movie about them.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the way Mexicans have traditionally been portrayed in the movies?

Rodriguez: Mexicans come off as either killers or cowards. We are neither. We are just as brave and just as cowardly as anyone else. What I want to do in my career is teach people that we are just as intelligent, just as dumb, just as proud, just as sorrowful as any other race. The Mexican stereotype is really wrong. My father couldn't afford to be lazy and still feed all the kids he had and put clothes and shoes on us. The stereotypes are bullshit. My father didn't have time for that.

Penthouse: So you think that *a.k.a. Pablo* is going to change the way television looks at Chicanos?

Rodriguez: I can't speak for all Mexicans, only the 50,000 living in my apartment. The show is about a family. It happens to be a Mexican-American family, but it could be any family. We Latins have a reputation for not being able to take a joke. That's not so. It's just that we don't want to take all the jokes, we don't want to be the joke.

Penthouse: Initially, did you have doubts about doing the show?

Rodriguez: Sure I had doubts, but it was never about what I do. It was doubt about whether Americans were going to accept me as Paul Rodriguez or whether they were just looking for another Latin to fill their quota. Also, I guess some Latins probably accused me of being a white-man's boy; some probably accused me of selling out. I don't look at it like that. I look at it as buying in. I'm not a prostitute. I'm not selling anything. I'm just me. If this show does anything, it will inform people in Ohio that Chicanos exist, that we are part of this country.

Penthouse: The last well-known Chicano comedian was Freddie Prinze. Was he an idol of yours?

Rodriguez: I admired that he was a Latin and that, damn it, he made it. He had what I wanted. When I heard that he had killed himself, I remember being sad for a short moment. And then the rest of the time I was just pissed off. How dare he? How could he? Why did he? And now I find I'm his heir. Everybody is calling me the next Prinze, which is bullshit. I don't want to be anybody else. But I can definitely understand the immense amount of pressure and, I guess, the problems that popularity and fame bring. You're no longer a human being. You become a commodity, to be sold and exploited. And then come the Paul Rodriguez dolls.

I hate to say it, but I resent people like that, people who used to tell me that I was a cheap impersonation of Freddie Prinze, that I was trying to capitalize on that cat's death. That hurts, man.

Imagine the pressure I'm under—I'm Freddie Prinze, Part 2. All I need to do is start using that shit and all the Latins would be embarrassed. Think about the Latins that have been on TV—Freddie Prinze, Desi Arnaz, Ricardo Montalban, and Pepino [Tony Martinez], from *The Real McCoys*. Now maybe me. I would hate to be the fuck-up. When it comes to drugs, I follow the Bible, all things in moderation.

Penthouse: So now you have a certain responsibility to live up to an image.

Rodriguez: Sure I got responsibility. I mean, I don't go to bed thinking about it. I get drunk, I party. But I have to be very careful about it.

Penthouse: Don't you think that certain movies are almost an endorsement of the use of drugs? Such as the Cheech and Chong films that are so popular with kids.

Rodriguez: I'm sorry if you're reading this, Tommy, but yeah, because they don't show the down side of using pot. They don't show the kid who smokes a joint and then plows into a car. And in the movies, people survive that kind of thing. In real life they get concussions.

Penthouse: Why are you the only Chicano comedian around?

Rodriguez: There are some others, but why give them publicity, huh? No, really, there are others. Why me? I'll tell you why me. Because I had the balls to get my ass on a bus and bring myself to Hollywood and knock around the streets looking for work. I didn't sit at home and say, "Ah, well, I think I want to be a comedian." I gave it my all. That's why Latin boxers are bad, man, because we don't know how to retreat. It's not in our language. We only go forward; you either knock us out or we'll kick your ass. I was determined. I knew I was going to be a star. I had no idea it would happen so quickly.

Penthouse: Well, now that you've made it, has your sex life changed?

Rodriguez: My dick is still as big as it always was.

Penthouse: There's supposedly a Latin mentality toward women. What do you think about the women's liberation movement?

Rodriguez: I think it was long overdue. Seriously, I believe that women have it all over men. Like the great line from *D.C. Cab:* "I don't understand why women are so pissed off. They got half the money and all the pussy."

Penthouse: Do women treat you differently now?

Rodriguez: Yeah, I'm getting more offers. What I'm afraid of is that I'll never know if they're making love to Mrs. Rodriguez's last kid, who happens to be a good human being, or whether they're making love to this guy who's on television.

Penthouse: Has something like that already happened?

Rodriguez: There's one woman in particular who used to come in when I was performing and she was always with tall Aryan types. I was convinced that she was

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Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

In this summer of '84, genuine election-year excitement is harder to find than the beef. Luckily, *Penthouse* has several sensational solutions to voter apathy, all prettily presented on these pages. Casting your vote for any of these comely contenders in this Pet of the Year Play-off extravaganza means casting a vote for the all-American male imperative...and for a candidate whose stock-in-trade is stoking the public furnace with the same elegance and ease as reigning Pet of the Year Sheila Kennedy, above. Look over their qualifications: These mistresses of subtle diplomacy have what it takes to become leaders of men. As always, our winner will be showered with a beauty-queen's ransom of cash and gifts. We challenge any presidential contender to rival these ladies in the public figure category. Clearly, there is no contest! Readers eager to become future queen-makers can discharge their civic duty by picking their favorite front-runner and sending her name to: PET OF THE YEAR, PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL, 1965 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10023-5965.

KRISTA SIMON July 1983

Her blue-collar-assembly-line job may not be glamorous, but Krista obviously is. Running hard for the Pet of the Year title, Krista assures us that her 35-22-35-inch qualifications are in perfect working order. Her ideal man would be a lover who is "sensitive, passionate, and patient...and never steals the covers!" An independent candidate, Krista admits that while she "doesn't need a man to lean on, it's great to have one to sleep with."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CARL WACHTER

LINDA KENTON
May 1983

For foxy, photogenic Linda, beauty's not only a blessing but also her business. A professional model and actress, she's also worked for leading cosmetic companies as a certified cosmetologist. Debuting on the screen in the television movie *Balboa*, with Tony Curtis, and currently starring in her own film, Linda projects the captivating aloofness of a young Grace Kelly. But in Bob Guccione's groundbreaking live pictorial filmed for cable television, that aloofness vanished. Just as it would if she were chosen our Pet of the Year.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

NICOLE MONROWE November 1982

Readers can't help but recall 26-year-old Nicole as a streamlined 34-20-34-inch brunette meticulously engineered for life in the fast lane. Her strong points are racy blue eyes and a waist so tiny you can circle it with both hands; her biggest weakness is a so-far-unquenchable thirst for younger men. When not at her secretarial job showing off her typing speed, Nicole is an ardent window-shopper by day and a punk-rocker by night. And she puts in 24 hours a day as a showstopper all year long.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
NORMAN OBERLANDER

MONIQUE GABRIELLE
December 1982

Not that Monique minds having men at her beck and call, but she's equally gratified when she brings a Pac-Man to his knees. Our video-game enthusiast is also an accomplished thespian, having appeared in the Henry Winkler film *Night Shift* and the very successful comedy *Young Doctors in Love*. Next to winning this contest, Monique's cherished fantasy is to have her own bisexual harem. And though our leggy beauty weighs in at just 100 pounds, we're sure our many constituents will agree that Monique is hardly a lightweight.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

One hot afternoon
in Paris taught Dan that
love doesn't have
to be permanent to be real.

ANNIQUE

FICTION BY HERBERT GOLD

What a peculiar time to arrive in Paris. On Bastille Day the Revolution is sort of remembered—the descendants of those who tore down the Bastille are dancing in the streets until dawn, for any good reason at all, and Dan Shaper of Cleveland, Ohio, joined them despite his jet lag. Then he went to bed.

But at four in the morning, time zones bumping against each other in his head, still hearing the music in the streets, he got up to walk among the lovers, the drunks, and those like him who could not sleep in the midsummer heat and didn't want to. A few blocks from his hotel, on the Ile Saint-Louis, in front of the Alsatian restaurant near the footbridge leading to the looming shadow of Notre Dame, the Communist rock band was still hard at work, pumping out knockoffs of old Rolling Stones hits. There was a wooden platform strung with colored lights. A giant of a girl, an ideologue, danced with a contribution box for *Humanité,* the party newspaper, but most people danced with other human beings. Shaper stood to the side, weary, alert, not unpleasantly confused, and believed he saw the first pink streaks of daylight in the sky above the cathedral. Street vendors were selling off their last sandwiches, sweets, and drinks at bargain prices. He noticed a fair young woman, blond, her skin very pale under the garish red and purple bulbs strung over the dancers. Like him,

PAINTING BY YOSUKE OHNISHI/JAPAN CREATORS ASSOCIATION

she was just watching things. Then their eyes met.

He had no right to meet a stranger's eyes at 4:30 A.M., of course, so he looked away. It was only that he happened to be interested in the fact that she was wearing what looked like a boy's shirt, buttoned to the neck, and white, American-style jeans, and that her fair hair was pinned back, and that she was lovely. He had not meant to meet her eyes.

A moment later, to his astonishment, she was standing flat out in front of him and saying something that he couldn't understand, due to the fury of the French Communist version of "Leddy Jen"—Sweet Lady Jane. She repeated, "Aren't you the Moroccan film director—?"

"No," he said in his pretty good French, "I'm an American journalist who just arrived in Paris today."

"Then you're not Moustapha, are you?"

Laughing, he said, "Oh, but I wish I were!"

And very quickly she was remarking how well he spoke French, and he was confessing that everybody in Cleveland, Ohio, also confused him with Moustapha Ahmed Ben-Moussa—it was a real problem—but actually he worked on a paper called the *Cleveland Plain Dealer—*

"*Le Plen Diller? La Terre de Clèves?*"

And they were both giggling and enjoying teasing together, and he was saying that Paris is really a Northern city (acute, crack-reporter observation), so at midsummer the dawn comes early, doesn't it? when her friend got tired of this and came up to join the conversation.

The friend was a young architect, also blond, with a little wisp of blond mustache, and he worked for the Paris Municipal Art Restoration Licensing Department, and although he had a motorcycle parked nearby, on which they had ridden to this street dance, he seemed to Shaper to be a total wimp. But the girl's color, equally fair, did not seem wimpy at all. That's how it is. They should have found opposites—opposite colors—shouldn't they?

"Where are you staying in Paris?" she asked Shaper.

"She's leaving on her vacation tomorrow," the wimp told him.

"At the Hôtel du Vieux-Marais," Shaper said.

And the wimp said, "If you don't get some rest, Annique, you'll be tired."

"Evidently," she said, climbing onto the jump seat of the motorcycle, shrugging her narrow shoulders, lifting the mesh of hair out of the collar of the funny shirt, unbuttoning the top button now to show a clavicle, a collarbone, to the breeze and to Shaper, lifting her eyebrows in a shrug that echoed the shrug of the shoulders, making a little pout concerning her-lover-the-wimp's jealousy, and moving her lips in a way that confirmed a hope growing in Shaper's jet-lagged heart. The lips were silently repeating, like a good student making sure she remembered the correct answer: *Hôtel du Vieux-Marais*.

As they roared off, wheels spinning carnival debris, the street dance was over for Shaper. Heading back to the hotel he felt very light. He felt like having a good bath and then a good sleep.

When the telephone by his bed woke him up, the morning sun was pouring through a gap in the curtains at his window. "There is a lady for you downstairs. . . ."

"Please ask her to come up."

He rushed about, pulling curtains, flinging the doorlike windows wide open, taking care of matters in the bathroom. But he didn't have to hurry. She took a few minutes getting there because she was arranging for the Portuguese woman in the kitchen to accompany her with a tray that included the following pastimes and occupations for getting over embarrassment while getting better acquainted: a pitcher of coffee, a pitcher of hot milk, two glasses of orange juice, a little plate of croissants and buttered bread, a little pot of jam, and a larger pot of something he had never before seen at breakfast in France—raspberries with honey. There was a clutter of dishes to take care of this marvelous fare, including an extra-small pitcher of cream for the berries.

Soon she removed the silken T-shirt and the linen skirt. What remained on her body was nothing much worth mentioning.

The Portuguese woman, kindly and thoughtful and heavily mustached, left Shaper's visitor to set breakfast out as she liked. Shaper was in pajamas and the lady was in clothes very different from her sweaty Cub Scout shirt of last night. She was wearing a linen skirt with a kind of crumpled linen jacket over a silken T-shirt, but she removed the jacket and put it on his suitcase, not wanting to get raspberries on it.

Soon she also removed the silken T-shirt and the linen skirt, not needing coffee or raspberry stains on these holiday clothes. What remained on her body was nothing much worth mentioning.

Her hand slipped under the drawstring of the pajamas of the journalist from the *Plain Dealer*, and he felt a number of nearly overwhelming physical reflexes, one of them being to shut his eyes and the other being the opposite—to keep his eyes open so that none of this could ever be forgotten or vague. She was very precise.

Then for a while they just chatted. Did he really look like a Moroccan film director? Well, sort of. She had worked on a film in North Africa. No, she was nothing glamorous, not an actress or a model; she was a *standardiste* for French television—a kind of receptionist. "Because you're beautiful?" he asked.

She shrugged negligently. "Because I'm lazy."

Last night, with her shirt and jeans and the jump seat of the motorcycle, the gleam of the dance on her forehead and nose, she looked too young and probably she was. But now, when she told him she had received the *bachot*—high-school graduation, that is—seven years ago and had worked in this job for five years, he was relieved to learn she was sort of a grown-up. She certainly was. They finished the raspberries but not the coffee, planning to have cold coffee later. He loved the way she tipped up her bottom—another raspberry—when she carefully put the breakfast tray out of the way on the floor by the bed.

The ridges of her mouth, her palate, her teeth gave up none of her secrets, although he searched them diligently. Her tongue was smooth, yielding, unyielding. She was entertained by his impertinence, and when he finished, she sighed. That sigh—relief, pleasure, regret—was as close to a secret as she seemed ready to tell him. If he liked, he could find a suspicion of distant sadness in that sigh.

Perhaps there was another time in her life allotted to the sharing of secrets—or, more likely, none. No time, no need, no one. Or perhaps he had her all wrong, thinking this way while she gave him her body all right. She was the most secretive person he had ever met.

But then, he had never met anyone like her, either, so how could he expect to know anything?

That sigh again. He loved her breath whispering out with whatever part of her soul it carried. She was singing softly, as if to herself.

"*Qui parle de l'amour a des yeux tristes*—"

"I understand that."

"Do you?"

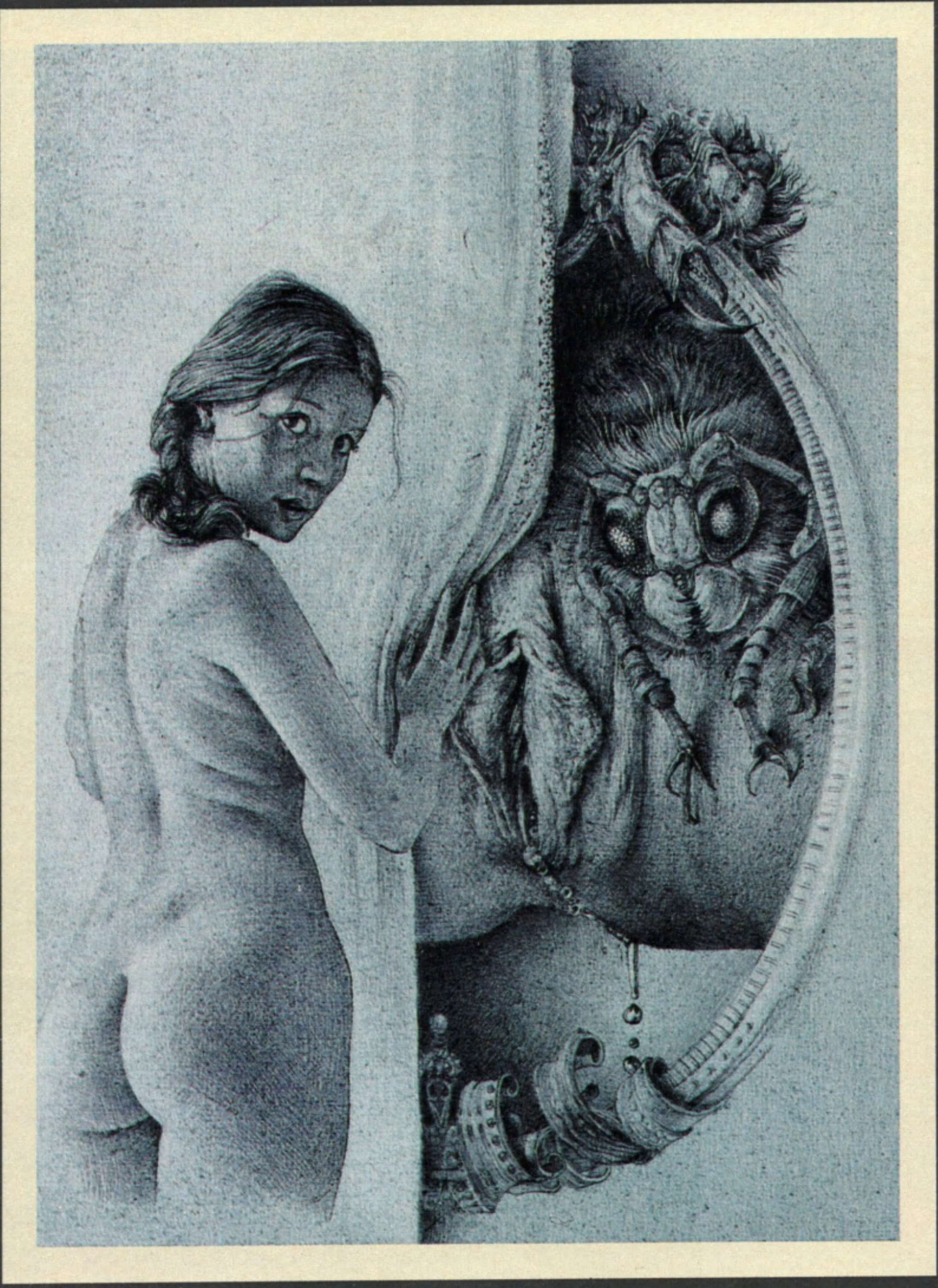
"Who speaks of love has sad eyes," he said in English.

"It's a French song," she said, "and it comes from a poem from the heart. It's only a little song."

"I told you I understand," he said with a touch of irritability.

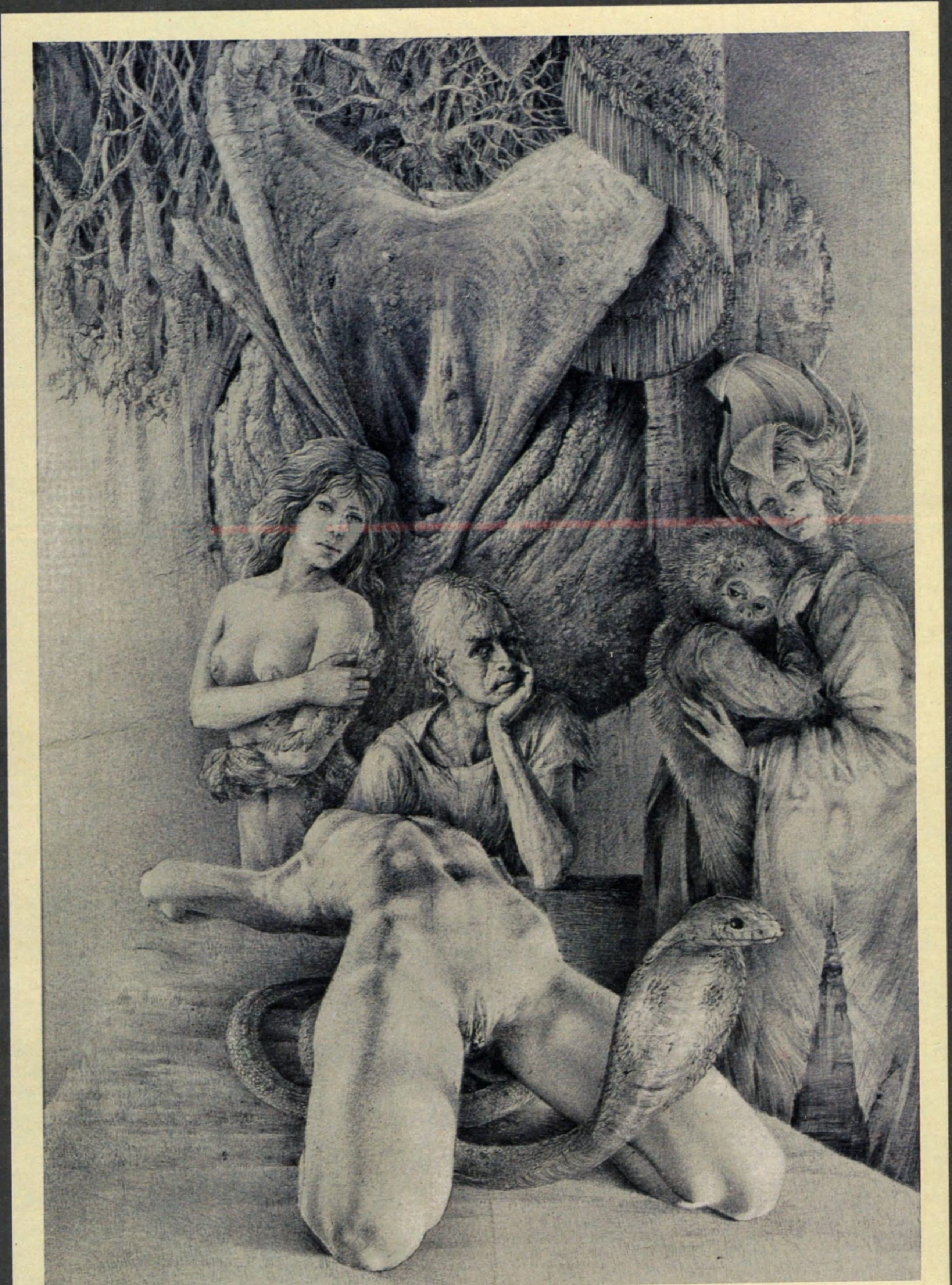
The afternoon heat radiating from the July walls outside was baffled by flapping curtains, by the good luck of catching breezes from the Seine, by their bathing, by their not caring about the heat. In Cleveland, even in the *Plain Dealer*'s little world—smaller now that the *Cleveland Press* had stopped publishing—people were concerned with avoiding sweat, except on the racquetball court. Paris was,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

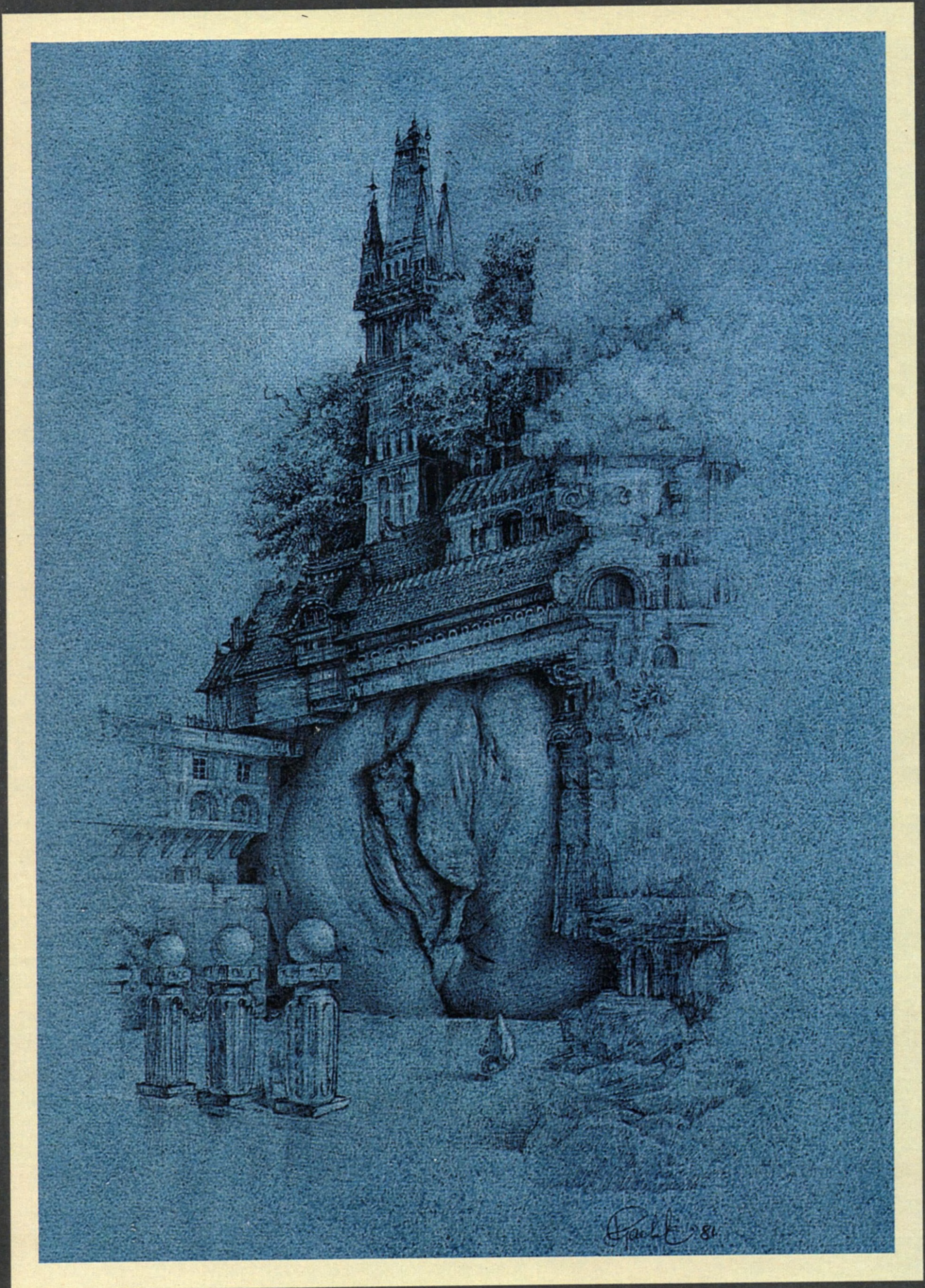


GERARD GACHET

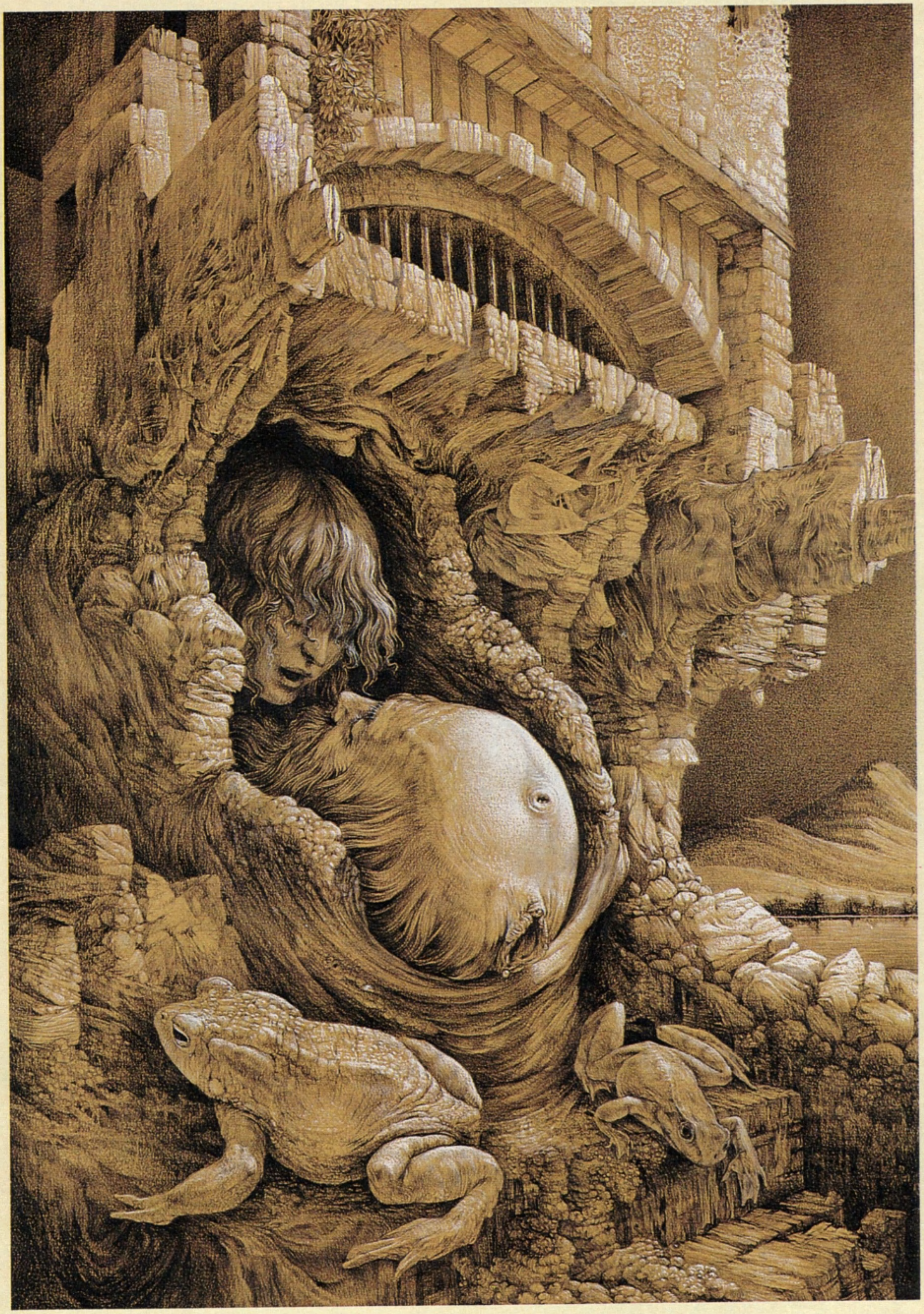
Gerard Gachet, a widely acclaimed French artist, considers eroticism and death to be fundamental forces, and explores their paradoxical nature in the works shown here. Using an interesting mixture of visual metaphors, Moroccan-born Gachet presents these two realities as unalterably opposed yet linked in a tangled bond, such as man and woman, fear and desire, creation and extinction. Above, Gachet envisions the vagina as a curtained stage, sublime yet concealing the scorpion of fear. In his work, the potent influence of German expressionism and French eroticism is vividly evident.



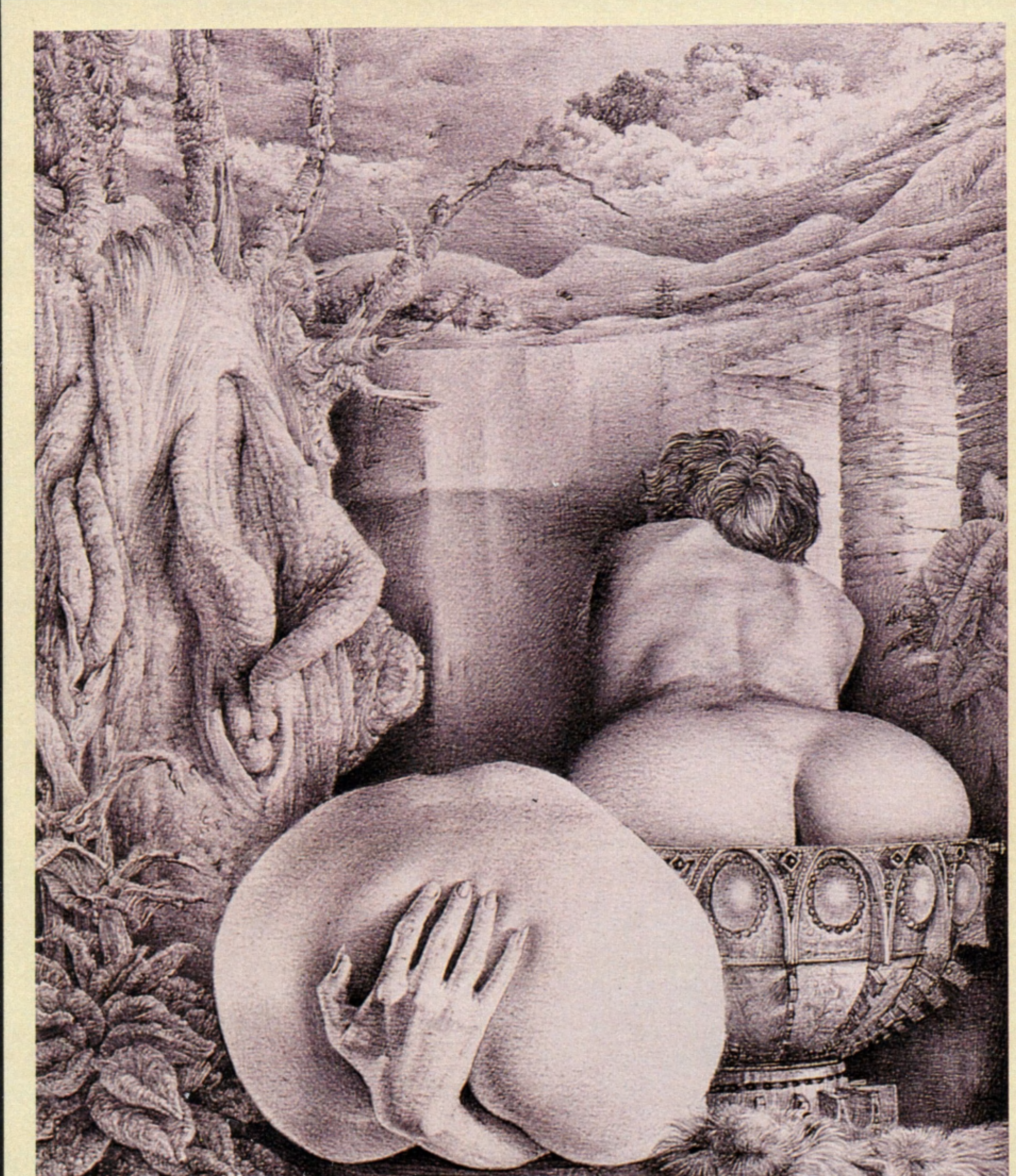
Articulating the concept of sexual exhibitionism as a primal ritual, he peoples a cavelike vagina with a leering audience.



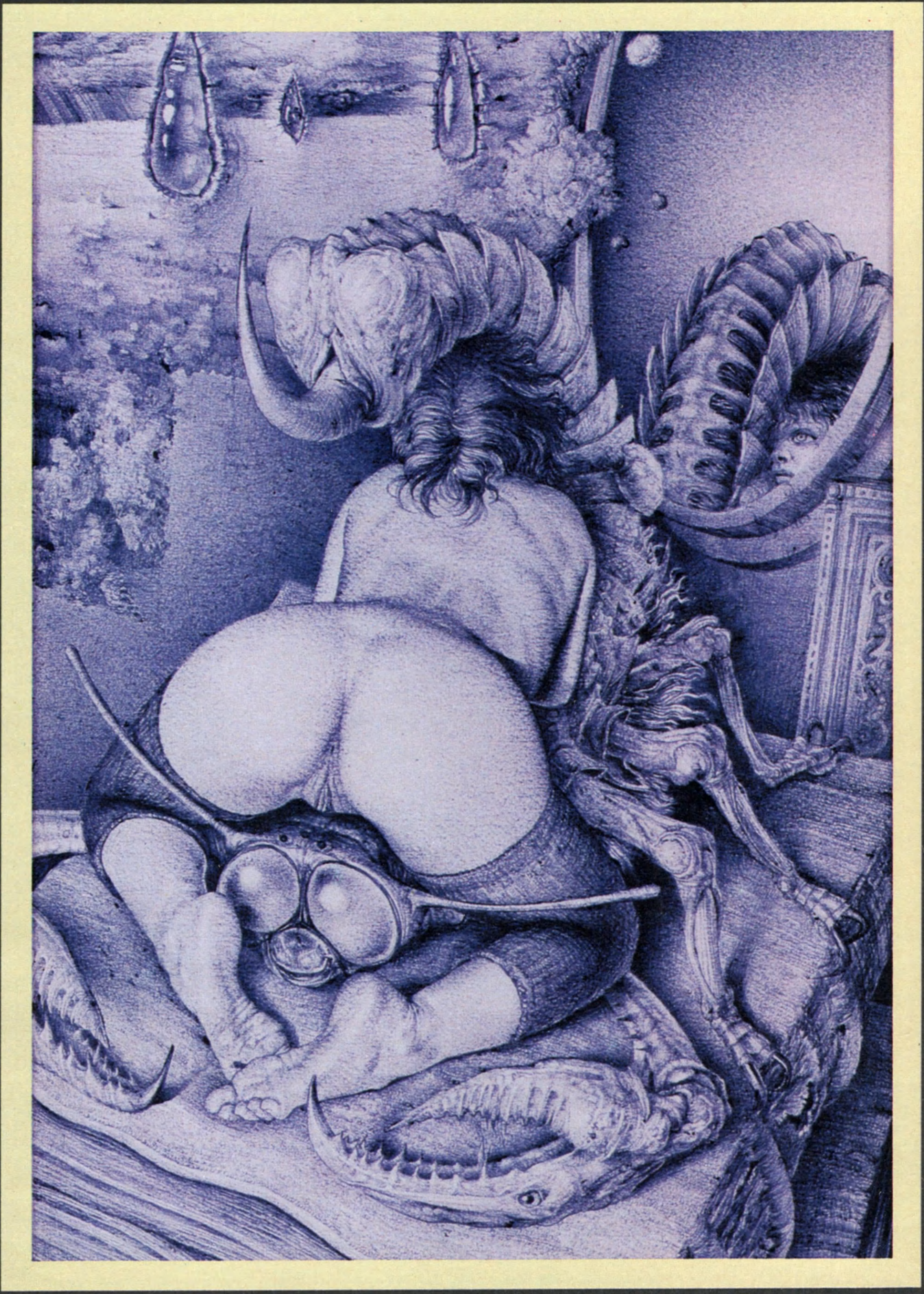
Yet, in a man's view, female genitalia also represent an awesome, unfathomable fortress to be discovered and conquered.



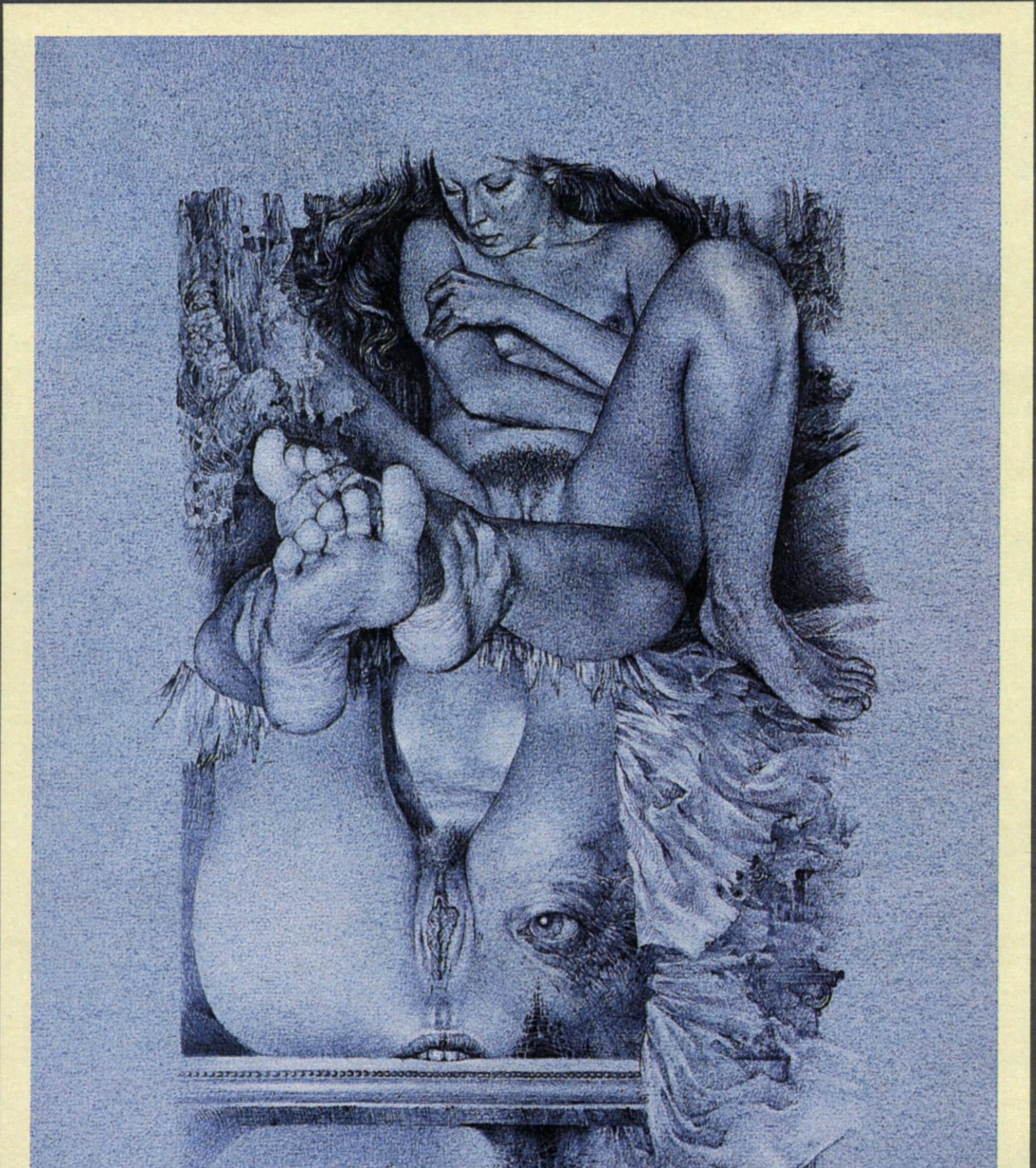
Influenced by the Fantastique Rhenan artistic school, Gachet here employs surrealistic images of the frog as a symbol of fertility.



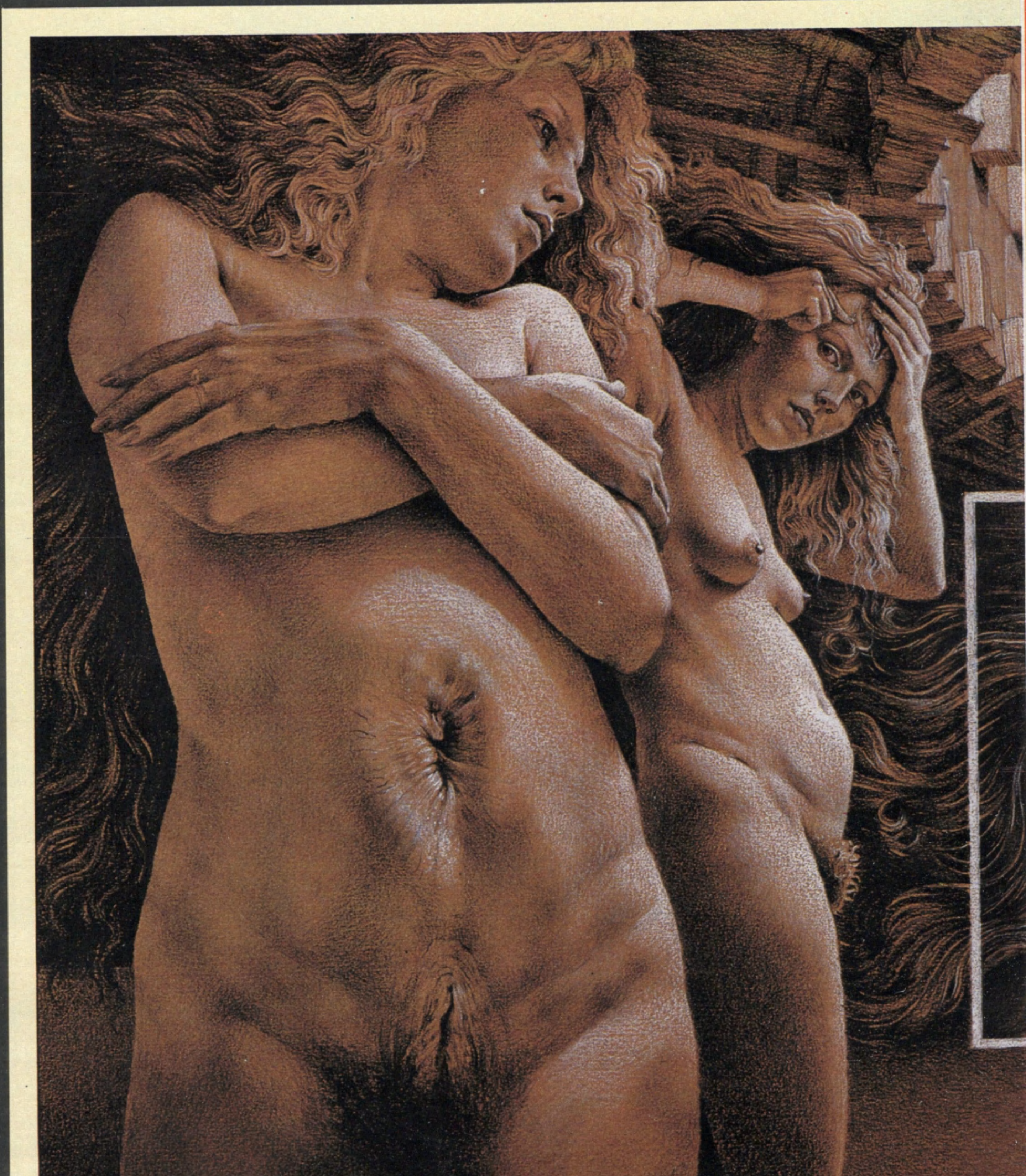
Alluding to a famed Man Ray photo, *The Prayer*, the female orifice fuses contradictory concepts of religious belief and pagan pleasure.

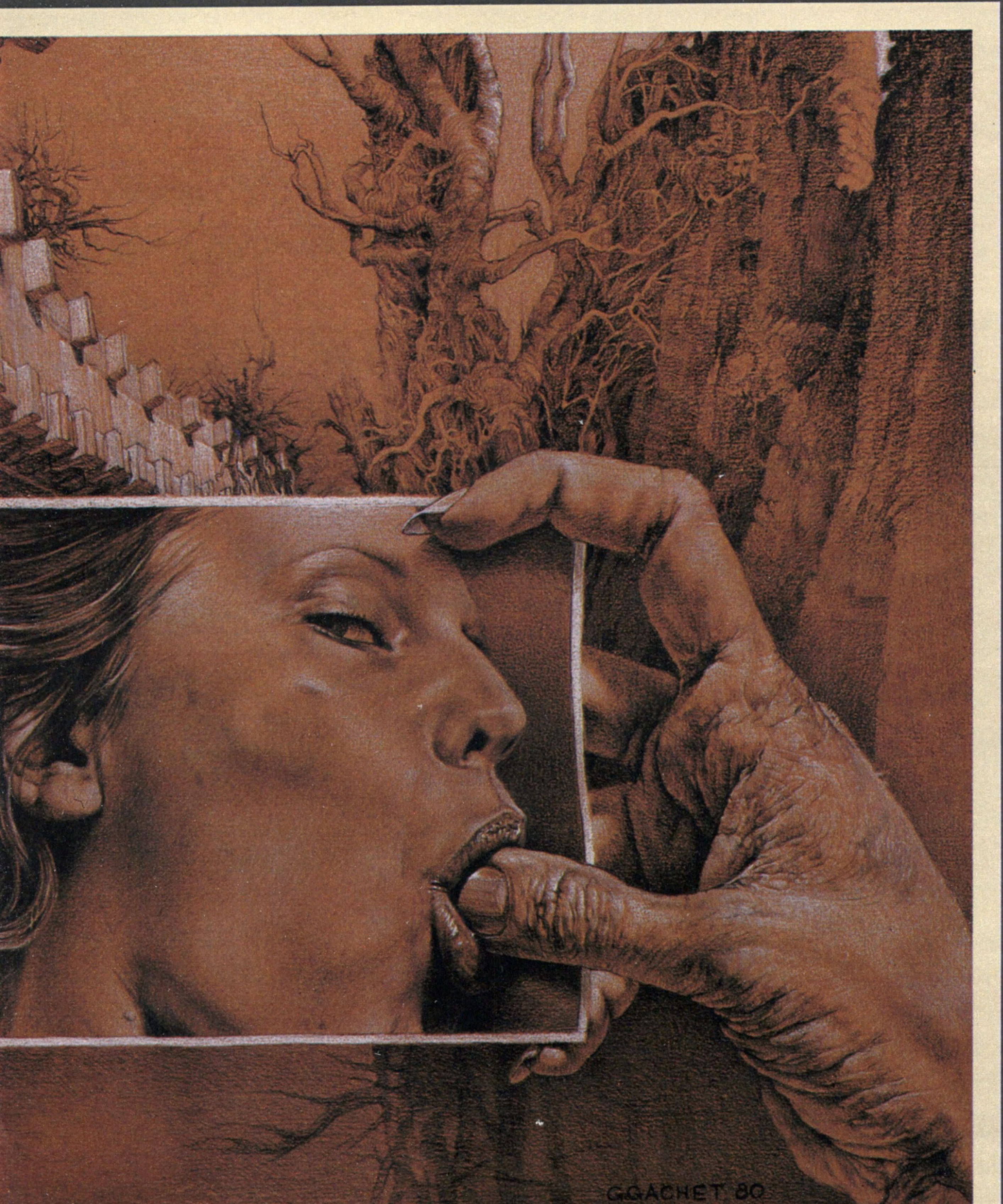


This dichotomy is also evident in woman's complex sexual attitudes, willingly offering herself yet being defensively protective.



Just as Freud saw the nose as a genital symbol, Gachet here presents female genitalia as an expressive, independent entity.





This deeply personalized expression (above) of Gachet's own attitudes acknowledges man's never-ending quest for the ideal woman.

Stu Mittleman covers
more miles in a day than most
people do in a year.

THE MAN WHO CAN'T STOP RUNNING

BY HANK HERMAN

Stu Mittleman holds the American record in the 100-mile run. He has broken that mark three times. In 1982, he covered the distance in 12 hours and 56 minutes—at a pace of seven minutes and 40 seconds per mile. (Non-runners, that ain't a slow jog.)

Stu Mittleman runs 160 miles a week, roughly a marathon a day.

Stu Mittleman once ran a 2:31 marathon.

Stu Mittleman entered the Ironman Triathlon in Hawaii last October. The triathlon is a 2.4-mile, open-ocean swim followed immediately by a 114-mile bike race then a 26.2-mile standard marathon. Out of 1,000 competitors, Mittleman finished in the top 6 percent. Compared with his regular diet of ultramarathons, the Ironman, Stu felt, was for sissies.

Stu Mittleman ran the 1983 New York Six-Day Run on Randall's Island. With no experience in the event, no special training, and no particular strategy, he broke the American record, covering 488 miles (that's the distance between New York City and Quebec). He ran nonstop for the final 36 hours.

Why?

It wasn't all running back in Dumont High, in New Jersey—not by any means. With a near-genius IQ, Mittleman was afraid of the bookworm label, so he went for the macho sports. He was a football starter and captain of the wrestling team. He dabbled in track, but just as a conditioner for his "real" sports. ("The track coach saw my muscular arms and chest—from wrestling—and thought I'd be a great pole-vaulter," Mittleman says, laughing. "He didn't know I was afraid of heights.") Clearly, the underlying reason for all his high-school athletic pursuits: acceptance by the jock subculture.

This high-geared, single-minded drive took a 180-degree turn in college. Philosophical differences with the gung-ho wrestling coach at Colgate who wanted only foaming-at-the-mouth one-dimensional jocks led to Mittleman's resigning from the team. "He started screaming his head off at me," Mittleman remembers. "He was looking right at me, yelling, 'I always knew you were a quitter, Mittleman. And you'll always *be* a quitter.' "

The brutal verbal flogging took a little of the glow off the all-hallowed, super-glamorous aura that surrounded he-man competitive sports for Mittleman. And it laid some pretty indelible emotional charges on the word "quitter."

It was because of Dumont and Colgate that Mittleman couldn't drop out of the 1977 Boston Marathon when he stepped in a pothole and severely sprained his ankle 100 yards into the race. He had to come up with a plan, and he kept running while he thought. Ten miles in one hour made one thing abundantly clear: You can't run a whole marathon on a bum foot.

"I went over to the curb to reframe," Mittleman explains. "I had started with this vision of superjock newcomer bombing into the Boston Marathon from nowhere, and winning. I decided to reframe for survival. What would I have to do to finish this race? I filled my socks with ice and I walked, hobbled, jogged, limped—I shrieked every time the bad foot hit a bump in the road. And it was discouraging: All those runners I passed in the first hour, now they were passing *me*. But I said to myself, 'If this is the last experience I have, I'm going to have this experience.' "

He finished in four hours and three minutes. He was mobbed by a cheering crowd as word of his misfortune preceded him to the finish line. His ankle had swelled to the size of a tennis ball. He looked for a wheelchair.

A few things became clear to Mittleman. He was hooked on finishing. He liked his first taste of the limelight. And the marathon? "I started wondering what everyone thought was so magical about the 26.2-mile

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANEART LTD

marathon distance," he recalls. "It was really no big deal."

Since then, the New York Hundred-Mile Run has become Mittleman's main event, his specialty. And you read it right. There's no typo here: *100 miles.*

One hundred miles is:

- four marathons, back to back,
- the distance from New York to Philadelphia,
- 400 times around most high-school tracks.

Mittleman debuted in the hundred-miler in 1979 with a stunning fourth-place finish, and won the event in 1980 and 1981—both times breaking the American record. The 1982 event, then, should have been nothing for Mittleman to get all worked up over. But as his father, Irv Mittleman, put it, "The 1982 hundred-miler was Stu's bargain with the world." The terms:

If he was able to win this race and lower his own American record another few notches, he could justify (to himself and to everyone else) doing almost nothing else at the age of 31—in the résumé sense—besides running.

If he was able to win this race, he could better handle the embarrassing publicity he was receiving from a hyped-up *New York Times* feature ("No Distance Too Long for Stu Mittleman") and the attention being lavished on him by his friends and handlers, most notably his bosom buddy Brian Jones—a world-class ultramarathoner in his own right until he developed leukemia.

If he was able to win the race, he'd finally have an answer—12 years later—for the college wrestling coach who said he'd always be a quitter.

There are certain things about the way the New York Road Runners Club 100-Mile Invitational is set up that scream weirdness right off the bat.

The course, for starters. Most people assume a 100-mile race would be staged from one well-known point to another—like from Montauk Point to the Empire State Building. Such a route would dramatize the distance and at least allow the runner the sense that he has *gotten* somewhere. But no. The NYRRC 100-Mile Invitational consists of 100 one-mile loops around Shea Stadium. And three quarters of each of those loops happen to be located in the *parking lot.* (When asked if this less-than-poetic course didn't bore the runners out of their minds, Brian Flanagan, another Mittleman buddy-handler, responded, "Are you kidding? Call it a national championship and these maniacs would be happy to run a thousand times around a watercooler.")

On top of that, the race kicks off at 6 P.M. So that most of the running is done in darkness. And, oh yes—the starting signal is a cowbell.

All of which pleased Mittleman. "With the loop setup, you can get some food or a drink or talk strategy with your handlers whenever you want. The darkness makes sense; you don't want to be running in the midday sun in June. And the parking lot has nice, even footing—perfect for running." As a matter of fact, *everything* about the prospect of this race had Mittleman pretty excited. His training had been flawless, his diet excellent. He had never felt stronger or more confident.

But on race night the rains came. It never took much to turn Mittleman's delicately balanced world upside down. A swollen gland meant cancer. One questioning look from a woman meant rejection. Forget the training, the peaking. It was raining. It was cold. He couldn't win under those conditions.

His cool was totally shattered. He hated rain. Then he began to think about his competition. This year, there was an elite field headed by Lion Caldwell, a doctor from an Arizona Indian reservation who, medical responsibilities aside, had done zilch but train at altitude for the last year, with the express purpose of shooting down the champion.

Mittleman's bivouac inside the men's locker room looked like the bunk of a summer camper who'd just been told to pack for a three-month cruise on the *Queen Elizabeth 2.* He was rummaging through a duffel bag crammed with 40 T-shirts and a wide assortment of hats, windbreakers, towels, and bandannas. Call Mittleman a lot of things, but don't call him unprepared. His crew was alternately massaging his muscles, feeding his ego, glaring away reporters—doing everything necessary to deliver their man to the starting line before he became completely unglued. They were, by now, totally at home with this pre-race synaptic glitch that seemed to render Mittleman incapable of anything but a concession speech.

You began to wonder, though, if he wasn't going through this act on purpose. After his whole I-might-as-well-not-even-bother-leaving-the-locker-room routine, Mittleman blasted from the starting line as if his paycheck had just blown away in the wind. He knocked off a pair of 6:13 miles, then quickly and authoritatively settled into a record pace.

He was barking commands to his handlers each time he passed by the dugout. "Give me my mile times the next few laps!" "I want Gatorade next time around!" His entourage was lapping it up, though there was a hint of nervousness in the euphoria: They knew he'd be paying for this opening burst miles later. But this is what his handlers got off on—his unpredictability, his flair for the dramatic, his showmanship.

This was a different Mittleman, though. There was an intensity about him that was lacking in other races. As Stu put it, "I had really geared for this race. I had been able to put aside everything else. I saw this race as the key to my future." Even Selma Mittleman, his mother, noticed it. To her, these ultramarathons were custom-built

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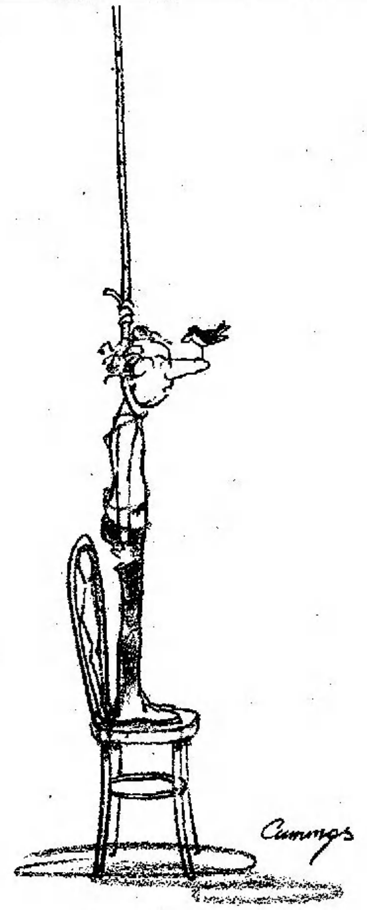


"Fuck off."

COMING IN THE JULY OMNI

FICTION

In July Ray Bradbury proves once again that he is a versatile master of modern fantasy. His story, "I Suppose You Are Wondering Why We Are Here," examines the relationship between children and their parents. Strange, mysterious, cathartic, the story is just what you have come to expect from Bradbury. Our other fiction selection is by William Gibson. With a novel, *Neuromancer*, and four *Omni* stories to his credit, Gibson is gaining a reputation as a top high-tech SF writer. "New Rose Hotel" shows how a search for big bucks can leave relationships vulnerable.

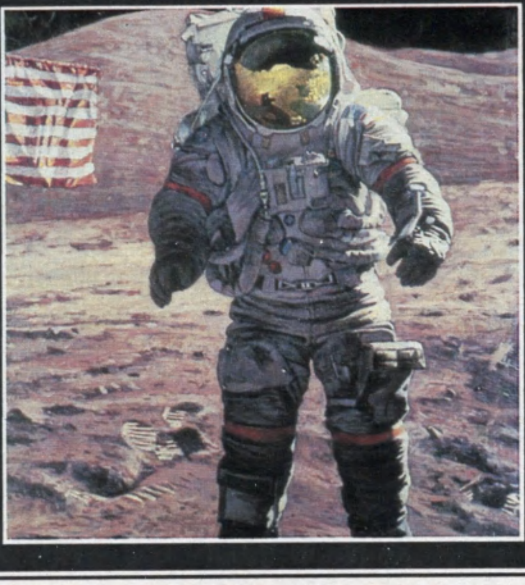
INCA CHILD

The body was a calling card left by extraterrestrials, one rumor claimed. Scientists disagreed, but for years they were at a loss to explain why a small child was buried alive, 18,000 feet up in the Chilean Andes. Now two new sciences, high-altitude archaeology and paleopathology, have come up with the answer: Five centuries ago Incas abandoned the boy on the glacier slope as a human sacrifice to the mountains. In the July issue of *Omni* you will read the fascinating saga of how these experts, using the rugged skills of the mountain climber and the medical-detective tools of a coroner, gradually unraveled the mystery of the Inca child and the society that killed him.

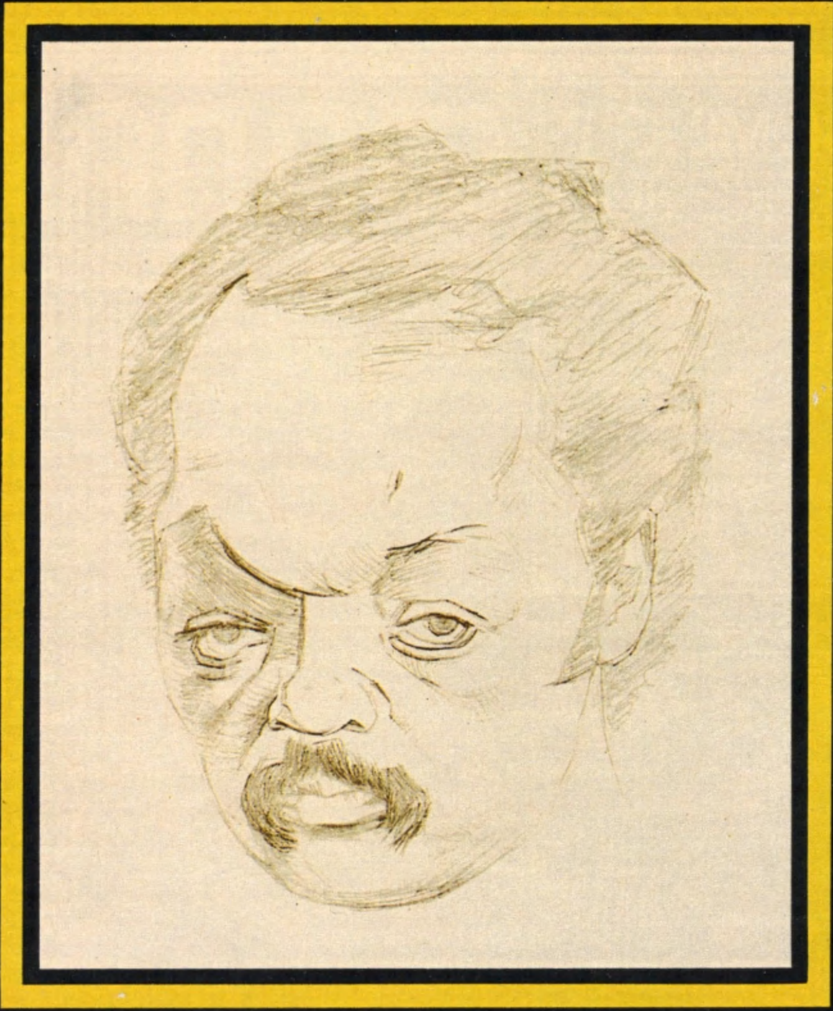
INTERVIEW

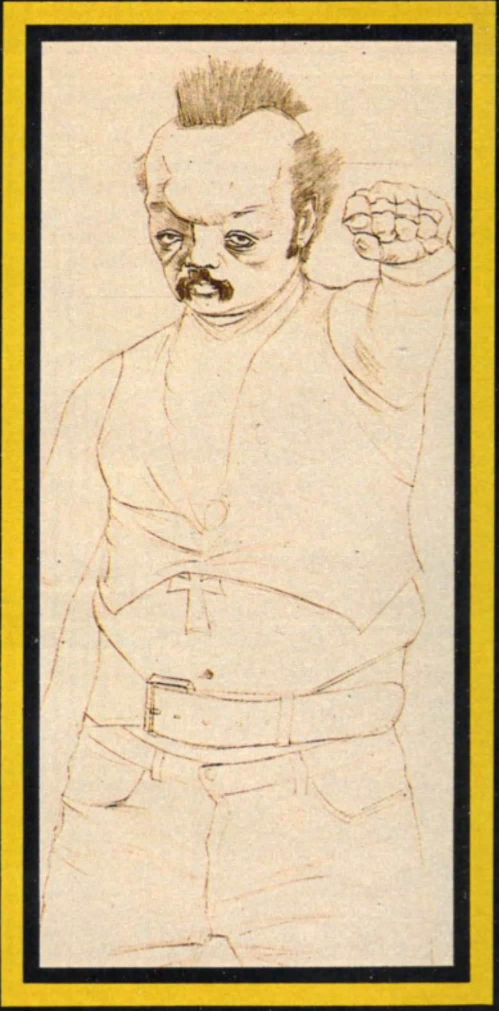
Nobel Prize-winner Wassily Leontief ranks with Adam Smith, Maynard Keynes, and other great thinkers who have left a permanent imprint on economic history. In the United States the men charged with defining fiscal policies ignore Leontief because of the "incipient socialism" of his ideas. In 70 other countries, however, Leontief's economic models have changed the way commerce operates. Read about Leontief's unique global economic outlook in this month's *Omni*.

ARTRONAUT



Alan Bean was the fourth man to walk on the moon; he had also been a naval engineer and a test pilot. But in 1981 he resigned his position at NASA as Chief of Operations and Training for Astronauts, to become a full-time painter. "I knew it was a gamble," says Bean. As it's turning out, that gamble's paying off. In this month's *Omni*, writer Frederick C. Durant III takes us along on a visit to the not-so-imaginary world of Bean's paintings: a realm of massive lunar boulders, and astronauts waving the American flag atop the moon's barren horizon. Like Frederic Remington, who preserved the Western frontiers in landscape paintings, Bean is documenting his vision of one of the most significant events of the twentieth century . . . humanity's journey into the wilderness of space. Also in this month's *Omni*: a fascinating look at the ongoing research of that most intangible of parapsychological phenomena—astral projection, or out-of-body travel.

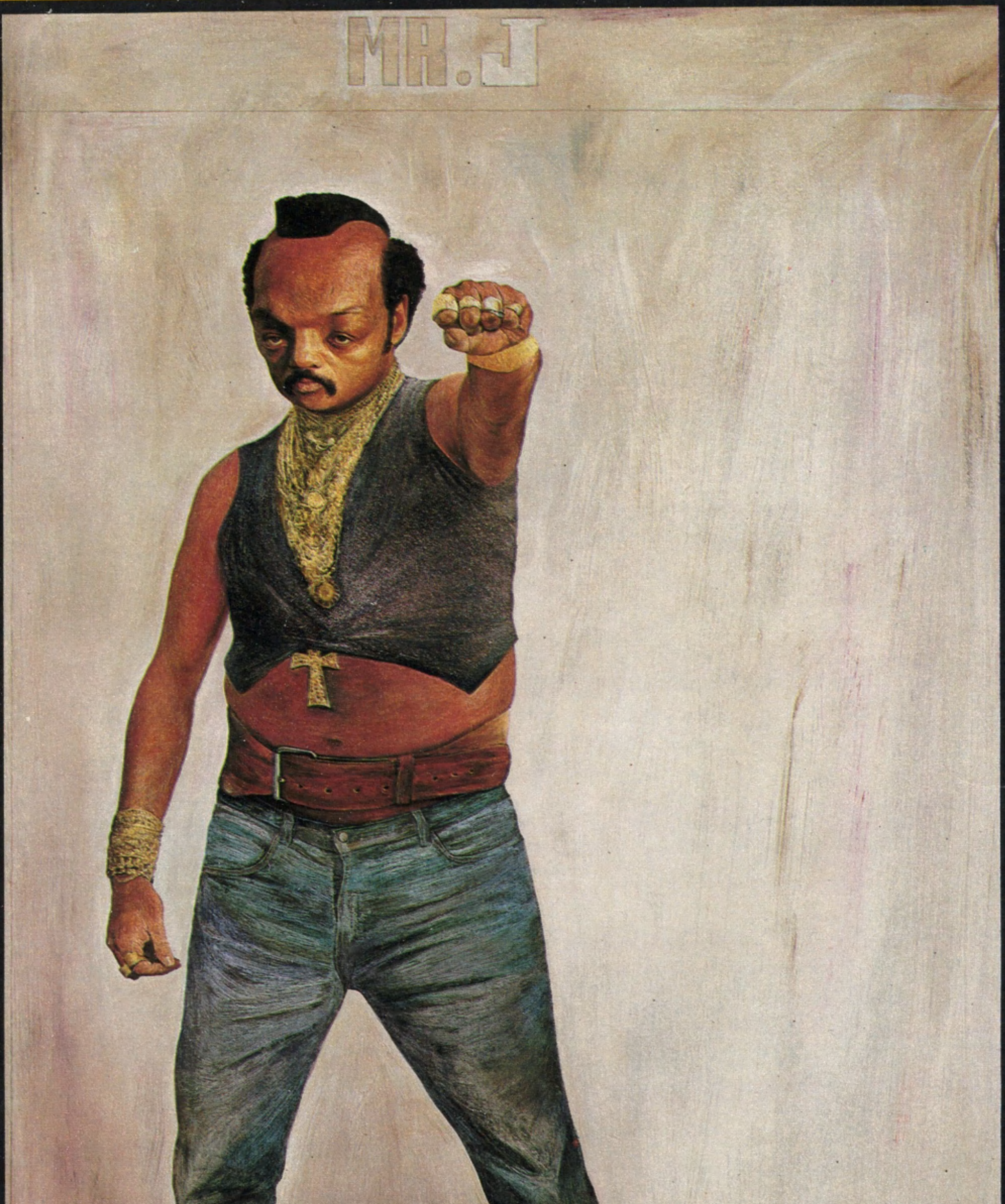




HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 15

There once was a reverend named Jackson
Who found holiness lacking in action.
So he cried, "Let's get down
"And wipe out Hymietown
"To give Arafat satisfaction!"


MR. J
ORI HOFME

One of the world's leading
food writers shows how the most primitive
method of cooking has
become an American gourmet delight.

QUEST FOR FIRE

BY JAMES BEARD

It has been so long since I've written about cooking with charcoal that I had all but forgotten the pleasure that comes from it. Not merely for the joy of cooking something outdoors over a grill, but also because it is one of the most sensual and adventurous ways of preparing food. Just 20 years ago, the typical backyard chef practiced the art of cremating meat—usually in the form of hamburgers—and served it blackened by an inferno of smoke and flame. Today, however, in the city no less than in the country, we have available the pleasure and luxury of international foods that readily adapt to outdoor cooking.

Barbecue cooking was initially introduced in America by

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS WHYTE

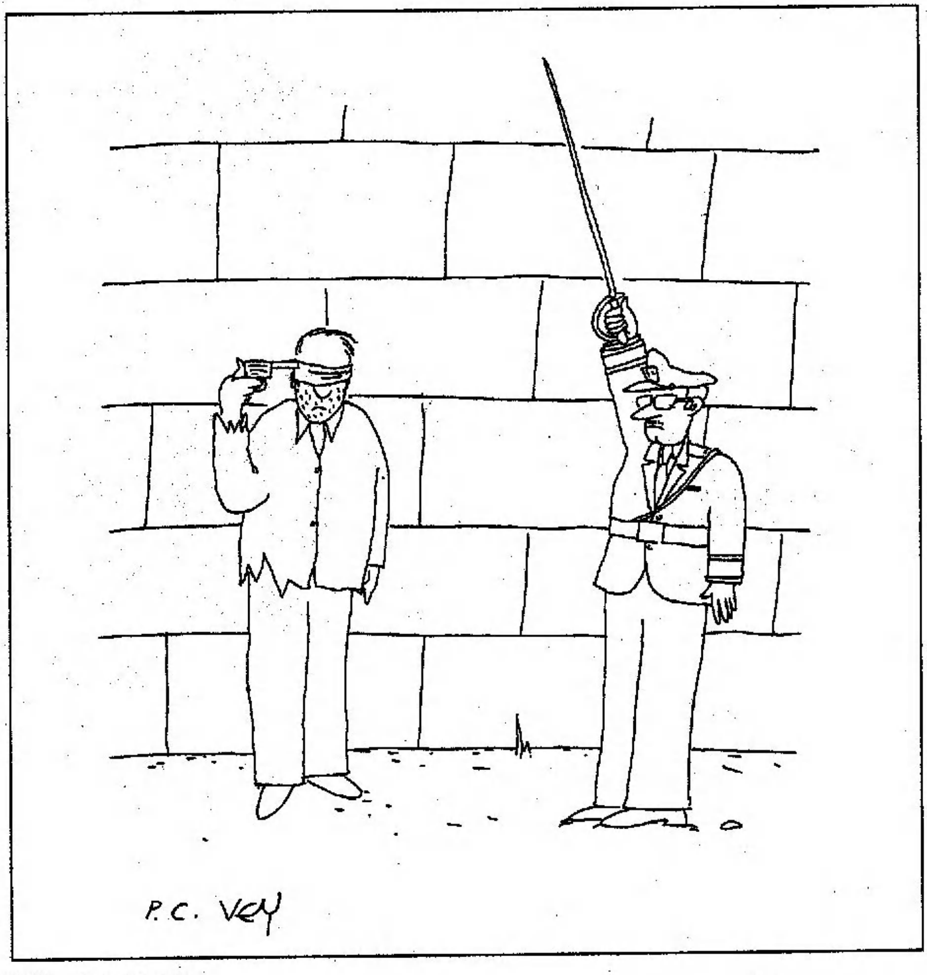
the French who settled in Louisiana. The original concept was to feed a large outdoor gathering by roasting an animal speared from *barbe à la queue*—literally, from whisker to tail—over an open fire. This method of cooking and socializing rapidly spread throughout America, and soon became immortalized by barbecues such as the great Southern fish fries and the New England clambakes. We have now reached the zenith in outdoor cooking. It is so sophisticated that I often find myself sitting at a table indoors and being served a duck crisply cooked to perfection, which has been spitted over an outdoor grill. The outdoors lends an exceptional air of festivity and well-being to a meal, and you can savor this atmosphere fully, wherever you live. Although you may have smoke-cooked, pit-roasted, and cooked on a spit, I will focus on barbecuing directly on a grill. Today's hectic lifestyle dictates a fast means of preparing food, and grilling is by far the quickest and most reliable method of barbecuing.

For those of you who are not veteran grillers, there are a few things that must be learned about it. First, there are various ways to fuel a grill. If you use wood, it must be allowed to burn down and become non-resinous. For a flavor with more character try grapevine cuttings, hickory, or mesquite charcoal. Then, of course, there is America's favorite, available at every local grocery store: charcoal and charcoal briquettes. Use only briquettes that are made from charcoal or anthracite coal. Often they are made from a by-product such as fruit pits, which burn unevenly.

One of the biggest mistakes in barbecuing is not allowing enough time for the coals to reach the needed temperature. For a surefire success, build a pyramid of charcoal or briquettes, using about 30 briquettes. Sprinkle them with starter fluid and let the coals burn for 20 to 30 minutes, until they are glowing and encrusted in white ash. Spread the coals equally around the firebox so that there is a space of active coals a bit larger than what you plan to cook. If your grill is adjustable (which, incidentally, is the only type to buy) raise or lower it to achieve a height of six to seven inches from the coals. Place your meat or fowl on the grill and cook each side until nearly done. The last few minutes should be devoted to achieving a rich char. You may brush the meat with oil or flame it with brandy. Both will give you perfect results. If you opt for the brandy, splash the meat generously with your favorite brand. The alcohol will immediately burn off, leaving a perfect char. Never let the flames shoot up and really sear the meat. This frequently happens when fat drips and creates unwanted flames.

Having clarified the technique of firemaking, I would now like to mention a pet peeve: the tendency to oversauce. For years, I have been subjected to steaks marinated in everything from coffee and cream to bottled French dressing to a concoction of sugar and salt, among other indescribable horrors. I repeat here—as I have said often—that no good piece of beef to be grilled outdoors needs marinating. If you insist on a variation, try marinating the meat in soy sauce, garlic, and some sherry. When it is nearly done, try your hand at flaming it with a little brandy. My opinion on marinating also holds with fish, fowl, and vegetables. If you grill premium meats, brushing occasionally with oil or melted butter will add the only flavoring really needed.

A question I am always asked is: What can one successfully grill? I firmly believe that whatever your preference—rib roast or porterhouse, pheasant or turkey, salmon or trout—all may be grilled to an ultimate degree of flavor, the hallmark of which is a crust of exquisite brown char. I have provided below a cross section of recipes that will surely satisfy every palate and, I hope, enhance your repertoire.



Grilled Eggplant

1 large (or 2 small) eggplants
2 or 3 garlic cloves, finely chopped
½ teaspoon thyme
½ cup olive oil
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper

Trim off the stem end of the eggplant and cut, unpeeled, into ½-inch-thick slices. Combine the garlic and thyme with the oil, and brush the eggplant slices lavishly. Sprinkle with salt and freshly ground pepper. Place the eggplant slices on the grill and cook 5 minutes on each side. Brush on more oil mixture, if needed, during the grilling. Makes 4–6 servings.

Roasted Chicken Breasts with Rosemary Butter

4 chicken halves
6 tablespoons rosemary butter

Rub ½ tablespoon rosemary butter (recipe below) into the bone side of each chicken half. Grill. When you turn the chickens, rub the skin side well with about 1 teaspoon rosemary butter. When the chickens are done, place them on hot plates and add a dollop of rosemary butter to each. Makes 4 servings.

Rosemary Butter

6 tablespoons unsalted butter
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
2 tablespoons fresh rosemary
(or 1½ teaspoons dried rosemary)

Mix butter, salt, pepper, and rosemary in a bowl, mashing them together well with a wooden spoon until thoroughly mixed. This butter may be made ahead of time and stored in the refrigerator until ready to use. Makes 6 tablespoons.

Grilled Onions

2 large onions
Melted butter
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper

Peel onions and cut into ¼-inch slices.

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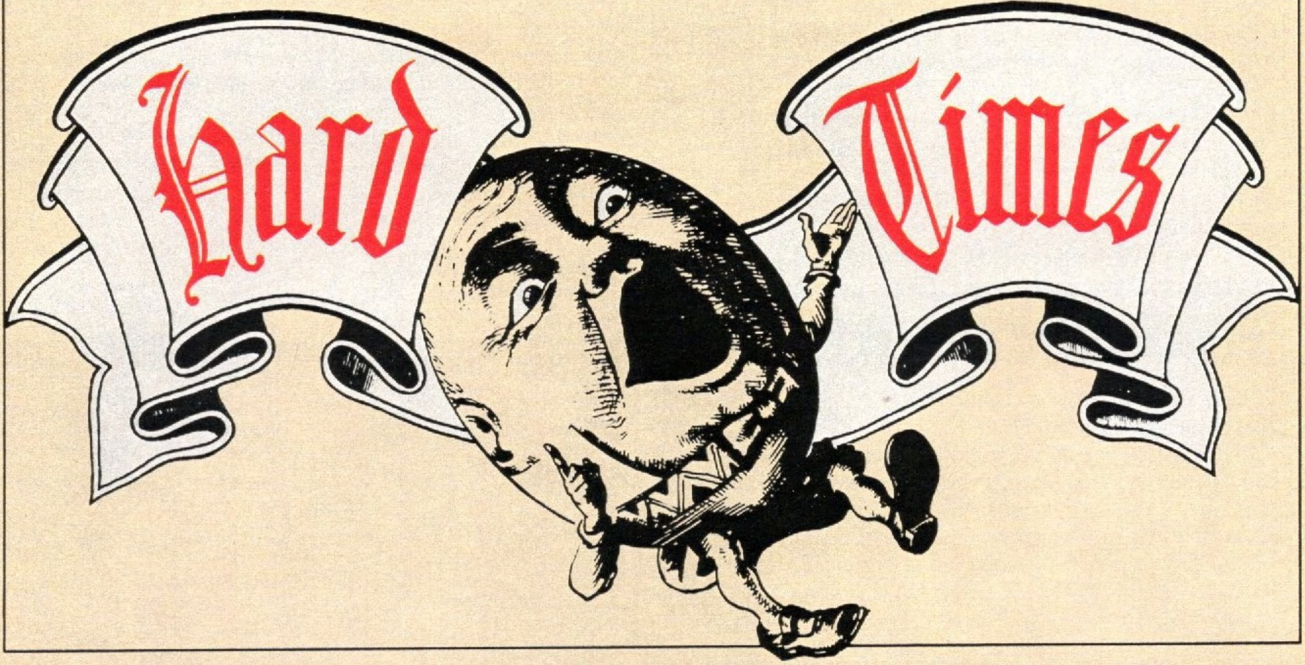
EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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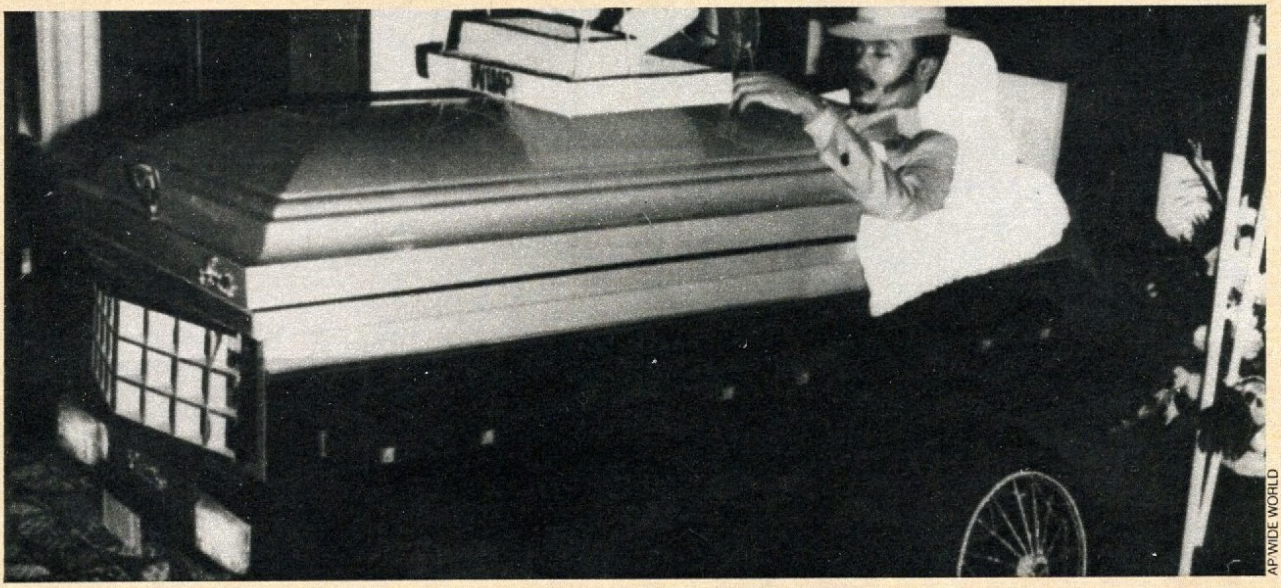
HIS LAST RIDE


AP/WIDE WORLD

Willie Stokes loved cars so much he had a coffin custom-built to look like a Cadillac Seville, complete with flashing headlights and taillights and a chrome grille.

More than 5,000 friends and curiosity-seekers filed by the unique coffin before Stokes was buried yesterday in Chicago. The dead man wore a red velvet suit and a fedora, and clutched fistfuls of money in hands festooned with diamond rings.

The rings and money were removed before Stokes's burial.

The coffin also carries the word "Wimp," the name Stokes displayed on his license plates.

Stokes, 26, who drove a Seville, was "very car conscious," according to the funeral director, who said the family was pleased Stokes had requested the custom coffin.

He was shot to death Friday in the parking lot of the South Side Motel, where he lived. A police officer said the death may have been tied to a drug transaction. (*New York Post*)

That's almost certain to be the world's first–and last–Wimpmobile.–Editor

A GREAT MOTHER-IN-LAW

Preston, England (UPI)–Allan Wilkinson took his mother-in-law, Elsie Dalton, shopping, but she was in a hurry and fell out of the moving car in a supermarket parking lot.

Wilkinson, 40, quickly backed up–and ran over her left leg.

As shoppers screamed at him to inch forward so they could free Dalton, 65, he did–and ran over her right leg.

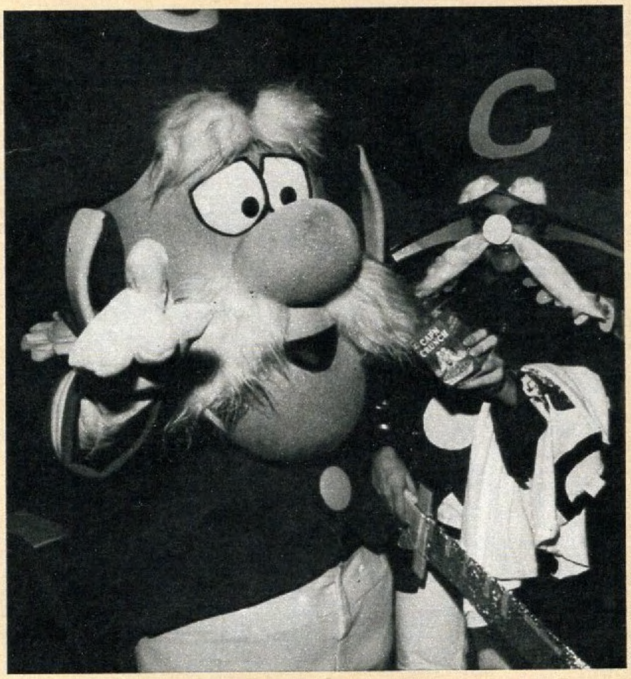
"He doesn't make a habit of running over me," said Dalton, her left leg in a cast. "Normally he's a grand son-in-law." (New York *Daily News*)

There'll always be an England!–Editor.

STUDENTS' RIGHTS

After a sit-down strike, students at the University of Notre Dame have won their demand: an unimpeded supply of Cap'n Crunch.

It all started one night last February in the university's south dining hall, in South Bend, Indiana, where about 20 cereals are kept in bins. At the evening meal, students had a choice of three hot entrées–but no Cap'n Crunch. So 20 students blocked the cafeteria serving aisle, locked arms, and demanded their cereal. (*Parade Magazine*, from the *Wall Street Journal*–submitted by Michele M. Trester)



STEVE KAGAN

NEWSMEN HURT IN HOT TUB

Ames, Iowa (UPI)–Two radio personalities were treated for electrical shock Monday after a microphone fell into the hot tub from which they were doing their morning broadcast. The news director of KASI, Rich Fellingham, and a morning announcer, Johnny Gray, were taken to a nearby hospital, treated, and released after the microphone short-circuited. (*New York Times*)

We thought such things happened only in California. –Editor

WRESTLER BLOWS HIS TOUPEE

Steven Grabowski has filed a $200,000 suit against a hair replacement firm after his $750 toupee was yanked from his head during a wrestling match. He had formerly wrestled under the name Steve Thunder but was planning on embarking on a new career with his new hair and a new name–Steve Gray. Four days after the hair was applied it came off during a televised wrestling match, and fans started yelling, "Hey, that's Steve Thunder." Grabowski said he has lost his chance at big-time wrestling. The toupee was to be part of his new image. "This has killed Steve Gray," he said. (*Boston Herald*–submitted by Joel Shuter, Manchester, N.H.)

Phony hair somehow seems to suit wrestlers.–Editor

AP/WIDE WORLD

HONOR THY GODFATHER

Incensed by "cheap words" and the depiction of a "cheap gangster" on the cover of his autobiography, reputed Mafia boss Joseph Bonanno, Sr., sued his publisher yesterday for $18 million and to recall 100,000 paperbacks.

"My heart started to palpitate and I started vomiting" when he saw the paperback version of *A Man of Honor*, Bonanno, 79, wrote in papers filed in the state supreme court in Manhattan. "The sensation and feeling in my body was that at any moment I would die ...I felt the blow of a possible heart attack."

The ailing Bonanno, serving a federal prison term in Kentucky, said he was shown the book by another inmate. "The fraud and the conspiracy is there," he wrote. "I want to be vindicated."

At a news conference, Bonanno's son and lawyers contended that the covers and flyleaf of the paperback version of the book probably had shortened his life, causing him "severe mental anguish, emotional distress, and bodily harm."

The book's cover shows the torso of a man in a pin-striped suit with a white tie, black shirt, and a red rose in his lapel, "depicting...the typical dress of a cheap gangster-professional killer," the suit charges.

The cover bears the words, "Only the godfather knows where all the bodies are buried. The autobiography of 'the boss of bosses.' "

"Those words...are not my words," Bonanno wrote. "I never intended or dreamed to use or write such cheap words."

"What this did–he'd be much better off if somebody stabbed him to death," said Charles R. Garry, one of Bonanno's lawyers.

"It would have been more merciful," seconded Bonanno's son Salvatore. (*Newsday*)

Nothing's sacred to book publishers these days.–Editor

MAN HURLS $26,000 INTO STREET

A taxi driver with a history of mental problems withdrew his life savings of $26,000 from the bank yesterday, went outside, and tossed the cash into the air, the police said.

Most of the money was returned by the bank's manager, passersby, and motorists, but more than $4,000 was pocketed or lies buried in the snow.

The man, George Thomas, of Queens, at about noon entered the Atlantic Bank of New York in Astoria, Queens, and withdrew $26,654.77 in large bills, a bank spokesman, Ralph Albano, said.

"I saw him bring a bag out and start throwing money in the air," said Andrew Georigiu, the owner of a nearby store. "The wind was blowing it away into the snow. When he walked away, somebody yelled, 'Come back.' But he just said, 'What are you worrying about? It's my money.'"

The recovered money was taken to the 114th Precinct station house. Later, officers took Mr. Thomas, described as in his forties, to the City Hospital Center in Elmhurst, Queens, for psychiatric observation. (*New York Times*)

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Antelope, Ore.–As part of a move to honor those "who have had a profound impact on mankind," the Antelope City Council has renamed its dump after Adolf Hitler and its fire station after Jesus Christ.

The council, made up of followers of Guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, who emigrated from India, passed two ordinances that change the names of the town's ten streets and other properties. Among the new names are the Adolf Hitler Landfill and Recycling Station, and the Jesus Fire Hall.

Council members Ma Prem Kavido and Swami Geet Govin, both of whom said they were brought up as Jews, proposed Adolf Hitler's name for the landfill.

"When it was proposed last night, all of us went, 'Oh, no, oh my God,'" Rajneesh spokeswoman Ma Prem Sunshine said Wednesday. "When the idea first came up, people were horrified."

So why Hitler?

"They made the point that nothing has ever been named after Hitler because we would rather not remember, and if we don't remember it could happen again," Ma Prem Sunshine said. (New York *Daily News*)

What can we do to make sure Guru Bhagwan and his cult don't happen again?–Editor

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

A BUG IN THE PRESIDENT'S EAR?

AP/WIDE WORLD

Former National Security Agency aide, Alan Bowden, is worried about the possible consequences of President Reagan's hearing aid. He fears that the KGB could use the hearing aid for espionage. Other experts think that it could also be used by the Soviets to transmit into Reagan's ear ultrasound messages such as "nuclear freeze," "nuclear disarmament," "ease up on El Salvador" or produce a mind-disturbing "buzz" capable of interfering with the president's hearing, resulting in misunderstandings with advisers. Another electronics expert says, "A 14-year-old computer-radio whiz kid from New Jersey could, with a little benchwork, tap into the president's hearing." (*Globe*–submitted by Eric Mahone, Ocean City, N.J.)

Quick, find us a 14-year-old!–Editor

A GENDER BENDER

Chicago (UPI)–Eric, the Lincoln Park Zoo's orangutan, was nearly on his way to China for stud duty when he gave birth.

Zoo officials said Tuesday that it was all understandable because orangutans, an endangered species native to Borneo and Sumatra, often have small genitals covered by long hair, making it difficult to tell males from females.

Marc Rosenthal, the zoo's curator of mammals, said officials were a little embarrassed but "happy with the birth." Had Eric left for China to mate with a female orangutan, Mr. Rosenthal said, "we would have been a little bit more embarrassed."

Eric's secret was discovered last Saturday by a visitor to the zoo. The orangutan born that day was found cradled in its parent's arms on top of the jungle gym of the Great Ape House.

Zoo officials said the case of mistaken sex identity began in 1977 when the orangutan had cataract surgery in a zoo hospital and was listed as a male. (*New York Times*)

He's a real mother!–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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H5HP8

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

torture chambers where one day she would be made to watch her son's legs fall off, then his heart stop. But this time, as he pushed the pace, as he discarded his warm-up clothes with a regal air that bordered on the assumptive, she had to say, "He looks like a champion."

All of which was fine for 50 miles. In fact, the first half of the race was hardly an iota off the elaborately detailed game plan that Jones, Mittleman's chief strategist, had charted out. Baldly speaking, that scenario called for Mittleman to run his guts out for the first 50 loops and then try to survive for the last 50. ("A deterioration curve," as Jones liked to call it.)

Mittleman cruised past the marathon distance in two hours, 48 minutes. He was running at a six-minute-25-second-a-mile clip and had opened up a two-mile lead on Caldwell. By mile 50, his pace had hardly abated and his lead held steady.

Then something happened.

Mittleman was about to matter-of-factly lap Caldwell for the third time. But Caldwell, instead of politely giving way, surged several yards ahead, cast a challenging glare back over his shoulder, then took off like a cannon shot. Within six scalding laps he made up a full mile on Mittleman and was at the leader's shoulder, ready to pass and cut the margin to under two miles for the first time in hours.

Mittleman was, to put it mildly, scared shitless. "I had never actually faced a serious challenge at the end of a race, and I didn't know if I could take the heat. I couldn't believe Caldwell had that sprint in him. Jones and Flanagan kept telling me, 'He can't do it—you can't lose.' Easy for them to say. I kept saying to myself, 'I can lose. I can lose easy.' I knew I'd be in trouble if the thing got really close. I also knew I'd look like a jackass if I blew it."

Then the panic subsided. The fear turned to anger. This was *his* race, goddamn it, and here was someone trying to take it away from him. Mittleman thought of Jones, who'd be running here himself if it weren't for the leukemia—and of Flanagan, who'd been up all night handling and nursing him after working all day tending bar. And he thought of his college wrestling coach. *I always knew you were a quitter. And you'll always be a quitter.*

His mind was unable to quickly process and spew out a revised game plan, but his body took over. For the next 25 miles Mittleman and Caldwell hammered, pace for pace. No one else was really there: This *was* the race.

By mile 80, everyone but Mittleman knew it was over. His handlers almost forced him into his first and only pit stop. Jones wanted to change Mittleman's shoes and remove the grit from his feet. Mittleman was concerned only with the clock ticks he was losing to Caldwell. He pushed his crew out of the way and got back on the track.

The pace during the final 20 miles was nothing to write home about. The remaining drama was reserved for the finish, when Mittleman came blasting into the stadium through the center-field entrance at a go-for-broke, flat-out sprint. Then, approaching the tape in a moment of once-in-a-lifetime ecstasy, he drew his arm back and drilled his running cap over the finish banner and into the seats.

"I knew people were probably expecting me to stagger to the ground in agony, clamoring for help," Stu says, recalling the moment. "But I had all this energy left; I couldn't shut off the motor just like that. What I felt like doing was hugging and kissing everyone there."

A week later, Mittleman was moping around his parents' New Jersey high-rise apartment, where a victory party in his honor was in progress. He could barely manage to keep up a polite conversation. That bargain he had made with the world? Maybe there should have been a handshake, because he still had no idea what he was going to do with his life.

> ‘
>
> During the six-day race, Mittleman ran miked for an hour every night in order to share his thoughts with the six million households watching Ted Koppel's *Nightline.*
>
> ’

A slap on his back snapped him out of his funk. It was his mother's old friend, Frank. "Stuie, Stuie, my boy, you did it!"

"Yeah, I did it, Uncle Frank."

"So how many crazies were in this ultra-race?"

"Forty-nine started. Twenty finished."

Frank looked disappointed. He had envisioned something on an appreciably grander scale, perhaps along the lines of the New York Marathon.

"Stu, tell me, how much did you win by?"

"Twenty-three minutes."

"Oh." Frank chuckled and waved his hand in a gesture of dismissal. Now he had a fix on it. "Oh, so there was nobody really pushing you?"

It was out of this state of depression and limbo that Mittleman stumbled into the 1983 New York Road Runners Club Six-Day Run. He certainly hadn't hit the jackpot with his 1982 hundred-miler victory, as he had hoped—counted on. Oh, he got deals with Gatorade and Nike that kept his head above water. He got spots on *Good Morning America* and *CBS Sports Saturday.* He was given the Ultra Performance of 1982 Award by *Ultrarunning* magazine and received the Harry Murphy Award for the outstanding male ultramarathoner of the year by the New York Road Runners Club. But he hadn't become the Reggie Jackson of ultramarathoning, and that's the deal he had made with the world.

He decided to give it one more shot, one more roll of the dice. He'd do the 1983 hundred-miler, and that, finally, would be the one. He took on a professional coach and trained not only maniacally—as always—but methodically as well. He gave himself a curfew and stuck to it. He whipped his five-foot-eight-inch frame into an all-sinew 135-pound locomotive. He became leaner, meaner, and more determined than before.

He also got hit by a bike 13 miles into the race, aggravated an old groin injury, plodded on for better than 40 miles (shades of the Boston Marathon), and finally conceded that this particular hundred-miler would be only 56 miles long.

That was on June 17. A week later he flew down to Jamaica to bake, mend, and regroup. A week after his return, on the Fourth of July, he found himself on the starting line of the New York Six-Day Run. He had done no specific training and had no game plan whatsoever.

All he had was a groin pull and a number. He had always maintained that he loved running for running's sake, but one way or another, the stakes seemed to get too high. This time, however, he knew he didn't figure in the finish. These international six-day specialists were a different breed; he was a nobody to them. He was running just for the experience.

Nobody who wandered into Downing Stadium, on Randalls Island across from Manhattan, the site of the six-day race, even for half an hour at any time from 4:12 P.M. on July 4 to the same time on July 10, could deny that it was an experience.

During this particular six-day stretch in July, Downing Stadium seemed more like an army outpost than a running arena. Twenty-four yellow tents were positioned in wagon-train formation. The logistics of the event also seemed vaguely martial in nature and scope. Fred Lebow, president of the NYRRC, had budgeted $2,000 for grub for the duration of the race, but the runners horsed that down the first day.

Food was the major but not the only consideration. *Housing* is not a concern in most races, but here it was. Tents were donated by the Coleman Company, of Wichita, Kansas, and were equipped with sleeping bags and air mattresses. There were also three Port-A-Johns, several rusty showers in dank stalls, a professionally staffed medical team, 24-hour masseuse service, and a canopied scorer's table, where records were kept so assiduously and elaborately that Mission Control in Houston would have been impressed.

Weather extremes heightened the carnival atmosphere. After a monsoonlike

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

IS YOUR BOSS KILLING YOU?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Recent research shows that bosses have not only the power to make or break our careers but they also exert extraordinary influence over our physical and mental health. A bad boss can literally make you sick, while a good one can help you deal constructively with the innate stresses of your job. This psychograph is designed to help you determine which kind of boss you have and what he or she may be doing to your body and mind.

A study conducted at an AT&T outfit in Illinois indicates that having a bad supervisor—or at least believing you have one—seems to affect health directly. The findings, by psychologist Suzanne Ouellette Kobasa, of the City University of New York, and University of Chicago researcher Mark Pucetti, showed that in the course of a year workers who felt they labored under bad bosses were sick twice as often as those who perceived their supervisors as competent, understanding, and supportive. The former group were much more likely to be overweight, to suffer from depression, and to have sexual problems such as impotence.

All the workers in the study were under the same stress—the problems caused by the court-ordered breakup of AT&T—so it appears the crucial variable was the quality and style of the supervisor. Bad bosses create an atmosphere in which physical and mental sickness can flourish while good ones serve as buffers, so that their workers can both deal constructively with on-the-job stress and even, in fact, actually profit from it.

Answer the following questions about your boss as fairly as possible, and you may get an idea of how he or she may be helping or hurting your ability to deal with the stresses of your job. (Throughout the questionnaire we will use the pronoun "he" when referring to a boss. This is strictly a grammatical convenience; the results will apply whether your boss is a man or a woman.)

For each of the following items, pick the statement that most closely describes your immediate supervisor and/or your feelings about him.

1. (a) I have a lot of respect for my boss.
   (b) I have quite a bit of respect for my boss; he tries to do the right thing even if he isn't always successful.
   (c) I have some respect for my boss, but not as much as a worker should have for his superior.
   (d) I have very little respect for my boss.

2. (a) My boss is very predictable . . . and boring.
   (b) My boss is very predictable but I like it; you always know what he's going to want and when he's going to want it.
   (c) My boss is very unpredictable but I find that exciting.
   (d) My boss is very unpredictable; you never know what he's going to do next so it's very hard to have the correct work ready for him when he wants it.

3. (a) My boss always acts as if everything is an emergency.
   (b) My boss never acts as if anything is an emergency.
   (c) We have emergencies on the job, but my boss is usually pretty good about giving us time to cope with them.

4. (a) My boss is very loud.
   (b) My boss is so quiet and low-key it's almost eerie.
   (c) My boss is between these two extremes.

5. (a) Any little thing seems to rattle my boss.
   (b) It takes a lot to get my boss unsettled. And when he does get rattled, there's usually a damn good reason for it.

6. (a) Basically, my boss is a very nervous person.
   (b) My boss is somewhat nervous.
   (c) Either my boss doesn't get nervous or he doesn't show it if he is.

7. (a) My boss is always playing subordinates off against one another.
   (b) I'd say fairness is one of my boss's stronger characteristics.

8. (a) My boss is always trying to be one of the guys.
   (b) You'd never mistake my boss for one of the guys. He acts as though he's a king.
   (c) My boss mixes easily with his subordinates but you always know he's in charge.

9. (a) If big changes are being made among the higher-ups in our company, my boss always tells us about them.
   (b) My boss never tells us about anything that's going on elsewhere in the company.
   (c) My boss tells us about a high-level change if he thinks it's going to have an impact on us.

10. (a) My boss is a brownnoser; he'll take any shit his superiors shovel at him.
    (b) My boss is very tough in dealing with his superiors.
    (c) My boss seems to be flexible in dealing with his superiors.

11. (a) My boss never takes the blame for anything. When his superiors criticize him, he passes the blame on to us.
    (b) My boss protects his workers from outside or high-level criticism.

12. (a) When we're working on a problem, my boss insists that we stay with it until we come up with a solution.
    (b) When we've reached an impasse on a problem, my boss lets us go on to something else and come

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“Workers who have bad bosses are likely to suffer from depression and have sexual problems.”

PSYCHOGRAPH

back to the problem later.

13. (a) When I'm working on something, my boss is always looking over my shoulder.
    (b) When my boss assigns a task, he doesn't want to see you again until it's completed.
    (c) You can go to my boss if you have a problem with the work you've been assigned, but basically he's just interested in results, not how you got them.

14. (a) I could confide in my boss if I were having personal problems.
    (b) I would never think of confiding in my boss.

15. (a) My boss is a real bureaucrat. There's a rule for everything and God help you if you break it.
    (b) My boss is relatively informal when it comes to rules and office procedures.

16. (a) My boss never demands more of his subordinates than he does of himself; he'll never bust your balls unless he's busting his own.
    (b) My boss always demands more of his subordinates than he does of himself. He takes it easy while we all kill ourselves.

17. (a) My boss is sneaky.
    (b) My boss is not sneaky.

18. (a) My boss is nosy and a gossip.
    (b) My boss isn't at all interested in what his subordinates do outside of work. It's like you don't exist once you leave work.
    (c) My boss isn't particularly nosy about what people do outside of work, but sometimes he'll chat about what you're doing or what he's doing when not on the job.

19. (a) I get the feeling my boss wants me to succeed and will be pleased if I move on to positions of greater responsibility.
    (b) My boss is envious of anybody else's success. I don't think he wants his subordinates to progress.

20. (a) When I make a mistake my boss may take me into his office and kick my ass but he doesn't criticize his subordinates in front of one another.
    (b) My boss frequently criticizes his workers in public.

21. (a) My boss never explains what he wants, and then he gets mad when your work doesn't precisely fit what he had in mind.
    (b) My boss's instructions are usually clear.

22. (a) My boss thinks he's more important than he really is.
    (b) My boss seems to have a realistic idea of just how far his authority extends.

23. (a) I think my boss is at least a little paranoid.
    (b) My boss seems to have a good relationship with his colleagues and seems to assume that his subordinates are trying to do a good job.

24. (a) My boss makes me feel effective.
    (b) My boss makes me feel stupid.

SCORING
All possible selections have been assigned point values, which are listed below. Find your total by adding up the point values of your choices. The highest possible point total is 120; the lowest is 24.

1. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1
2. a-2, b-5, c-5, d-1
3. a-1, b-2, c-5
4. a-1, b-1, c-5
5. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-3, c-5
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-1, b-1, c-5
9. a-1, b-2, c-5
10. a-1, b-2, c-5
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-3, c-5
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-1, b-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-3, c-5
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-5, b-1
21. a-1, b-5
22. a-1, b-5
23. a-1, b-5
24. a-5, b-1

If you scored 24 to 43 points:
You have the worst type of boss (or, at least, you perceive him as the worst type of boss, which—from the point of view of your mental and physical health—is just as bad). Supervisors like this are small, mean, and petty; they take out on their subordinates all their fears and feelings of inadequacy. These are the types who can literally make you sick. Working for them takes such a toll on your body and mind that you are left without resources to deal with the normal stresses of your job. If you have a boss like this, you should think seriously about getting another job or at least transferring to another department.

44 to 62 points:
Your boss isn't much better than the one described in the category above. He's probably unpleasant and hard to work for. If you stick with him, he'll wear you down and may ruin your chances for career advancement. He certainly is unlikely to do anything that will help you get ahead. Dealing with him over the long haul will rob you of the physical and mental resources you need to excel.

63 to 81 points:
Your supervisor is probably the "average" boss and that ain't great. He may not be a tyrant or a rat but he's also not likely to be the type of concerned and effective mentor who can spur you on to greater achievement. Dealing with him on a day-to-day basis may not kill either you or your career but neither is it going to be the most productive experience in your life. If you really like other aspects of your job, you may want to hang in there; otherwise, it may be time to start looking around for greener pastures.

82 to 100 points:
You've got an above-average boss. You're lucky. He's the type who takes a real interest in his subordinates, gives them responsibility, and lets them explore the outer limits of their talent. From a mental and physical standpoint, a boss like this can actually be an asset. You're much more likely to feel great when you've got a boss who's encouraging you to reach your full potential.

101 to 120 points:
You appear to work for the ideal boss. There are very few of these guys around so treasure the time you spend learning from him. Ironically, you may spend less time working under him than you would under less-outstanding bosses. Supervisors like this often get a reputation for producing high-quality subordinates who are then promoted rapidly or stolen by other companies. (Of course, few ever stop to wonder *why* this guy always seems to have such a talented crop of subordinates.) When you move on, he'll most likely still be available as a mentor for you. That'll be good for your mental, physical—and financial—health.

"Every successful man gets up early in the morning and is always tanned."

Aristotle Onassis

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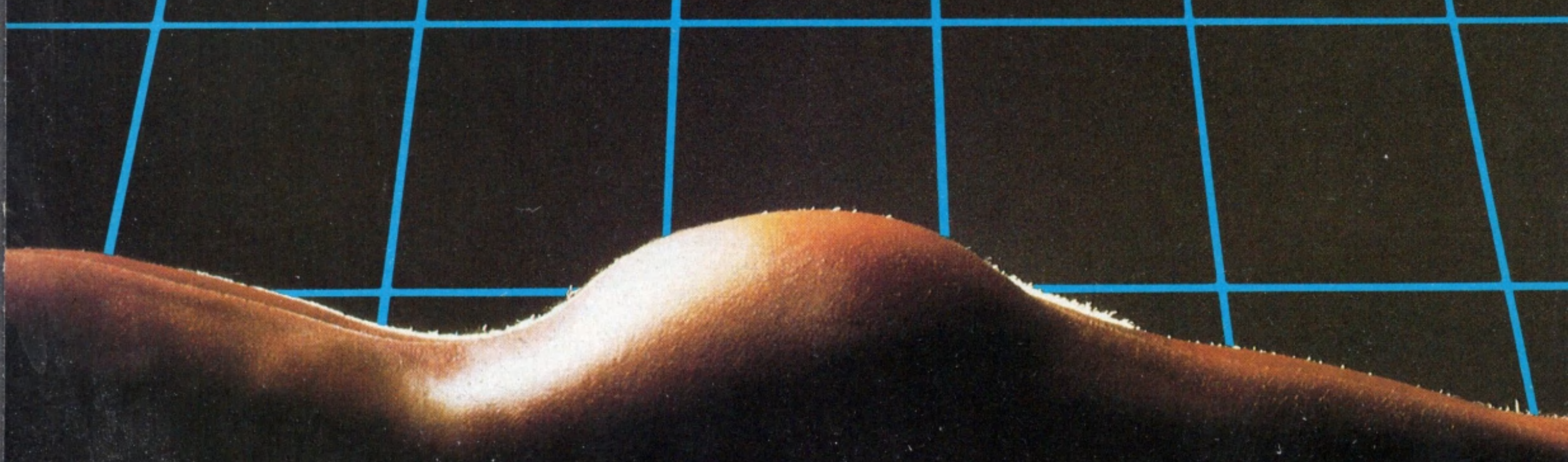
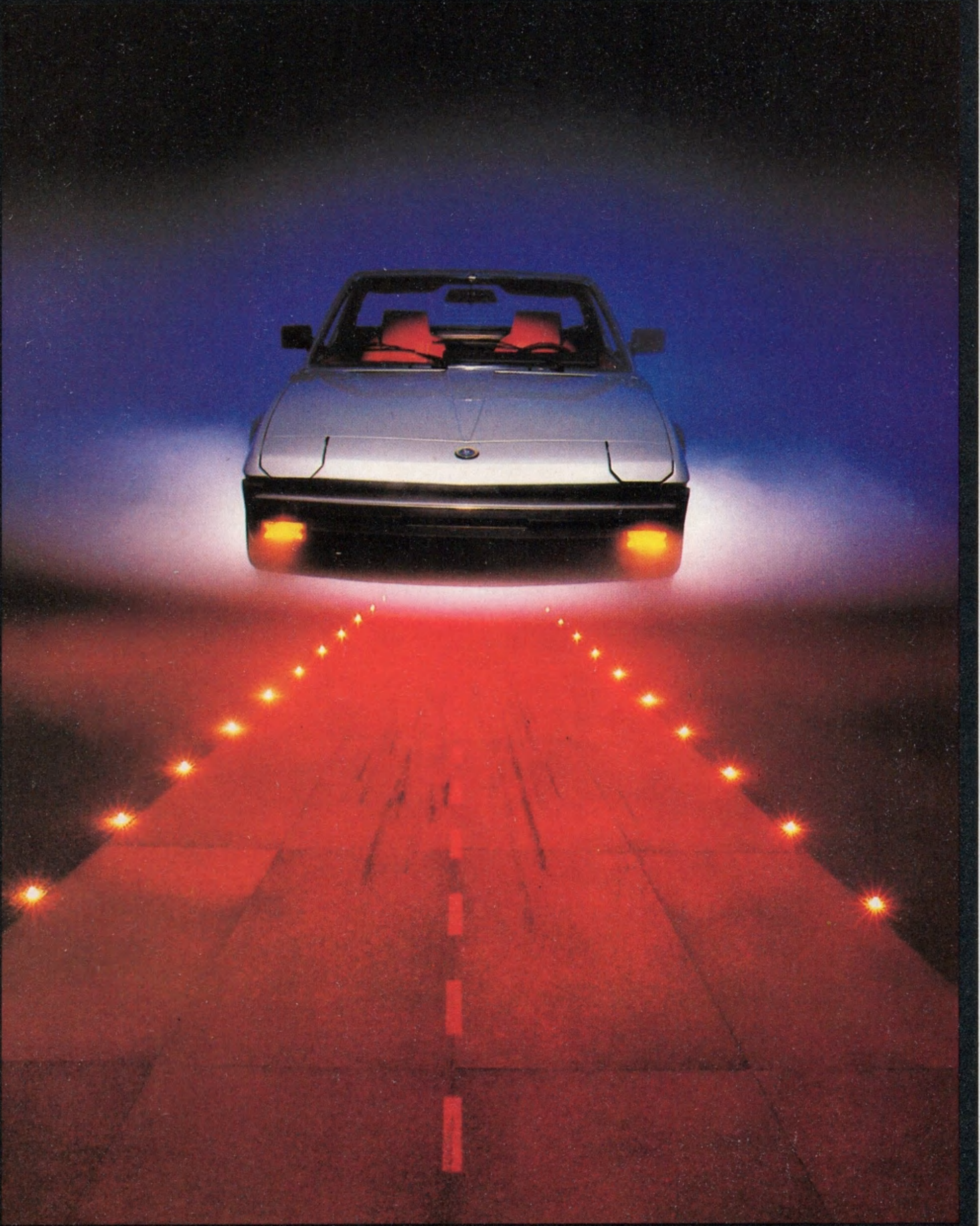


TOPLESS BEAUTIES

BY MIKE KNEPPER



The Pininfarina Azzurra and
the Bertone...the
most fun you can have in a car
with your clothes on.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC MEOLA

Malcolm Bricklin has good ideas. When he was just 20, he thought up the concept for the Handyman hardware-store franchises that grew from three stores in Florida to 149 across the country. Selling out made him a very wealthy young man. The next good idea had to do with motor scooters—Italian Lambretta motor scooters, to be precise. Although Lambretta had been able to sell only 2,000 or so a year in the United States, it had cleverly managed to stockpile something like 30,000 of the little dears. Could Mr. Bricklin do something about moving that 15-year supply? But of course. In 60 days, the story goes, almost all were sold, the majority to police departments that liked Bricklin's idea of *putt-putt* patrols.

Then there was his good idea about a Japanese car company heretofore unknown in this country. Subaru had an ugly, egg-shaped, commuter-type car Bricklin thought he could sell. He couldn't—but he didn't give it up until Subaru had a foothold in the American market.

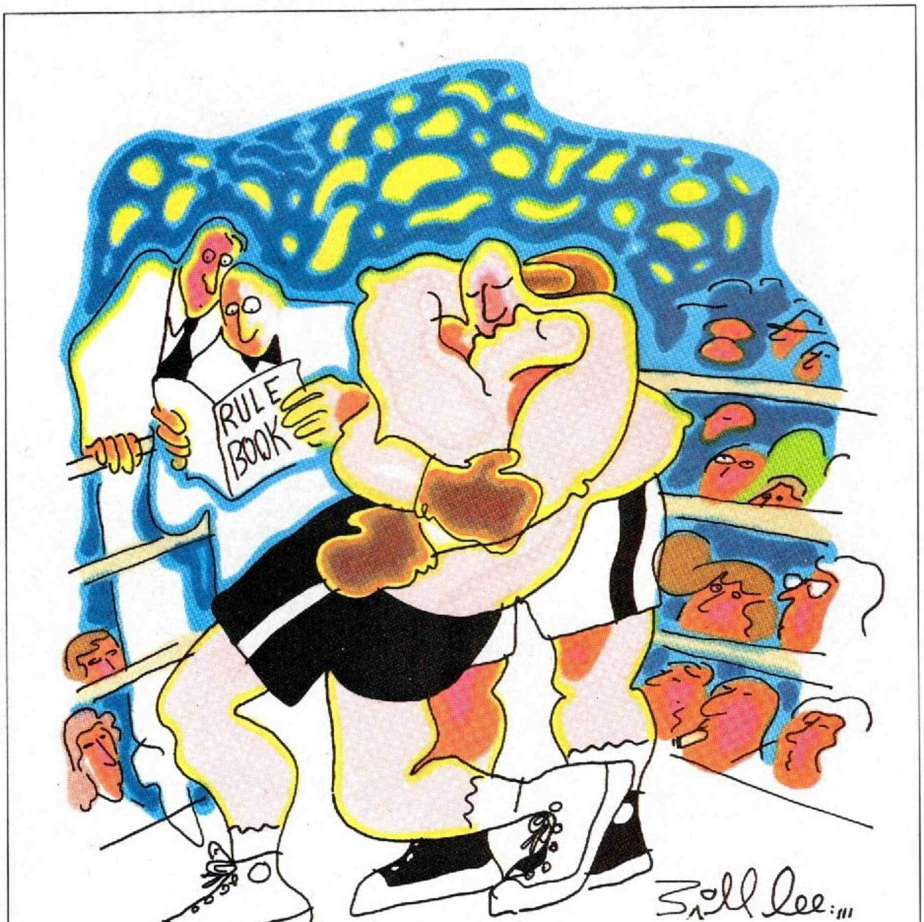
And, of course, there's the most famous Bricklin good idea of them all: the Bricklin sports car. I know, I know. The whole deal went belly-up quicker than you could say, "It leaks." But the idea was sound; the execution was the problem. Today, Bricklin readily admits he learned the hard way that he wasn't (isn't) cut out to be an automobile manufacturer. That realization, coupled with what can only be a passion for automobiles, has led to the most recent Bricklin good idea.

Malcolm Bricklin is back in the automobile business, but this time around he's letting someone else build cars for him to sell. If those cars now being imported and distributed by Bricklin's new International Autómobile Importers (IAI) look very familiar, there's a reason. For years they were known to the world as the Fiat X1/9 and Spider 2000. Now they're the Bertone and the Pininfarina Azzurra. Briefly, here's what happened.

During his hiatus from the limelight (post–Bricklin sports car) Malcolm spent his time "skiing, relaxing, and watching John De Lorean"—and thinking about another Bricklin sports car. But this time around—lesson well learned—built by someone else. In pursuit of that good idea aborning, he met with the Italian coach builders Bertone and Pininfarina, who were building the X1/9 and Spider 2000 bodies for Fiat. Both seemed a good choice to build Bricklin's new car. He liked them, they liked him. But the new Bricklin sports car didn't happen.

Offhandedly, Bricklin says, "I decided I didn't want to do it after all."

Meanwhile, Fiat Motors of America, after a long and valiant attempt, decided to close shop in the United States. Despite its success in most of the known world, it had never been able to get it together over here. Bricklin ran into Tony Ciminera, a U.S. Fiat executive, at an auto-industry convention in Detroit. Bricklin learned of the Fiat departure plans and saw an opportunity in both the X1/9 and the Spider. Within days, Ciminera, Bricklin, and attorney Ron Warnicke were in Turin, where they convinced Bertone and Pininfarina that if the two coach builders would assemble complete cars for the American market, the soon-to-be-formed IAI would get them sold. The only caveat Bricklin imposed was that the cars had to be improved. The deal settled, Ciminera spent two months with Bertone and Pininfarina, requesting a total of 100 detail changes for both cars.



Okay, enough of the whats and wherefores and the litany of Bricklin's good ideas. What does it all mean to you? Not much, if a sports car is about as appealing as dressing up like Boy George and crashing the next meeting of your local Hell's Angels chapter. But if you like to wrap yourself in something small, quick, and responsive, and if you enjoy that kind of mechanical perfection with the wind whipping your hair into a frenzy and the sun warming the back of your neck, then Malcolm Bricklin's latest good idea is good news for you.

THE BERTONE

The X1/9 has always been one of my favorite automobiles, and now, thanks to all the upgrades, it's better than it ever was. It has quality paint and good body-panel fit, an all-leather interior, color-coordinated-lift-off-roof panel, double undercoating, and on and on. Attention to detail, that's the story. And upgrading materials.

The upgrading treatment filled the car with a host of standard features, including leather upholstery, air-conditioning, power windows, digital clock, a 40-watt stereo cassette system, and a pair of nylon bags designed to fit the small luggage compartment in the rear.

The 75-horsepower, 1.5-liter, fuel-injected four-banger sits crosswise behind the seats. A bit more noise than I like gets into the passenger compartment—especially annoying at steady cruise—but you get used to it. It becomes background noise. Besides, a mid-engine setup has some specific advantages. With no motor to cover, the Bertone can have a steeply sloped nose for that wedge shape that makes it look contemporary despite the fact it was designed way back in the early 1970s. And putting the heaviest item in the middle evens out the weight distribution front to rear, which in turn optimizes handling.

The Bertone weighs a mere 2,200 pounds, so 75 horses, working through a five-speed transmission, are more than enough to give it good straight-line performance. But the key to the car's wonderfulness is its handling—neutral, precise, quick. You don't steer it around a corner as much as you think it around. Little steering movements are all it takes—the kind you're hardly aware of making. And be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

JACKSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

language. ("We're going from the outhouse to the White House." "They've got dope in their veins rather than hope in their brains.") But he knows how he can turn them on. He is the biggest political aphrodisiac since Martin Luther King, Jr.

Jackson will, of course, be a major production at the national convention in San Francisco. The Democratic professionals desire only this, that he not lead a third party. If he decides to do so, it will be ostensibly for the sake of showing how massive the black vote can be, and how critical in critical states. But in order to document this, it will be necessary to document that the black vote is an instrument at the disposal of a "black leader," and this is unhealthy. I so referred to him once, in a public exchange, and was rebuked. "Do you refer to Ronald Reagan as a white leader?" No, I said. "Because Reagan does not seek to be a white leader."

But although Jesse Jackson talks about rainbows and extra-racial brotherhood, he is in the business of consolidating black America, and that isn't good, not for blacks, not for America. It is good only for Jesse, who is primarily engaged in kingpinmanship.

What else is he engaged in? He was asked this recently. He replied: "We . . . found this widespread dissatisfaction among members of the rainbow—women, Hispanics, blacks, Asians, young people, handicapped people, peace activists, environmentalists. We determined that the way to institutionalize the concerns of the rejected people was to forge an alliance."

Well, women, to the extent that they are dissatisfied, aren't going to look to Jesse for relief. Hispanics, by order of U.S. courts, are receiving free schooling even if they are illegally in the country. Asians who are mad at America are mad over our failure to abide by commitments in Vietnam that Jesse deplores were ever made. Young people, if they have complaints beyond those that young people organically have, have to complain about the high overhead of life, much of it owing to Social Security payments to their retired grandparents. Handicapped people are literally causing the streets to be repaved. Peace activists hawk their wares everywhere except in those countries that threaten the peace, and environmentalists not long ago succeeded in getting the secretary of the interior fired.

What Jesse Jackson needs is what he is bound, in due course, to get: a dose of realism, after all the noise has subsided.

Jesse run! Jesse run!

Where?

He's movin' on up—and one day he will scale the mountain and there have a view of reality. Reality is progress achieved by hard work, faith, self-reliance. It is not achieved by campfollowing with political medicine men. O+

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IN THE JULY FORUM

THE X-RATED COMPUTER

Instant live pornography is the latest game played by home-computer buffs. Several special channels on CompuServe allow subscribers to type their hottest thoughts in cold electronic print with willing but anonymous partners. Jack Martin found this newest version of zipless sex allows players to assume any sexual identity they want—heterosexual or gay, male or female, macho or maiden.

SWING CLUBS THAT HARDLY SWING

Men without partners aren't always allowed into three-star orgy emporiums like Plato's Retreat. But solo males can try their sexual potluck at Times Square swing clubs with an open-admissions policy. Rafael Rodriquez visited the Zoo and Acquiesce and discovered that some swing clubs just don't swing.

DR. KINSEY'S SECRET FBI FILES

Forum has obtained the FBI's secret file on Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey. In an exclusive story, made possible through the Freedom of Information Act, Philip Nobile chronicles J. Edgar Hoover's efforts to turn America's pioneer sex researcher into a government informer. "I think it would be well to then have someone see Kinsey and make him put up or shut up," Hoover wrote in one memo. "What do we know of Kinsey's background?"

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

RUNNING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

downpour at the start of day two, the runners were treated to vintage New York July scorch for the next four days—which meant afternoon temperatures in the 90's (up to 107 degrees on the track itself). The heat led to makeshift clothing styles that set the running-gear industry back some 400 years. It was beggars, bedouin, and bedsheets on parade.

Years of macho athletic tradition were also thrown to the wind. Runners ambled around the track doing all manner of things not ordinarily associated with the thrill of victory: brushing their teeth, scanning the morning paper, and shoveling plates of pasta into their guts. Mittleman ran *miked* every night from 11:30 to 12:30 in order to share his thoughts on running and life with the six million households watching Ted Koppel's *Nightline.*

Compared to the military-style logistics and the circuslike trappings, two things about the race were startlingly simple. First, the track: a bright, Indian-red, springy 400-meter elastaturf affair, with lanes ruled in vivid white, sporting bold yellow numbers one through six. And second, the concept: You have six days. You can eat when you want. You can sleep when you want. Just remember, when you're *off* the track, a lot of others are still *on* it—and gaining on you. It's very elementary: The human being who cranks out the most miles in 144 hours wins.

The event began typically enough for a day in Stu Mittleman's life: 98 miles of running, good for fifth place in the standings. But on Tuesday night—the second night—he began to lose his grip. He ordered a wake-up call from the NYRRC volunteers for 4 A.M., but the call didn't come until 6. He was angry, depressed, cranky, and—above all—tired. In the next six hours he resentfully slogged through a grand total of seven miles. Why was he there? Why was he putting himself through this? Not for the first time in his racing career, he was feeling deeply sorry for himself.

On Wednesday afternoon two things happened, Mittleman remembers, that began to turn the race around. "First, Nathan Whiting, a longtime marathon runner himself, pulled me aside. 'You don't have any structure to your day, and you're focusing on the negative,' he told me. 'Find a comfortable rhythm. Enjoy the positive. Enjoy the people in the race.' I tried it, and it made an immense difference."

The second boost was the arrival of his friends Flanagan and Ray Charron. True, Mittleman had entered the race feeling he'd be just fine without the buddy system, but now he needed comfortable shoulders to cry on. Seeing Flanagan and Charron, two of his closest confidants, was the shot he needed. Flanagan could only stay for a short "Get your ass in gear" pep talk (he would return for the weekend), but Charron dug himself in for the duration, and with Ray's help, Mittleman was able to salvage the end of the second day. At the 4:12 accounting Wednesday afternoon, Mittleman logged in at 150 miles: The 52 second-day miles were a big dip from his first-day pace, but at least he hadn't blown the whole race.

He didn't consciously realize it, but the race began to take shape for him. The third day he ran 81 miles, comfortably pushing his halfway total to 231. His father brought him a Walkman, and for long stretches Mittleman's world became that of Springsteen (his alter ego), Bob Seger, and the Beatles. By the fourth day he had neared the top of the group he identified with—the Americans—and developed what he thought was a realistic goal for the race: to come in first among the non-Europeans. So much for running for running's sake. Charron began plotting charts that would set Mittleman on an American record pace. So much for running just for the experience.

At the Friday check-in Mittleman saw that he had taken fourth-day honors, with just over 81 miles. "This really buoyed me up," he recalls. "The international runners who didn't even know my name at the start of the race were cheering for me now." He felt confident that he could put another 80 miles on the board for day five by repeating the same formula: same tunes, same pace, same head. Things were going so smoothly he had even regained his customary lordly bossiness with his friends, family, and handlers, all of whom had turned out en masse for the weekend.

On Saturday morning Mittleman got up at four. Though he didn't know it at the time, he had just finished his last full-scale break of the race. Granted, he did have a foot soak and a massage on Saturday afternoon, but by 5 P.M. he was right back on the track. In fact, he couldn't stay *off* the track. He felt electric, as if his whole running life had geared him for the challenge that was coming up.

As day five clicked into day six, a clear multinational triumvirate of stalwarts emerged. There was Boussiquet, the sturdy Frenchman, who was running comfortably in the No. 2 slot (victory had already been conceded to Siegfried Bauer, the German-born New Zealander who led the pack by 29 miles); the ever-grinding, ever-gaining Mittleman, just 12 miles behind him; and Joe Record, the strapping Australian who seemed to get stronger each day, 15 miles back. Each of the three had become intensely aware of what the other two were up to.

There was no letup until after midnight. Mittleman stopped at 1:30 A.M. for a massage, and for another at three. The darkness was now beginning to spook him; his daybreak electricity had fizzled. Flanagan and Charron tried to buck him up. "You're as good as anyone here," Flanagan told him. "They'll only beat you if their will is stronger. We're talking about effort, Stu."

That's what this was all about. Pure effort. The will—and the ability—to give it everything you have. In earlier races there had been his self-image to protect; there had been demons to erase. Now there was a fraternity to be joined, and the hazing consisted of giving one pure effort—nothing more, nothing less. "I'll tell you something," he said to Brian and Ray. "I never want to feel like I *have* to run another of these things—only that I *want* to run another. I'm not going to leave here thinking I didn't do everything I possibly could."

For the next 13 hours, Mittleman, Boussiquet, and Record competed from one pool of strength. They reached that level of synergy, that nobody-loses competition-camaraderie that Mittleman had always talked about but was seldom able to demonstrate. The support and competition alternated back and forth as the situation dictated. In the dark and the quiet of Saturday night–Sunday morning, Mittleman finally eased by Boussiquet and moved into second place. A few hours later he passed the American record of 460 miles set only two weeks earlier by Don Choi. He immediately suffered a severe letdown, but it was Boussiquet who encouraged him to keep pumping. The little Frenchman had spent too many hours pacing, then stalking Mittleman to see him go down in flames now. Of course, no sooner was Mittleman stabilized than Boussiquet resumed his struggle to catch him.

Then early Sunday afternoon Mittleman faltered. "Get in behind me, man!" This time it was Joe Record sustaining the man he was trying to catch.

At 4:12 P.M. the cowbell sounded. Each runner dropped a weighted sock with his or her name on it, indicating the exact distance they had covered. Mittleman didn't need the sock; he himself collapsed on the track, sobbing uncontrollably.

It was a monumental race for Mittleman. A virtual gate-crasher, he came in an astonishing second, only 23 miles behind Bauer. He broke the American record in an event he'd never even tried before. He ran the final 36 hours virtually without rest.

On his Friday *Nightline* appearance, Mittleman had said, "It's kind of sad to see this thing end. I can't imagine what life is like outside this cement oval." At the post-race awards ceremony, he returned to that theme. "We cared so much about the well-being of each other. I made some friendships here I'll never forget. I'm still a little bit shocked by all of this. I just hope we'll all be back again next year."

Spectators at Downing Stadium during those six days had seen heat, endless miles, sleeplessness, exhaustion, pain. Mittleman had seen this, too, but he had also seen all his needs cared for, his every whim satisfied, and he got the opportunity to do the thing he loved. Most of all he had seen kinship—and acceptance.

The 144 hours were up. Funny thing was, he didn't want to go home.

(Editor's note: This year the New York Hundred-Mile Run will be held on June 15; the New York Six-Day Run will begin on July 2.)

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IN THE JULY VARIATIONS ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WHEN THE WOMAN WEARS THE HARD HAT
She's a dynamo on the construction crew and in the bedroom, this feisty female who can do anything a man can do, plus more than most women would ever dare.

FINAL FULFILLMENT
A woman's frank and arousing account of her ultimate "deflowering," when a skillful lover opened her to the joy of anal intercourse.

ROCKING IN MOTHER NATURE'S ARMS
Raunchy escapades at a dude ranch, a torrid tryst in the tropics, memorable moments on a mountaintop—the adventures of a sensuous woman who knows ecstasy can be embraced in the great outdoors.

DELICIOUS DISCIPLINE
The controversial life-style of a couple who believe that the punishment should perfectly fit the crime when it comes to violations of their marital code of good conduct.

THE EROTIC IMAGINATION
From stern mistress to sweet nymphette, an ingenious woman leaves no role unplayed as she turns her lover on with her sexy theater games.

A LOVER AND A GENTLEMAN
For a lady with a bad case of the blahs, there's nothing like a night in the arms of a gypsy gigolo to restore her zest for life.

STRIPPERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

overlooked) presented a young lady named Mazie, who stripped behind a white shadowgraph. In 1915, at the Academy of Music in Pittsburgh, someone calling herself Mlle. de Leon, the Girl in Blue, appeared onstage in an old-fashioned opera coat and carrying a parasol. Tossing aside the parasol and removing her coat, she revealed herself in naught but a leotard, creating a scandal of no small size.

In the early twenties a girl named Mae Dix devised a striptease number involving newspapers. Clad only in pages and pages of the inky stuff, she stood onstage reciting headlines to music, allowing box-seat patrons to tear sheets of paper from her at each interlude.

The modern bump-and-grind striptease—with which we associate G-strings (originally a nineteenth-century term for the cache-sexe of American Indians), long mesh gloves, and torpid, smoke-shrouded drummers who took a wrong turn somewhere along the line—was born in 1928. Two women active that year—Hinda Wassau, in Chicago, and Carrie Finnell, in Cleveland—have laid claim to the title of *Mater Denudata,* each arguing that she set the style that all other strippers have since followed. (Carrie Finnell, billed at first as "The Girl with the Million-Dollar Legs," eventually invented tit tassel-twirling, and so became known as the Remote-Control Girl.)

The 1930s were the golden days of stripping, and the queens were many. The most famous, of course, was Gypsy Rose Lee (who was born, in 1914, with the more prosaic name of Louise Hovick). More than a mere public discarder of cloth, she was also the author of three best-selling books (her first, the 1941 *G-String Murders,* was made into a movie with Barbara Stanwyck) and a hit Broadway play, *The Naked Genius.*

Almost as celebrated was Ann Corio, a former Sunday-school teacher from Hartford, Connecticut. There was Margie Hart; Yvette Dare, whose trained parrots and cockatiels fluttered round her, snatching off her silks and satins on cue; Zorita, who used boa constrictors; and Lois DeFee, who stood over six feet tall and, to stir up some publicity, once married a midget for a few days. Georgia Sothern, a redhead with a notoriously nasty grind, wrote a letter in the spring of 1940 to the noted author and critic H. L. Mencken, telling him how much she had enjoyed his study *The American Language,* and asking him to "coin a more palatable word to describe this art" of stripping. Mencken wrote back offering, he later recalled, "the scientific name for molting, which is *ecdysis.*" From then on, Georgia Sothern was no longer a striptease artist, but an ecdysiast. No change in her act, however, was discernible.

The golden days of stripping came to a sudden end on May 2, 1937, when Mayor Fiorello La Guardia officially banned burlesque in New York City, the striptease capital of the world. According to a contemporary newspaper report, Mayor La Guardia "stood squarely behind Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, who charged that the strip-tease is largely responsible for the current wave of sex crimes."

While stripping continued in the secondary cities of America (most conspicuously in Newark, where the Empire Theatre served as a seedy sanctuary for the big-name strippers who could no longer serve their muse on the other side of the Hudson), the glory had been drained from this most magical of the lower arts.

A few younger strippers, such as Lily St. Cyr, rose to fame in the forties and fifties, but for the most part, as fewer and fewer theaters offered them employment, strippers receded more and more into the demimonde of cheap, unmemorable movies, such as the 1955 *Varietease* (surely you recall it) and the tawdry fetish magazines—*Beauty Parade, Showgirls, Whisper, Flirt,* and others—that bloomed in the years after World War II.

Whenever a popular art, be it Western movies or rock and roll, attracts the serious attention of scholars and pedants, it is a good indication that the particular art is dead or dying. As early as 1937, the British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer, returning from six months in darkest America, had taken it upon himself to explain the complex and hidden meaning that was at the heart of the striptease. Telling us that certain undeniable similarities tied the striptease to fertility rituals of west Guinea, Mr. Gorer then turned his anthropological eye toward the patrons of the striptease. "This," he wrote, in *Hot Strip Tease and Other Notes on American Culture,* "is their only dream, and they go by themselves, shut in, intent, determined to exclude the life they know; if they concentrate hard enough maybe they will get the physical illusion of reality. For that, after all, is the real reason why daily thousands of June Glories undress themselves with elaborate and hieratic gestures behind the invisible barrier of the footlights; the aim of the Hot Strip Tease, as it is cynically called commercially, is simply to provoke sad and solitary pleasure."

If we are to learn anything at all from Mr. Gorer's words, it is this: Never go to bed with an anthropologist.

But it was the French, those most silly mamelukes of intellectualism, who found in *le striptease* an ontological doctrine of no mean importance. The unintended humor of François Des Aulnoyes's 1957 *Histoire et Philosophie du Strip-tease* is surpassed only by that of Denys Chevalier's 1960 *Métaphysique du Strip-tease,* in which copious quotes from Sartre, Hegel, Nietzsche, Descartes, and the Talmud dance incongruously around photographs such as that of *Dolly Bell, dans un mouvement de grind.*

By then the classic American striptease

was something of the past, to be revived in a couple of years, but only as nostalgia, in Ann Corio's 1962 Broadway show, *This Was Burlesque.* What had disappeared from the stages of America, however, flourished in the bedrooms of America. Best-selling record albums offered munitions for the war against flaccidity: *How to Strip for Your Husband* and *Music to Strip for Your Man By.* (The instructional tract included in the latter album stated that "as you follow our explicitly illustrated booklet, you will gain an inner feeling of prowess, of control, of self-being. . . . This album can do it all for you, if you let it, and if you give your all to it. Isn't it time you spiced up your living a bit? Isn't it time for you to take charge, ladies? Can you do it? Yes! Yes! Will you do it? Yes! Yes! Damn right!" Now go out there and drop those undies for the Gipper.) The biggest hit single of the summer of 1962 was David Rose's "The Stripper."

It is better left to psychologists, if not to outright Frenchmen, to explain why stripping is the most powerfully erotic of all non-copulatory acts, including even that of counting money. It is, like poetry or a good blowjob, simply one of those things the nature of which—if one must ask—one will never truly understand.

I recall an evening in November 1979 when David Susskind was fortunate enough to have the esteemed, albeit aging, strippers Sherry Britton, Georgia Sothern, and Zorita on his syndicated television show. Mr. Susskind, as is his wont, twisted and puckered his noble face into the very picture of constipated anguish, then asked why a man might want to watch a woman strip. Georgia Sothern rolled her eyes, shot him a glance that could stop a clock, then turned away and softly smiled, as if silently thanking the Lord that she wasn't Joyce Susskind.

The mysteries of stripping are subtle and many. The vestments themselves are of the greatest concern, enabling milady, through color and cut and texture, to transform nine stone of gal-meat into an instrument of almighty wonder, capable not only of moving mountains but of inflaming the ballocks of the most jaded and fucked-out of gentlemen callers with a single sudden jut of the *os pubis.*

"It is only with scent and silk and artifices that we raise love from an instinct to a passion," wrote the Irish novelist George Moore in his autobiographical *My Dead Life.* Some strippers, portraying innocence defiled, favor white and pastel pink and lavender. But red and black are the true colors of lust and of sin (and, alas, of gathering lint—but we won't speak of that). According to Anne Hollander, "Mourning black for women indeed acquired a new literary and Romantic emphasis, as narrative painting from the nineteenth century shows—an emphasis deriving directly from the satanic and fatal eroticism of black clothing in the early Romantic imagination." The color of Miss Hollander's own panties are, however, left to the fancy of the reader. (Come to think of it, why are we never apprised of the color and style of our authors' undies? Surely to know that, let us say, Carson McCullers wrote the closing pages of *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* wearing mauve tap panties with white trim would help us to better understand that lady's novel. It is astounding that, until this very moment, the fertile field of literary lingerie has had so very few serious students.)

Gypsy Rose Lee felt that it was all in the shoes. "A near-naked woman and near-naked shoes have the same thing in common—the illusion that the best parts are hidden," she is quoted as saying in William Rossi's *The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe.* "It's the near-naked look that brings a male audience to a pitch. The first thing I ever considered with every costume I wore on stage was: Are the shoes sexy? If they weren't, the rest of the costume didn't mean a damn, because when everything was stripped, all that was left was the G-string and the shoes. You and the shoes were the whole show. I can recall regulars in the front rows who nearly went out of their minds looking not at me but at my shoes." (And she wasn't talking about Adidases, either.)

The variations and eccentricities are infinite. Charles Baudelaire preferred women to strip down to their jewelry. ("My well-beloved was stripped. Knowing my whim,/ She wore her tinkling gems, but naught besides," he wrote in his poem "The Jewels.") Another poet, C. P. Cavafy, spoke of the "Enjoyment of the flesh through/ half-torn clothes."

The greater the imagination, the greater the ecstasy. What it comes down to is the ineffable, thrillsome electricity that crackles between the cathode and anode of desire and the deed, belonging neither to the one nor to the other, but to that base and majestic lust that is the master of both. That such a force should reside in a pair of fuck-me pumps or a red-lace brassiere that unhooks in the front is a mystery that neither Mr. Wizard nor Carl Sagan has yet solved for us. But a good look into the steaming eyes of Sophia Loren as she strips for Marcello Mastroianni in the central tale of *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* will likely prove more revealing than anything to be gotten from Messrs. Wizard and Sagan.

We have come a long way—you, myself, and what's-her-face over there—since being eighty-sixed from the Garden of Eden. We have seen much, done much, learned much. But we must never forget the one reason we are on earth: namely, to take off our clothes.

Go then, fairest of the fair, and what's-her-face, too; go then, and do it. You may not start another Trojan War; you may not be presented with Oral Roberts's head on a silver plate; you may never be held responsible for a crime wave in a major city; but you can sure as sunrise knock the wind out of *This Week in the NFL.* Pants down.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Mexican. Once she walked in with another girl when I had just gotten offstage. I had had a killer set and felt good about myself. So I went up to her and said, "Look, what does a guy have to do to go out with you?" And she said, "You've either got to be famous, have a lot of money, or you have to be white with blond hair." Well, I can't be white. It's too late for that! Then my career began to roll. I was on cable television, on *The Merv Griffin Show,* I was getting jobs. So about a month ago, when I was taping the opening credits for the television series at the Comedy Store, she pops back into my life. And this time I'm not Paul Rodriguez, the up-and-coming, I'm Paul Rodriguez, arrived, you know? Her whole attitude had changed. I kidded her and said, "I'm ready. I got a TV series and a movie. Is that enough?" So we went out and wound up in my apartment. We go through the usual—"What's your sign" and all the other stuff. Before you know it, we're in bed. And I'm telling you, I felt like a whore, like she wasn't making love to me, she was making love to this guy who was known in Oklahoma. It was a sickening feeling. I just told her to leave. I didn't want to see her anymore. I wish that I'd never been with her, because I could always have remembered her as a fantasy. I could jack off to her memory at night.

Penthouse: Do you find it hard to separate the real friends from people who only want to know you because you're now getting somewhere in the business?

Rodriguez: I can tell an asshole from a mile away. For example, when I was first starting out at the Comedy Store and the Improvisation, a lot of the comics who had some kind of reputation or name wouldn't give me the time of day. And the minute I began to get a few things happening for me, it was like, "Paul, what's happening, babe? Listen, we go way back, don't we?" I said, "Fuck you, no we don't. We don't go nowhere."

Penthouse: When you are up onstage performing do you now get the feeling that there are a few of them out there hoping that you'll fall right on your face?

Rodriguez: Oh yeah, I'm convinced that if I were to die in a car wreck tomorrow they would say, "Gee, it's too bad about him, but who was his agent?"

Penthouse: There's a lot of jealousy among comedians?

Rodriguez: There's always jealousy. When I see Pryor, I'm jealous. But it's the good kind of jealousy—envy, really. Like, "That was good. I wish I'd thought of that."

Penthouse: What's it like to be onstage when nobody laughs?

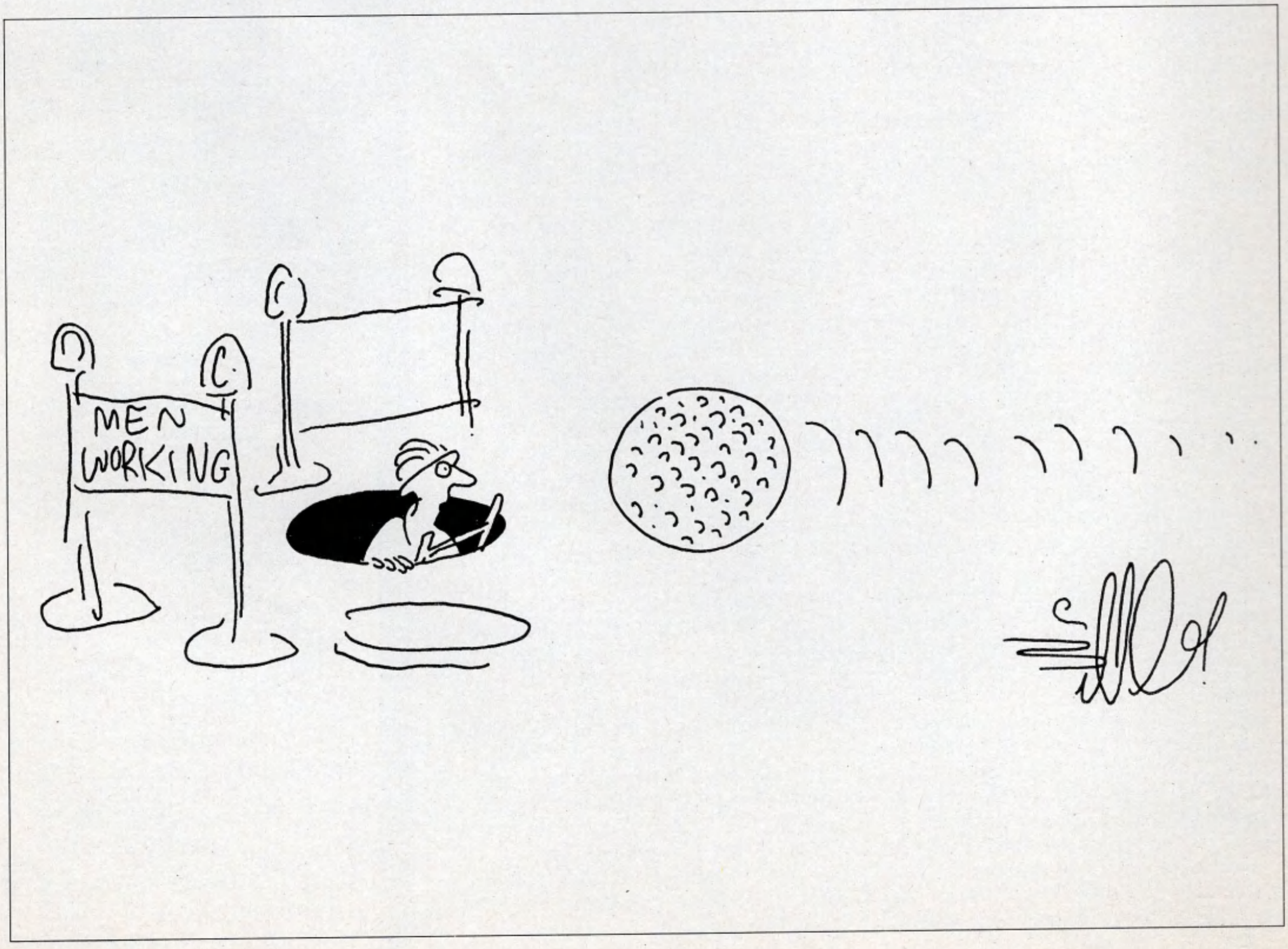
Rodriguez: It's like going up to a mother with a baby in her arms and saying, "You know, you're a good-looking woman, but you sure this is your baby? It's ugly!" It's the ultimate rejection.

Penthouse: Have you found that there is a real "Hollywood mentality" now that you've been around it a bit?

Rodriguez: In a way it's a terrible prison. It's a place where buses come from Iowa with people who have dreams and who eventually must face reality: They might as well be in Las Vegas playing the roulette wheel. It's a city that attracts freaks and weirdos and nuts and geniuses. I remember the first time I went to Schwab's, I had about ten bucks in my pocket. I ordered hash browns and a couple of eggs and ate them real slowly because I wanted to see if I could spot any stars. And I realized that everyone there was just like me. They weren't eating, they were just staring at each other. Hollywood is an amusement park. There's no cover charge to get in, but it will cost you a fortune to leave.

You know, when I got into this business people told me to be careful, that people would try to use me and fuck me over. Well, I'm sure that they're out there, but I've also met great, honest, hard-working, moral people in this business. I keep hearing about Hollywood parties and the orgies and the other stuff, but basically the people I've met have all been nine-to-five folks.

Penthouse: How do your parents feel about your success as a comedian?



Rodriguez: They don't know what the hell is going on. All I know is that when I began to do this, my parents said, "What is this? You mean people actually pay you money for telling these jokes?" They get afraid, because they really don't understand this country yet. They think that it's like every Latin American country, where humor is stifled: If you do a joke about the government, they'll come knocking at your door.

Penthouse: Have they ever criticized your humor?

Rodriguez: Yes, my mom has. I remember going on *Live and in Person,* where I did a joke about Ronald Reagan. How Chicanos like him—we don't like his policies, but we can identify with his hairdo. She said, "You shouldn't be joking about the president. He could have heard that."

Penthouse: Would you do a different act in front of a Spanish-speaking audience?

Rodriguez: There has never been a comedian who has used foul language in Spanish. They're very conservative. There are pussy jokes in Spanish, but nobody has the balls to say them onstage.

Penthouse: So who makes you laugh?

Rodriguez: Very few people. Probably no one you've heard of. Paul Mooney makes me laugh. He's a comedian who works at the Comedy Store; he's written a lot of stuff for Richard Pryor. Pryor makes me laugh. I shouldn't even say this—who wants an enemy like Pryor?—but I think he was at his funniest when he was in pain, when he was angry, when he couldn't make sense of it all. I'd hate for him to go back to that, but there's something in the struggle, in the pain, that makes you tell the truth. Other comedians who make me laugh are George Carlin, Billy Crystal, Jay Leno, and myself.

Penthouse: How about Richard Belzer? Why hasn't he made it big?

Rodriguez: I think Richard is way ahead of his time. He's one of a kind, unique. By the time he's dead and gone, maybe in the year 2045, his albums will be selling like crazy. He'll be like Lenny Bruce. Did he know fame while he lived? No. He died and then the world said, "There was a genius among us."

Penthouse: You're not very political.

Rodriguez: Yes, I am, somewhat.

Penthouse: You were one of James Watt's biggest defenders.

Rodriguez: [Laughs] I'm glad he's gone, but we comics miss him. This cat was great for our material. I don't know enough about the system to be able to criticize it. But remember a couple of years back when Reagan gave us cheese? I thought that was pretty shitty and I said so, in a humorous way. I said the poor and the elderly were out there hollering "Help us, please" and he thought they were asking for cheese.

Penthouse: In the last few years we have seen groups forming to try to censor television. Do you think you're going to have a problem?

Rodriguez: I'm not going to run away from it. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. I don't

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think that's my audience anyway. I hate censorship. The basic reason we live in this country is because we don't like people telling us what to do.

To tell you the truth, I think these self-righteous people read *Penthouse* and jack off to the letters. Their conception of God is someone who gave you a dick but told you not to use it.

Penthouse: Do you think comedy has to have social significance?

Rodriguez: It doesn't have to, but somehow it's important that it does.

Penthouse: Will becoming better known force you to become involved politically?

Rodriguez: No. Nobody forces me to become involved in politics. I'm not going to use my celebrity status to push any issues. If you get your rocks off doing that, hey, that's your business. My goal is to have world peace and big tits.

Penthouse: Have you been asked to endorse certain candidates or issues?

Rodriguez: I'm not Moses to Mexicans. I'm just a guy who does jokes. If people find some sort of social statement in my material, it isn't because I consciously set out to do it. I don't want to lead anybody anywhere. On the contrary, I believe people should do whatever they want to do. At the same time, of course, we have to have respect for others. There was a Mexican president, Benito Juárez, who said, "My rights end where yours begin."

Penthouse: What about self-censorship?

Rodriguez: I won't pick on defenseless people. I won't talk about my father and the kind of dirty laundry that I know would hurt him, as funny as it would be. The only thing that scares my family is that one day they'll be harassed by a magazine like the *National Enquirer*.

Penthouse: Are there some topics that get instant laughs?

Rodriguez: Talking about people who are unpopular, people who are easy laughs. Talking about celebrities on their way out or down. Like John De Lorean, who I think is tragic, not funny. Here's a guy who put a lot of people to work. Married a beautiful model. They had money and were in love. His dream was to build a car that carried his name, but he didn't have enough money to make that dream come true. He took a risk and he lost. Now what's so funny about that? For a while it seemed that every comedian had one or two De Lorean jokes. I grant you it gets a laugh, and I guess that there are comedians who don't care what it is that makes their audiences laugh. They go as high or low as they have to, to get a laugh. I have different standards. How many cocaine jokes could I do? And why? I don't get off laughing at someone else's misery.

Penthouse: Are there certain audiences you don't think you could perform for?

Rodriguez: Yeah. People who don't speak English. No. I don't think so. Humor is humor. The pie in the face will be getting the laugh when you and I are memories and ashes. I think that as technology expands and we explore and maybe populate other planets, the same premises will be used. I just flew in from Pluto and, boy, is my galactic spaceship tired. . . .

Penthouse: Making *D.C. Cab* was the first time you performed without a live audience. How was that?

Rodriguez: Well, it was kind of like a show I once did for a group of deaf people. They had a man doing sign language on the side. The laughs come, they're just a little delayed. In the case of a movie, laughs will come eight months from the time you do it.

Penthouse: Last night we went to the Comedy Store and you weren't scheduled to perform. What made you go on?

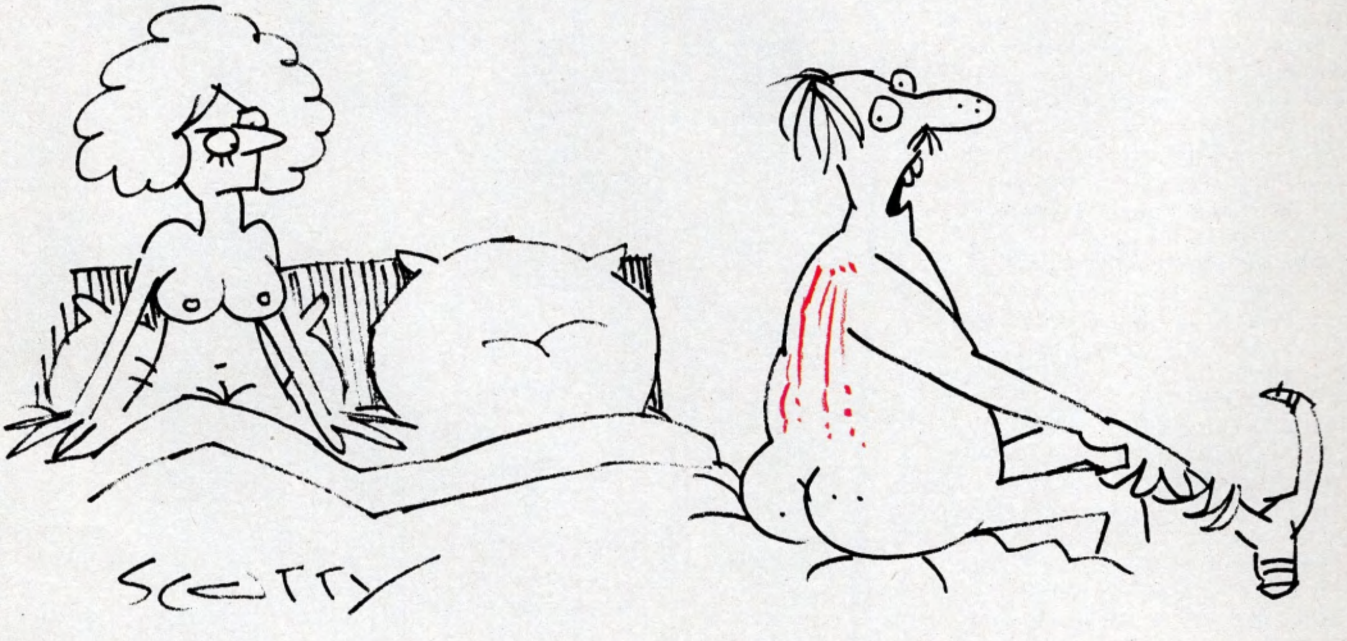
Rodriguez: I'm a junkie, man. I got to have the stage. And when they laugh, they give me that drug. That's better than getting laid. I laid 300 people last night.

Penthouse: You're a street person. How important was growing up there to your development as a comedian?

Rodriguez: It was college. It was the only place where I didn't have to be anyone. It was also the only club I didn't have to pay dues to.

Penthouse: You must have learned at a fairly young age how to survive.

Rodriguez: You either survive or you don't. In my neighborhood, you either became a priest or a junkie. And I would have become a priest, except that I love



"My day at the office? Nothing special, usual routine, hired a new secretary. Why do you ask?"

pussy, and lots of it. And at a very early age I saw the down side of being a junkie.

So I wasn't a killer or a coward. I was a clown. I kept them laughing. I was the comic relief. I figured that if the meanest dude in the gang was laughing and I became his friend, then nobody else was going to fuck with me, right? I wasn't a punk, I was an entertainer. Like I am now.

Penthouse: Growing up in the barrio as a child, all the authority figures were white. How did you handle that?

Rodriguez: I grew up very prejudiced toward whites. The only white people in East Los Angeles were Jesus and the police department. I remember I couldn't look whites in the eye. My parents were migrant farm workers and we were always on our knees picking tomatoes or something. That's why I used to enjoy going up to Washington and picking apples, because at least I was high up on the ladder.

Penthouse: You joined the air force. Did you ever think of making it your career?

Rodriguez: No way. It was a great experience and a way to get out of the barrio. Until I left, I always thought Europe was a big joke, that it didn't exist. I went to Turkey, Germany, Italy, Spain. I learned a lot by traveling. I remember walking down the street in Hamburg and having Germans say something mean to me just because I was an American. I had never had anybody hate me for being an American. In a weird way, I found it pleasurable. When I was in Italy, there was some kind of rally and people were spitting at my feet because I was an American capitalist. If they had only known that I was actually a Chicano in a U.S. Air Force uniform.

Penthouse: If you weren't a comedian, what would you do?

Rodriguez: I'd find some other way to live off society. I was going to college on the GI Bill. I wanted to be an attorney. I think God gives everybody something they can do just a little better than the average guy. My thing was to rap. So I figured I'd be an attorney or go out there and try to get "Ramon" out of jail. Luckily, there's a thing called comedy.

Penthouse: What's after the TV series?

Rodriguez: Well, I think I'll tour El Salvador and . . . who knows? I want to do movies. I think that's the ultimate art form. I hope I can get some more decent parts, and not some of the shit parts that Latins have been forced to do. I hope in that way I can achieve immortality.

You see, the rest of America may use me up, like a fad. But Latins are loyal to their stars. I'll always pack a club in East L.A. I'm sure of that.

Penthouse: Do you have any private time anymore?

Rodriguez: Very little. I'm in a beautiful prison up here in this suite.

Penthouse: Six-room suite.

Rodriguez: Yeah. Sometimes I'm afraid to go out, because there's a lot of freaks out there, you know? People who would like to punch you in the face simply so they can go brag to their friends that, hey, they punched me in the face. The sad part is that a few jerks will make you paranoid, prevent you from coming in contact with 99 percent of the good people out there who dig what you do.

Penthouse: You feel guilty about making a lot of money?

Rodriguez: I feel guilty because I'm convinced that there are some other people out there who deserve it more, who do more for humanity. But at the same time, I realize that if it weren't me, it would be somebody else. So this probably could have happened to a nicer guy, but it didn't. I'll develop a taste for caviar if I have to.

Penthouse: But you're still managing to enjoy yourself.

Rodriguez: I try to have a good time, but I get a lot of headaches. I don't want to spend a lot of time arguing with my accountant or with my lawyer or with my agent. I want to tell jokes.

Penthouse: One of the luxuries you acquired is a new Porsche. How has that gone over in the old neighborhood?

Rodriguez: I think the few Chicanos who see me in it misinterpret it. They think I'm trying to be better than they are. I'm just trying to show people that Chevys aren't the only thing we can afford. After I bought it, I went back to my neighborhood to show off and some of my old gang looked at it, and they weren't trying to make a joke, but they said, "Wow, man, that's a sharp Karmann Ghia you got there." I've been stopped four times, three times in one day. The cops didn't give me a ticket or anything. It's just that it doesn't look right. I like to wear my bandanna and my hair is greasy, so they pull me over again and again and look at my registration. All the cops would say was, "Well, these cars are stolen quite a bit. We're just checking." Which is bullshit and it is also illegal. But who's got the time to fight them?

When I went to buy a car, I had no intention of buying a Porsche—I was just looking for a regular car. I walked onto the floor of the showroom and this blond-haired guy says, "Can I help you?" I said I wanted a car, so without even asking me he automatically took me across the street to where they had the oldest Volkswagens you've ever seen, the ones they drove in Germany *before the war.* And I got offended. I said, "Wait a minute, why didn't you ask me what kind of car I wanted? Maybe I want a Porsche. Just because I'm a Chicano . . . So you know what? I'm going to buy one, but I don't want you to get the commission. But now I want to buy a Porsche."

Penthouse: This looks like it's going to be your year.

Rodriguez: This is one of the years, I hope. I'm a George Orwell comedian.

Penthouse: Any new goals?

Rodriguez: My goal is to be the first comedian who works the dark side of the moon.

Penthouse: How about some attainable goals?

Rodriguez: That's not so farfetched, man. Skylab comedian.

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So you think
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GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

So you know your sports—hat tricks, fielding percentages, lifetime averages, the 1949 championships. Big deal. Can you handle *this* sports quiz? You'll have to know more than just sports to win at this game. Get more than half of these questions right and you'll be in *our* hall of fame.

1. RAH. Everyone knows the Dallas Cowboys' cheerleaders, and any idiot can figure out the football affiliations of the Raiderettes, the Chargerettes, and the Honey Bears. But which NFL teams do the following squads cheer for? If you don't know, go figure.

a. The Embraceable Ewes ______
b. The Pony Express ______
c. The Derrick Dolls ______
d. The Jills ______
e. The Liberty Belles ______
f. The Swashbucklers ______
g. The Sea Gals ______

2. HOME-FIELD ADVANTAGE. Listed below are the names of 12 stadiums that major-league baseball teams call home. Supply the name of the home team for each:

a. Busch Memorial Stadium ______
b. Candlestick Park ______
c. Exhibition Stadium ______
d. Fenway Park ______
e. Memorial Stadium ______
f. Municipal Stadium ______
g. Olympic Stadium ______
h. Riverfront Stadium ______
i. Shea Stadium ______
j. Three Rivers Stadium ______
k. Veterans Stadium ______
l. Wrigley Field ______

3. SHIRTS. Jersey numbers in professional football are conventionally assigned to players according to their positions. Which combatants traditionally get the numbers in each range below? (Players in one position are represented in two different ranges.)

1–19 ______
20–29 ______
30–39 ______
40–49 ______
50–59 ______
60–69 ______
70–79 ______
80–89 ______

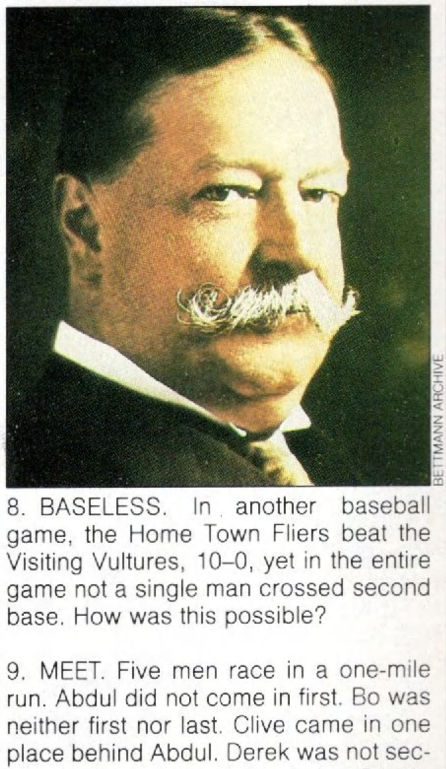
4. WHO'S ON FIRST? In baseball, there are six ways a player can reach first base without getting a hit. A base on balls, or walk, is one. How many of the other five can you think of?

5. PASTIME. U.S. President William Howard Taft (right) is responsible for starting two traditions in major-league baseball that are still observed today. What are they?

6. DOUBLE TEAMS. A few months ago we challenged readers to come up with the only team names in major professional sports—baseball, football (NFL), basketball, and hockey—that do not end in the letter *s*. There are three—two in baseball (Chicago White Sox and Boston Red Sox), and one in basketball (Utah Jazz).

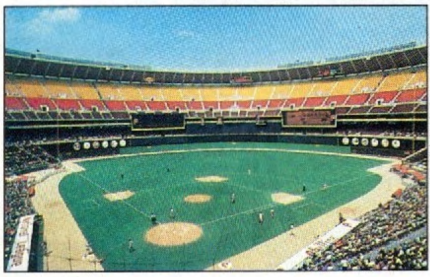
Now we ask you to consider the same roster of teams and find all the team names that are comprised of two or more words. Obviously, *White Sox* and *Red Sox* are two of them. There are six others. How many can you think of? (For the record, we consider 49ers, 76ers, SuperSonics, and Seahawks all one-word names.)

7. MIGHTY CASEY. During a nine-inning baseball game, the Mighty Casey was at the top of the batting order for the Mudville nine. There were no substitutions or changes in the batting order for the entire game. Casey came to bat in every inning. What is the fewest number of runs that Mudville could have scored in the game?


BETTMANN ARCHIVE

8. BASELESS. In another baseball game, the Home Town Fliers beat the Visiting Vultures, 10–0, yet in the entire game not a single man crossed second base. How was this possible?

9. MEET. Five men race in a one-mile run. Abdul did not come in first. Bo was neither first nor last. Clive came in one place behind Abdul. Derek was not second. Ernie was two places below Derek. There were no ties. In what order did the men finish the race?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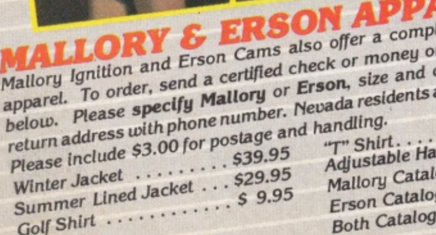

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GAMES

10. SCHEDULE. In the Penthouse Thumb-Wrestling Championships, 921 competitors have entered to vie for the grand prize. It will be an elimination tournament—that is, a player continues to the next match only if he wins; after a loss, a competitor is out of the running. As tournament director, you schedule all matches. A bye—when a player doesn't compete in one round because he has no opponent—doesn't count as a match. How many matches must you schedule to find the overall winner?

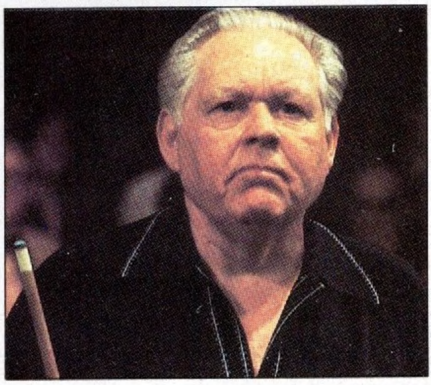
If you think this question is too tough and will take pages of calculations and tree graphs, you're going at it wrong. Switch your focus and find the absurdly simple solution in your head.

11. CHANGE OF SEASON. At the end of last year's National League baseball season, the New York Mets were at the bottom of the standings and the Philadelphia Phillies were on top. All the sports writers are predicting that the two teams will finish the '84 season in the same relative positions, but we disagree. We are such devoted Mets fans that we confidently offer you the following wager: At the end of the year you can *multiply* the number of runs scored by the Phillies in each game of the season, while we'll just *add* up the number of runs scored by the Mets. The higher total wins. Is it a bet?

12. POOR SPORTS. The following review ran in a famous sporting magazine. What magazine was it, and what book got the tongue-in-cheek review?

This fictional account of the day-by-day life of an English gamekeeper is still of considerable interest to outdoor-minded readers, as it contains many passages on pheasant raising, the apprehending of poachers, ways to control vermin, and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately, one is obliged to wade through many pages of extraneous material in order to discover and savor these sidelights on the management of a Midlands shooting estate, and in this reviewer's opinion, this book cannot take the place of J. R. Miller's Practical Gamekeeping.

13. NOT BROKEN THUMBS. Pool hustler Minnesota Fats, who inspired the role played by Jackie Gleason in the 1961 film *The Hustler,* was once hospitalized with a work-related disorder. What occupational hazard affected him?

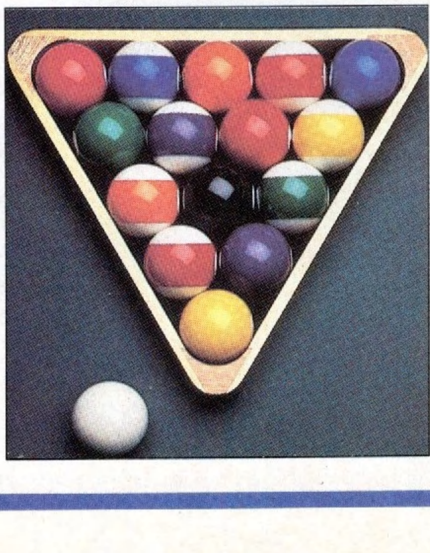


CAMERA 5

14. POOL HUES. In pocket billiards, eight colors distinguish the 15 numbered balls. Seven appear as solid colors on balls 1 to 7, and the colors are repeated in the same order, as stripes, on balls 9 to 15. The balls are listed at left, below. The colors, in alphabetical order, are at right. Match each ball with its traditional color.

1, 9
2, 10
3, 11
4, 12
5, 13
6, 14
7, 15
8

black
blue
green
orange
plum
purple
red
yellow



JOHN MUTH

15. TOO MANY TWOS. Ray Chapman was the star shortstop of the Cleveland Indians. One day during the 1920 season he compiled a remarkable, jinxed box score. Batting second in Cleveland's lineup, he came to bat twice and got two hits, each a double. He stole two bases and scored two runs. In the field, he made two putouts, two assists, and two errors. In two unofficial times at bat that afternoon, Chapman again received a "two," and he earned a place in baseball's record books that no player has ever wanted to equal. What was Chapman's final two?

Answers:

1. RAH: a. Los Angeles Rams, b. Denver Broncos, c. Houston Oilers, d. Buffalo Bills, e. Philadelphia Eagles, f. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, g. Seattle Seahawks.

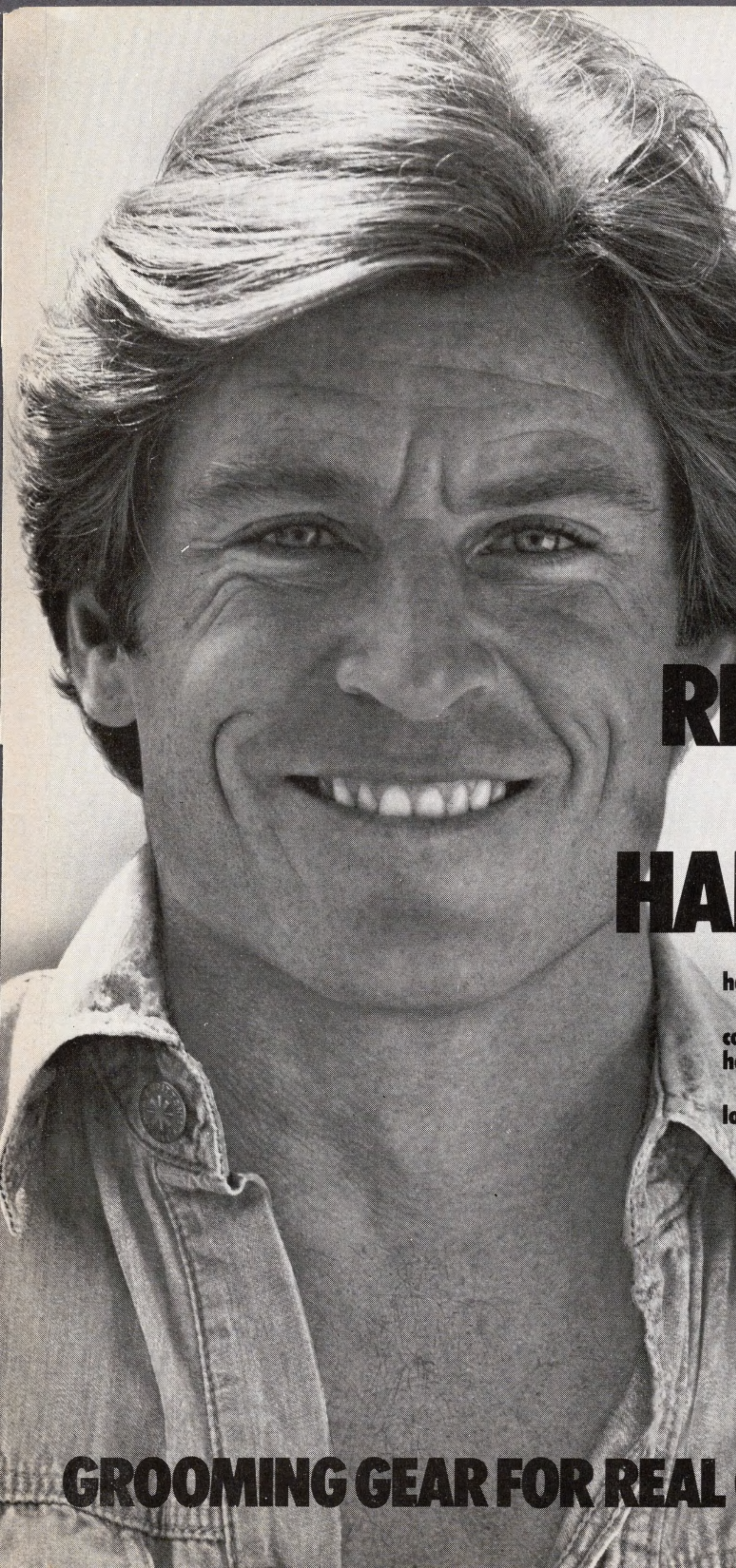
2. HOME FIELD: a. St. Louis Cardinals, b. San Francisco Giants, c. Toronto Blue Jays, d. Boston Red Sox, e. Baltimore Orioles, f. Cleveland Indians, g. Montreal Expos, h. Cincinnati Reds, i. New York Mets, j. Pittsburgh Pirates, k. Philadelphia Phillies, l. Chicago Cubs.

3. SHIRTS: 1–19, quarterbacks and kickers; 20–29, halfbacks; 30–39, fullbacks; 40–49, halfbacks; 50–59, centers and linebackers; 60–69, guards; 70–79, tackles; 80–89, ends and flankers.

4. ON FIRST: The other five ways of reaching first base are: error, catcher drops third strike, hit by pitch, fielder's choice, and interference by catcher.

5. PASTIME: The president throwing out the first ball in the opening game of the season, and the seventh-inning stretch. Both traditions started in the 1910 season. In the middle of the seventh inning of a game in Pittsburgh, President Taft stood up, and the crowd, thinking he was leaving, rose to pay him respect. The chief executive, who was only stretching his massive 300-pound frame, sat down again, as did the crowd. And so was born the seventh-inning stretch.

ANSWERS CONTINUED ON PAGE 175



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BARBIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

ports in a melodramatic style and was not above copying information from German newspapers in order to embellish them. To him, the game of espionage was a cloak-and-dagger matter. It was not unusual for Barbie to call me out of bed at 2 A.M. for a clandestine meeting near a railroad underpass with information that could easily have waited until morning. During one of these hastily called meetings, Barbie introduced me to a man who claimed to have just arrived from Baden-Baden, in the French occupied zone. This particular sub-source worked for French intelligence. These informants were of vital importance to Barbie, because it was critical that he keep abreast of the efforts the French were making to locate him.

The U.S. Department of Justice's findings, known as the *Ryan Report,* covering its later investigation of American involvement with Barbie, state that by the summer of 1947 Merk's net of 50 informants operated throughout Germany and much of Eastern Europe. Yet, despite Merk's leadership role in the Petersen Network, the *Ryan Report* is quite vague about Kurt Merk. In a footnote on page 66 the report states: "Quite apart from HQ's decision, Merk was apparently getting restless in Augsburg. He had some medical problems, he felt constrained by the reduced scope of his net, and tension with Barbie was growing. Merk was inactive during the summer of 1949 because of his medical problems, and he was severed from CIC in October 1949."

The remaining two years of Merk's life have the makings of a mystery novel. In the fall of 1949 he moved—with his mistress and her mother—to the village of Ammerland on Lake Starnberg, near Münsing. His entourage no doubt included his sub-informants from the Petersen Network.

I am convinced that what had been a simple falling-out developed into a very serious conflict between Barbie and Merk. Barbie knew that the only real witness to his crimes in France was Kurt Merk. When Barbie was questioned about atrocities (which he vehemently denied doing) he had committed in France, he felt certain that Merk had been talking. If Barbie could get Merk out of the Augsburg area, he would be the sole leader of the Petersen Network.

And why was Merk not allowed to slip away to South America, as Barbie was? It seems likely that Barbie was able to convince his American superiors that permission for Merk's departure should be denied. Barbie may have learned from one of his American handlers that Merk had in fact talked to me about Barbie's war crimes in France, and given what we now know about Barbie, this may have been what led to Merk's demise.

In March 1951, CIC finally helped Barbie escape to Bolivia by way of the "rat line." Only one witness remained in Germany who could attest to Barbie's activities in Lyons. Less than six months after Barbie was safely out of Europe with his wife and two children, that witness—Kurt Merk—died at the age of 36 under extremely unusual circumstances.

His death certificate, filed in the town clerk's office of the village of Münsing, states that Kurt Merk died on September 4, 1951.

His death was reported at 4:50 P.M. by Christian Hettich, a truck driver who claimed to reside in the village of Tutzing, directly across Lake Starnberg from the village of Ammerland. A recent search of the village records at Tutzing provided the surprising information that no one named Christian Hettich had ever resided there.

The clerk at the village office ran the name through the computer under various possible spellings—for example, Hättich, Hättig, and Hettig—and got the same negative results. There is no doubt that the man who reported Merk's death was never a resident of the village of Tutzing.

A local physician had viewed Merk's body and signed the death certificate; at the bottom of the page he listed the cause of death as sudden heart attack (*plötzlich herztod*). It is known both in Ammerland, where Merk died, and in Fleinhausen, where he was buried, that his oak coffin was purchased by Americans, and that Americans transported his body to his father's house in Fleinhausen, on September 5, 1951, the day after his death. The burial took place that same day, and his coffin was never opened. All funeral expenses were paid by the Americans.

In February 1983, a German journalist, who heard my report about Barbie and Kurt Merk over Radio Bremen, began investigating the Merk connection. He discovered that a woman in Augsburg, our network's former secretary, received a call from an American unit informing her of Merk's death. She drove to Ammerland, where she saw the doctor examining his body in the presence of Merk's French mistress, who was then using the alias "Astrid." At the time of his demise, it was rumored that Merk died as the result of a wasp sting. The people in Merk's hometown believe that rumor to this day. Our secretary, after seeing Merk's body, distinctly remembers having seen a small, dark-blue spot behind one ear, a spot not unlike that made by a small-caliber bullet.

During a visit to Münsing, I attempted to talk about Merk to the doctor, who still has a flourishing practice there. He screamed at me, "I will not talk to anyone! I have said everything I'm going to say regarding the Merk death. I want no further involvement, and I am ordering you to leave this room immediately!"

It is strange indeed that no autopsy was

GYNECOLOGIST FAITH HEALER
HEALED!

requested by the German authorities and that Merk's body was buried one day after his death. If, however, Merk was still working for the Americans, it is not unlikely that the CIA wanted no publicity about the mysterious death of one of its star performers.

There are several dates given on which the French were permitted to interrogate Barbie concerning the actions of Colonel René Hardy, a well-known French Resistance fighter who was primarily in charge of blowing up railroads. He was prosecuted in 1948 and again in 1950 by the French government for alleged collaboration. The most serious charge against Hardy was that he had arranged for the arrest of France's most honored Resistance fighter, Jean Moulin. Moulin had been savagely beaten by Barbie and had died en route to Germany; his body was then brought back to Paris for cremation.

After Barbie had been interrogated by French agents, he returned one day from a visit to Munich and decided to write down his recollections of Colonel Hardy's arrest. He dictated to his secretary in our offices for several hours. When she had typed some six or seven double-spaced pages, he called me and said, "Dabringhaus, would you please sell this story to an American newspaper? I need the money." The Merk-Barbie network was always in need of money, and Barbie always wanted American dollars.

I took the article home with me and carefully read what he had written. His story contained some startling revelations. It began with Barbie hanging onto the outside of an overloaded streetcar in Munich. As the streetcar passed a large kiosk, he noticed a German newspaper headline referring to Hardy's first trial, in which the colonel had denied ever having been arrested by the Germans. This lie prompted Barbie to write his version of the event so that the world would know that he, the best intelligence chief in France, had brought about Hardy's arrest. His vanity was clearly wounded, which, I believe, gives his statements considerable credence.

Barbie began his description of the arrest of René Hardy by pointing out that he had been looking for him for several weeks. He finally arrested Hardy on a train, somewhere between Dijon and Lyons. According to his version of the episode, Barbie drove Hardy to his headquarters in Lyons. After a night of forceful interrogation, Barbie thought that he had nearly broken Hardy's spirit. Barbie relaxed his interrogation in hopes of turning him into a double agent. Barbie told him to think it over and said he would get back to him later.

Barbie also mentioned something about a technical office used by Hardy and British intelligence agents as a cover. In his account, Barbie repeated the word "Technica" over and over again, and said that he believed Hardy was connected with it, possibly as one of its leaders. Barbie had learned that the office of Technica was located in Rouen, which meant that for the first time northern France was now a target for counterespionage.

Convinced that the British were in charge, and that through Hardy he might penetrate Technica, Barbie was relatively easy on Hardy. The next day he permitted him to walk around the building and talk to other people. His plan was to obtain Hardy's cooperation through psychology rather than force. It was unsuccessful. Hardy was able to walk right past the guard at the door and make his escape. Barbie not only insisted that he did not release Hardy, but also that he was so furious he beat up the guard for letting Hardy leave.

Barbie's article did not mention the Jean Moulin story. Had Hardy actually been the informer in the arrest of Jean Moulin in June 1943, Barbie would almost certainly have included that detail.

Barbie explained, after giving me the article, that if he had penetrated Technica with the help of Hardy, he certainly would have received a promotion. He had primarily operated against Resistance organizations in Lyons, and to have penetrated British intelligence in northern France would have been worth at least another decoration. Barbie then exclaimed to me, "I could go to Paris and exonerate Colonel

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Hardy of any collaboration with us. But I cannot afford that. I would not come back alive."

I carefully translated Barbie's article and sent it up to my headquarters, but I made no effort to sell it to an American newspaper. Because I was already giving him a considerable amount of money, I just told him I would see about it. I put the article among my personal papers.

The following year, while I was assigned to the First U.S. Infantry Division as an assistant chief of staff, G2, this same Barbie story was suddenly mentioned again. In September 1949, my immediate superior, Colonel Myron Tauer, the G2 of the division, called me into his office and in a very hush-hush manner asked, "Major Dabringhaus, what do you know about Klaus Barbie?"

Startled, I answered, "I know a lot about Klaus Barbie. I worked with him as a member of the CIC in Augsburg last year."

"That's interesting!" he responded. "I have an order here to ask you whether you are still in possession of papers that belong to Klaus Barbie."

I then briefly explained my experience with Barbie to Colonel Tauer and outlined Barbie's story of the Colonel Hardy episode. I had never offered to sell it to anybody and told the colonel that it was probably still among my papers at home.

He then ordered me to leave for home right away. "It's very urgent! Look for it! I've got to have it! Somebody in higher headquarters is asking for it." I immediately drove to my house, where, amidst my papers, I found Barbie's story—written in German and entitled something like, "How I Captured Colonel Hardy on a Train in France." Colonel Tauer seemed very relieved that I had the article and dismissed me after I handed it to him.

I have no knowledge of what office or headquarters asked for Barbie's story, and cannot now ask Colonel Tauer, since he passed away several years ago. The incident does, however, indicate that Barbie was still working for CIC in Germany at that time.

The story about Colonel Hardy by Klaus Barbie is nowhere to be found in the U.S. Department of Justice's *Ryan Report*, nor in the official apology to France submitted by the United States in August 1983. It was probably among those documents that were destroyed after being submitted and analyzed—a fantastic case of obstruction of justice. It could have made an enormous difference in Colonel Hardy's second trial, which did not take place until 1950, two years later.

Shortly after Hardy's arrest and escape, the French Resistance hero Jean Moulin had known that Barbie was closing in on him. He had sent a message to London on May 7, 1943, indicating that Vichy and Nazi secret agents were hot on his trail. He blamed poor security among certain leaders of the Resistance. Three days after he issued an order, he told London, the gestapo had a copy of it. He found this out from one of his spies at gestapo headquarters. A meeting of Resistance leaders scheduled by Moulin for June 21, 1943, in Caluire, a suburb of Lyons, was to be his last. It became the scene of Moulin's infamous capture.

The meeting was set for 2 P.M. at the house of Dr. Frédéric Dugoujon, a Resistance hero who until recently was mayor of Caluire. Moulin arrived at 2:40, and at 2:45 Barbie and his gang showed up. Hardy was the only Resistance fighter to escape.

Had Hardy been released by Barbie as a double agent, he would have been followed and his contacts arrested. None of them were. It is known that Hardy continued to work on behalf of the Resistance by blowing up railroad tracks, trains, and stations, especially just before and after the Normandy landings. The fact that Hardy alone escaped from the June 21 meeting in Caluire has kept his innocence under a shadow of suspicion. Because he was the only one to escape and was merely shot in the arm, it is frequently assumed that the Germans allowed him to get away. Yet if Hardy's bizarre escape had been planned by Barbie, this aspect of Hardy's collaboration would have been a focal point of Barbie's article, which instead emphasized that Hardy had never collaborated.

Finally, Barbie never knew which of the Resistance leaders was actually Jean Moulin until Moulin had been beaten at gestapo headquarters, where his identity was finally revealed. He had been brought to Barbie's prison as Jean Martel, a patient who was consulting the doctor about his rheumatism. On the afternoon of June 23, Barbie learned from a stool pigeon in the prison that the patient-prisoner Martel was really Max, the code name for Jean Moulin. If Hardy had fingered Moulin, he would, as a matter of course, have given Barbie an accurate description of the famous leader of the Resistance. Barbie's identification of the hero of the Resistance would then have been immediate, instead of having taken two days.

The final bizarre element of the Barbie-Hardy relationship emerged from my questioning by Richard D. Sullivan, of the U.S. Attorney General's Office of Special Investigation. During a five-hour interview Sullivan conducted in my living room in 1983 he asked me, "Does the word 'Technica' mean anything to you?"

I was very surprised and responded, "The only time I ever heard the word 'Technica' was in Barbie's story about Hardy." Sullivan made no mention of the source of the name and simply dropped the subject.

Surprisingly, the *Ryan Report* contains no reference to this particular organization or to the Barbie and Hardy affair. I hope that I may have been able to correct the false assumptions of those in France who still consider Hardy to have been a traitor. Barbie's story disproves that. Barbie was a more-than-competent liar, but back in 1948, while working under the protection of the U.S. Army CIC, he had no reason not to tell the truth. If Hardy *had* been the tip-off man about the meeting, Barbie would have included this fact in his article. It would have made his account far more attractive to a prospective buyer, since he had written the story for the express purpose of selling it.

Colonel Hardy's second trial, which took place in 1950, ended in a hung jury. According to French law, Hardy has thus been found legally innocent. But because in the eyes of many Frenchmen Hardy's absolute innocence has never been established, it is my hope that this additional information helps prove that Colonel Hardy was clearly not guilty.

Colonel Hardy, now 73, lives in Normandy. When asked by reporters whether he was willing to testify in the Barbie trial, he agreed without hesitation.

On March 15, 1983, the U.S. attorney general was finally asked to investigate my allegations concerning Klaus Barbie and American intelligence's knowledge of Barbie's war crimes while he was in their employ. The attorney general turned the assignment over to the Office of Special Investigations, under the chairmanship of Allan A. Ryan, Jr.

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On May 19, 1983, Richard D. Sullivan, who represented that office, arrived at my home. Sullivan immediately began to suggest that my memory, after three decades, couldn't be that good. He implied that I had fabricated much of the story. Standing my ground, I replied, "Why don't you get the records from the CIC? They must be available in the archives. I recently learned that after you opened the investigation, you reclassified all the documents in the National Archives."

Sullivan replied, "I have them all, right here in my briefcase. There are several of us on the committee, and we are looking up every American agent who had any contact with Klaus Barbie. Ryan and I were in Bolivia a couple of weeks ago. That's where we began our investigation."

"Why didn't you contact me sooner?" I asked.

"We wanted to save you for last," he responded, "since you broke the story in the first place."

After a few hours, Sullivan became friendlier. He showed me some documents proving that my memory was indeed good. Sullivan agreed that Barbie had been working for us. He further volunteered that an agent by the name of Herbert Bechtold replaced me after I left in November 1948. In 1949, another agent took over; his name was Eugene Kolb. Barbie worked for CIC for four years, after which we helped him reach Bolivia.

"Mr. Sullivan," I said, "if this is true, how are you going to explain that we shielded him, protected him, and helped him to escape to South America when the French were looking for him?"

"It is a tricky situation," Sullivan replied, "and we have some embarrassed people who might well have broken the law. . . ." He then explained, "We have several options that we could use. The first option is, in the interest of national security, just to deny everything. When your story first came out, you may recall that the standard answer used by the State and Justice departments was 'no comment.' In our second option we would claim that Dabringhaus had a stroke, became senile and lost his memory, and what he said was all wrong. The third option would be to tell the truth.

"We could do almost anything," Sullivan continued, with a grin. "We are a powerful country."

In August 1983, the U.S. Department of Justice released the *Ryan Report.* The resultant uproar was nearly as great as when I first announced that Barbie had worked for the United States after the war.

After thorough study of the *Ryan Report,* I find that I must question some of its conclusions. The report also leaves room for considerable speculation about documents that seem to be conveniently missing. There is no question that several CIC members either lied to their superiors or withheld information from responsible government agencies for periods of up to six months. The chaotic conditions under which the U.S. Army had to operate in postwar Germany, and the inexperience of many of our CIC agents, were among the factors responsible for mistakes made by some of our military personnel.

In answering the question "Was the army justified in using Barbie after the war?" Ryan relies on both pragmatism and emotionalism. The practical reason for using Klaus Barbie after the war is that Russia, which had been our ally during the war, had abruptly become a military and political adversary. Ryan concludes that there was a legitimate need for the United States to recognize and, where necessary, counteract Soviet actions. The Soviets represented a serious threat to the American occupation in Germany and to the interests of the Western Alliance.

But as Ryan justly states: "To actually employ a man who had been a leader of the hated SD in a city in France, and to rely on him to advance the interests of the United States, was incomprehensible and shameful."

It is truly unfortunate that the investigators were persuaded that CIC personnel had no reliable indication until May 1949, some two years after Barbie's hiring, that he was suspected of war crimes or crimes against humanity. Their conclusion makes it clear that my own reports of the crimes committed by Barbie in Lyons must have been destroyed. The information given to me by Kurt Merk, the personal friend and associate who had hired Barbie in the first place, and who was an eyewitness to his atrocities, was real and verifiable.

Because so many years have passed, it is easier today to forgive those overzealous CIC agents who took it upon themselves to use Barbie and hide him from the French. Most of those agents who are still living claim to have been unaware of Barbie's atrocities in France. This may possibly be true, since it appears that my reports about Barbie's atrocities were never made known to those who followed me. Many American agents believed that crimes against French Resistance fighters were acts of war. Some considered only the deportation of Jews a war crime and did not think Barbie was guilty of that. But to believe that a chief of SD special commandos never deported Jews is an incredibly feeble excuse, an excuse that displays a total lack of knowledge of the Nazi regime.

The postwar actions of the Soviet Union were much to blame for our employing men like Barbie. The Cold War and American inefficiency, rather than calculated policy, were mitigating circumstances for use of former Nazis. But I deny that it was inevitable to seek the cooperation of former Nazis. If this were necessary, then we can justifiably ask the question: What had we learned from the brutality and killings of World War II? O+■

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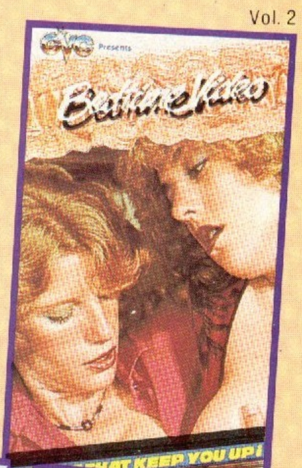
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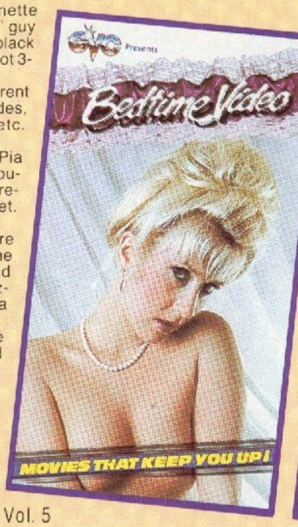
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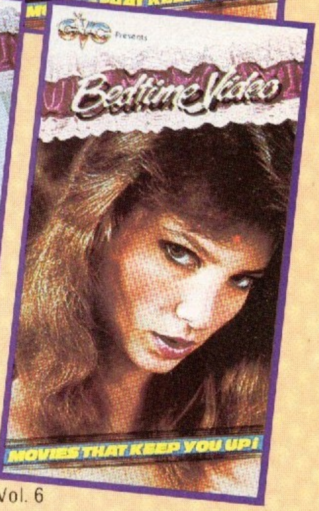
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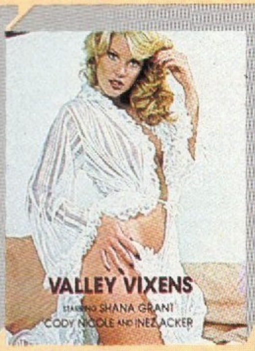
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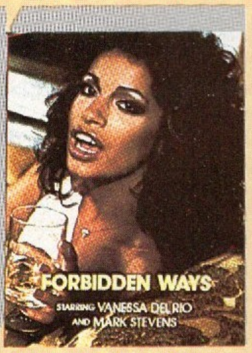
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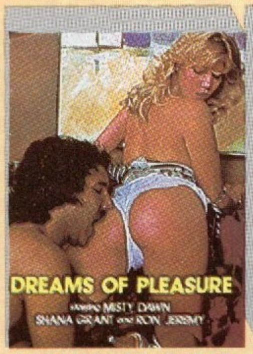
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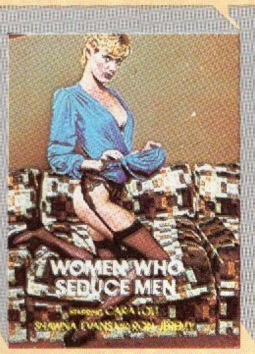
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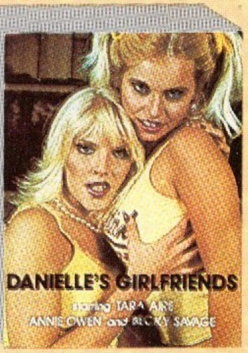
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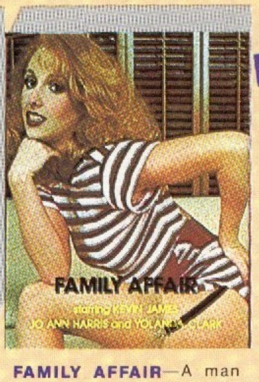
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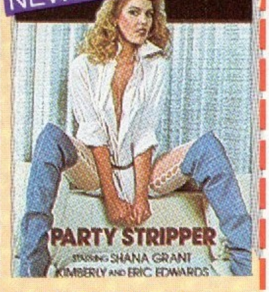
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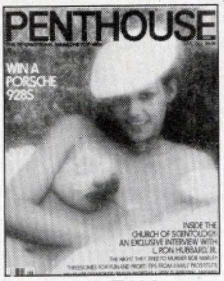

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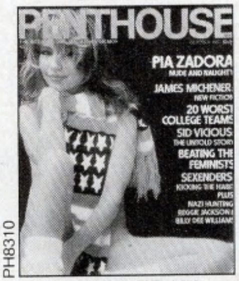

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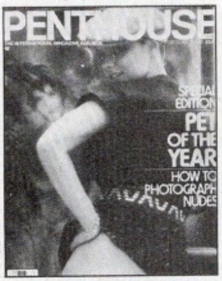

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

That evening, when I walked into Bobbie's den, she immediately embraced me, then led my hand directly to her hot box. She was naked underneath her dress, and her pussy was steaming and soaked. We lay down on the couch in front of a sizzling fire in the fireplace, and she pulled her dress up over her head and stretched back invitingly. Then she asked me to take off my clothes, and when she saw my cock, she exclaimed, "God, yours is so big compared with Greg's!"

With little effort, my dick slid between her folds. I sunk it in very deeply and she came after about five minutes. Afterward she told me it was the first time she'd ever come with only the benefit of a cock. Her husband had only given her an orgasm with oral stimulation.

A few months ago, Bobbie allowed me to screw her, without protection, in the middle of her menstrual cycle. Her husband and I have the same blood type, and Bobbie and I have discussed the possibility of her having my baby, without her husband's knowledge.

Right now I'm fucking five other married women as well as Bobbie! They are very different types but share a common trait: They all long for the excitement of another man's cock. Anyway, Xaviera, my question is this: What do you think about my impregnating Bobbie? At this point, I'm seriously considering accepting her offer to bear my child.—R.T.

In my opinion, your wife's unfaithfulness was a tremendous blow to your ego. Your reference to married men who are convinced of their wives' fidelity and feel they own their pussies is actually just a projection of your own psyche and only illuminates what a shock it was for you to have your wife cheat on you. What seems to be going on here is that you are revenging yourself on your wife by being consistently unfaithful to her. At the same time, you're trying to get revenge not only on the best friend who cuckolded you, but also on *all* the false "buddies" who have ever hurt you—by screwing their wives!

In short, I think you are deceiving yourself. If it was such a turn-on to imagine your best friend fucking your wife, why didn't you decide to try to satisfy *her* so that she wouldn't be forced to turn to others? Perhaps the real turn-on was just the sweetness of revenge. Your desire to knock up someone else's wife is only one more manifestation of your wilting masculinity! Maybe you relish the thought of a child of your own being kept and loved by the unfortunate husband. What you don't seem to realize is that apart from what your fathering a bastard could do to the poor couple, not to mention the kid, you could wind up in a lot of trouble yourself. I recommend that if you feel you want to be a father, keep it in the family.

ENDLESS LUST

Xaviera, I need help. I have been married twice. I couldn't stand sex with my first husband, so I got a divorce. With my second husband, I love sex. I don't care what time it is. I can be sound asleep and all it takes is a touch to wake me up, hot and ready to go. I can be washing dishes and out of the blue I'll get horny. I can go to bed worrying about bills, kids, and family problems, but when I wake up I'll find I've been dreaming about sex. Most of the time the dream will stay with me all day.

Craving more and more sex all the time is making me a nervous wreck. My husband works long hours and is tired when he gets home. I love to go down on him. I rake my nails lightly over his stomach muscles while I lick and suck him off. I'll try any type of sex he wants. But I still crave more and more.

It has made me start to overeat. So what can I do to quell my craving? How can I calm myself down?—H.A.

Instead of climbing the walls with frustration, I suggest that you try masturbating. Buy yourself a vibrator with various attachments and relieve the nervous pressure in your aching pussy by retiring to your bedroom or even the bathroom and satisfying your needs. Try out whatever wild ideas come to your mind. If you still feel the need for real action, why not cruise around and find yourself a lover or two? There's always a great demand for sexy women like you.

As for the overeating problem, a dear friend of mine who goes up and down in weight like a yo-yo once told me that food was not the substitute for sex: sex was the substitute for food. I think you are better off refraining from excessive food intake and indulging in excessive sex, as long as it does not ruin your marriage. Your renewed enthusiasm may even perk up your husband's sexual appetite. You can always join a health or country club, where you will both meet lots of new people, some of whom may be willing to embark on a fling in bed with the two of you.

What is a normal amount of sex to one person may be inadequate to another or "excessive" to someone else. The average woman seems to be content with one orgasm every two days, while the average man between the ages of twenty and forty-five seems to prefer to have sex at least once, if not twice, a day and almost always in the morning, right after he wakes up.

SURVIVAL OF THE FIT TITS

My wife, Dolores, and I had a good sex life up until last year, when she turned 40. It's me, not my wife, who seems to have lost interest.

I am basically a tit man. My wife has very large breasts that, even at 40, are incredibly firm. They have not sagged at all since I met her 20 years ago. They have huge aureoles and long, thick nipples that go hard as rocks when she is aroused. In addition, her breasts are very sensitive and even when I play with them or suck on them, she nearly has an orgasm. My favorite sexual activity is tit-fucking, and my wife's gorgeous, firm bosom has for years been the greatest target I could imagine for my erections.

The problem is this. Somehow Dolores has gotten the foolish idea into her head that her breasts, which are in perfect condition, aren't what they used to be, and that she can no longer go around wearing tight tops. Instead she has taken to wearing extremely baggy blouses. These maternity-style tops turn me off and she knows it! She won't even wear a simple button-front blouse, because she's afraid her 38-inch tits will stretch it so the buttons will pop open. And sweaters or T-shirts are completely out. On rare occasions, when the kids have gone to bed or she wants to be laid in the worst way, she will change into something more "busty," with one of her old sexy bras underneath. Trouble is, by this time, after seeing her in baggy tops all evening, I've completely lost the mood.

I've told her hundreds of times about this turnoff but she says, "I'm not going to parade around with my boobs bouncing and sticking out a mile and people laughing and staring." Or, "Nobody wants to look at a middle-aged, sagging broad pretending to be a perky 20-year-old." I don't expect her to wear sexy bras and chemises all the time, but as I said, she doesn't even wear normal shirts anymore. I'll admit she's well endowed but why does she try to hide that? I don't know how she became convinced that her chest is suddenly no longer sexy. To top it off, the other day she complained about her sexual needs, when I've told her time and time again that it's her oversized blouses that turn me off! Xaviera, why is she doing this and what can I do to make her stop hiding her beautiful breasts?—B.I.

Her problem is not uncommon. Having just turned 40 myself, I understand exactly how she feels. Arriving at that age may make a woman believe that she is no longer attractive. If you love her, it is your job to convince her that she is still just as desirable as ever.

Tell her again and again how much you love her and how much you like to fondle and kiss her magnificent big boobs. Then try and make a deal with her where she'll wear the kind of clothes you like for one day a week. On that day, take her out to dinner, just the two of you, with her wearing an outfit that's sexier than her usual sort. Show her how proud you are to be seen with such a beautiful woman. As soon as you get home hit the sack and see what miracles can happen.

If these suggestions fail then you'll have to resort to your own memory faculties. Every time you look at her in a baggy top, remember those luscious curves hidden underneath. Before you go to bed, ask her if you can take her shirt off. Your wife's new modesty could be a turn-on!

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Sweet Chastity

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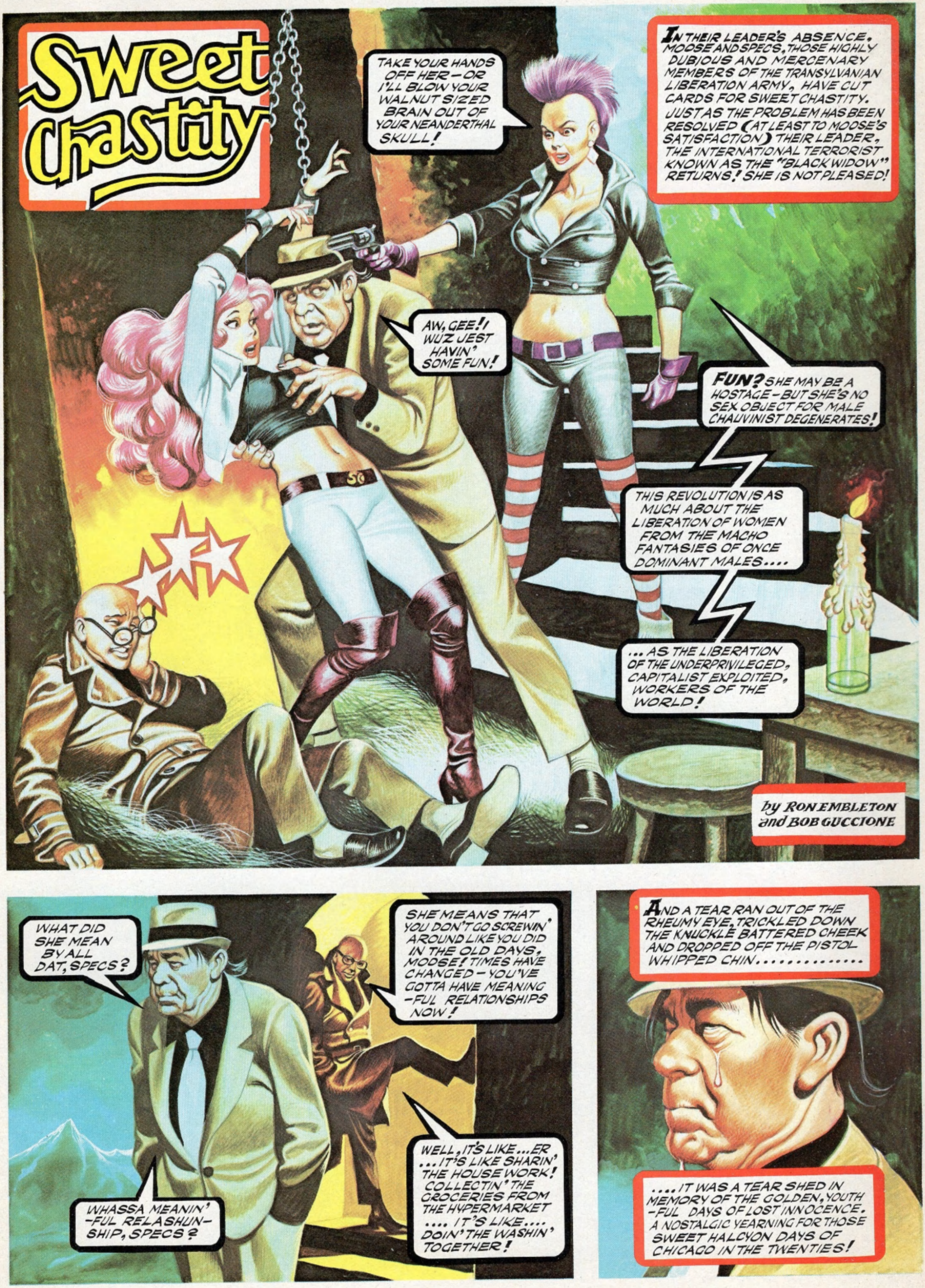
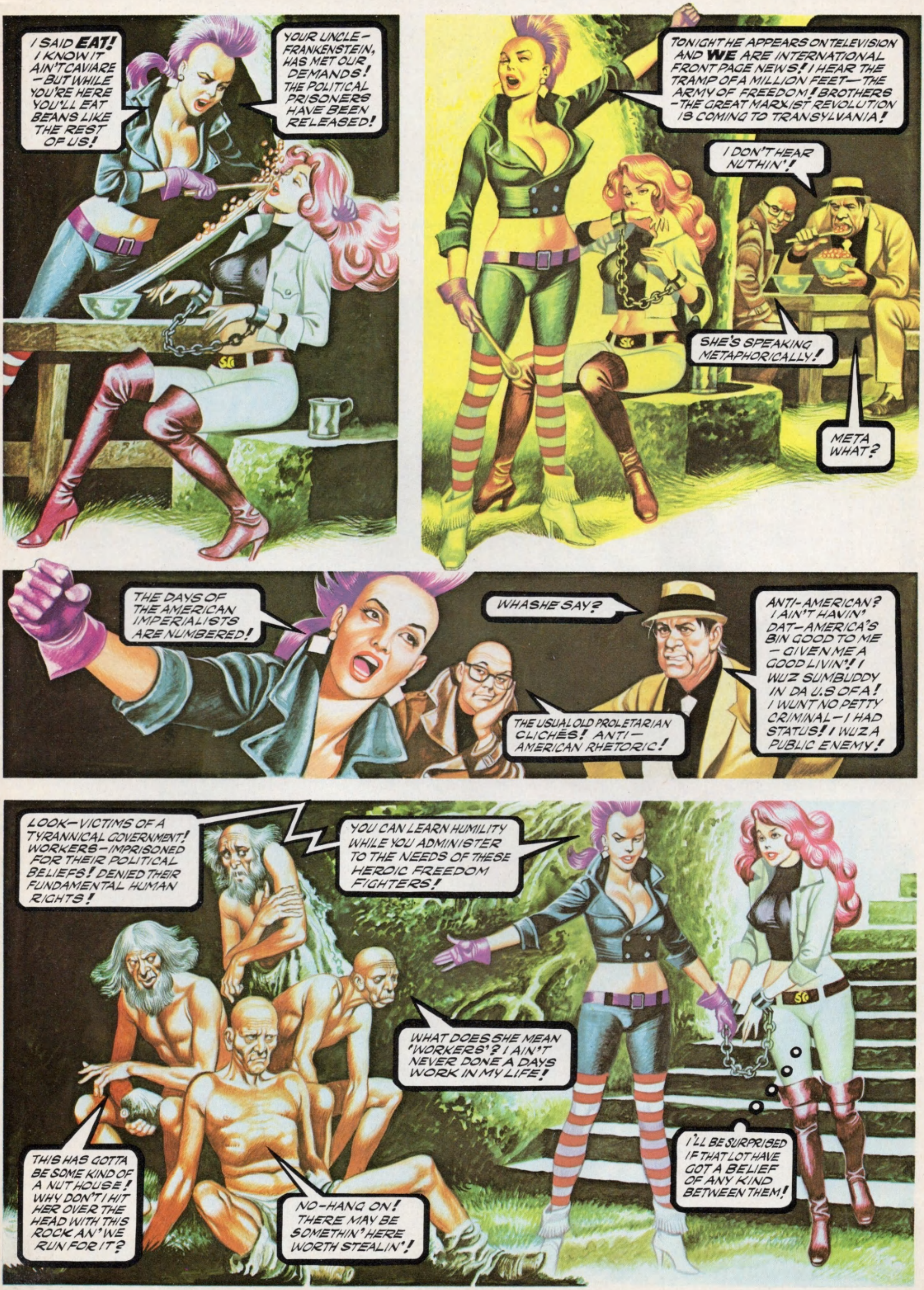
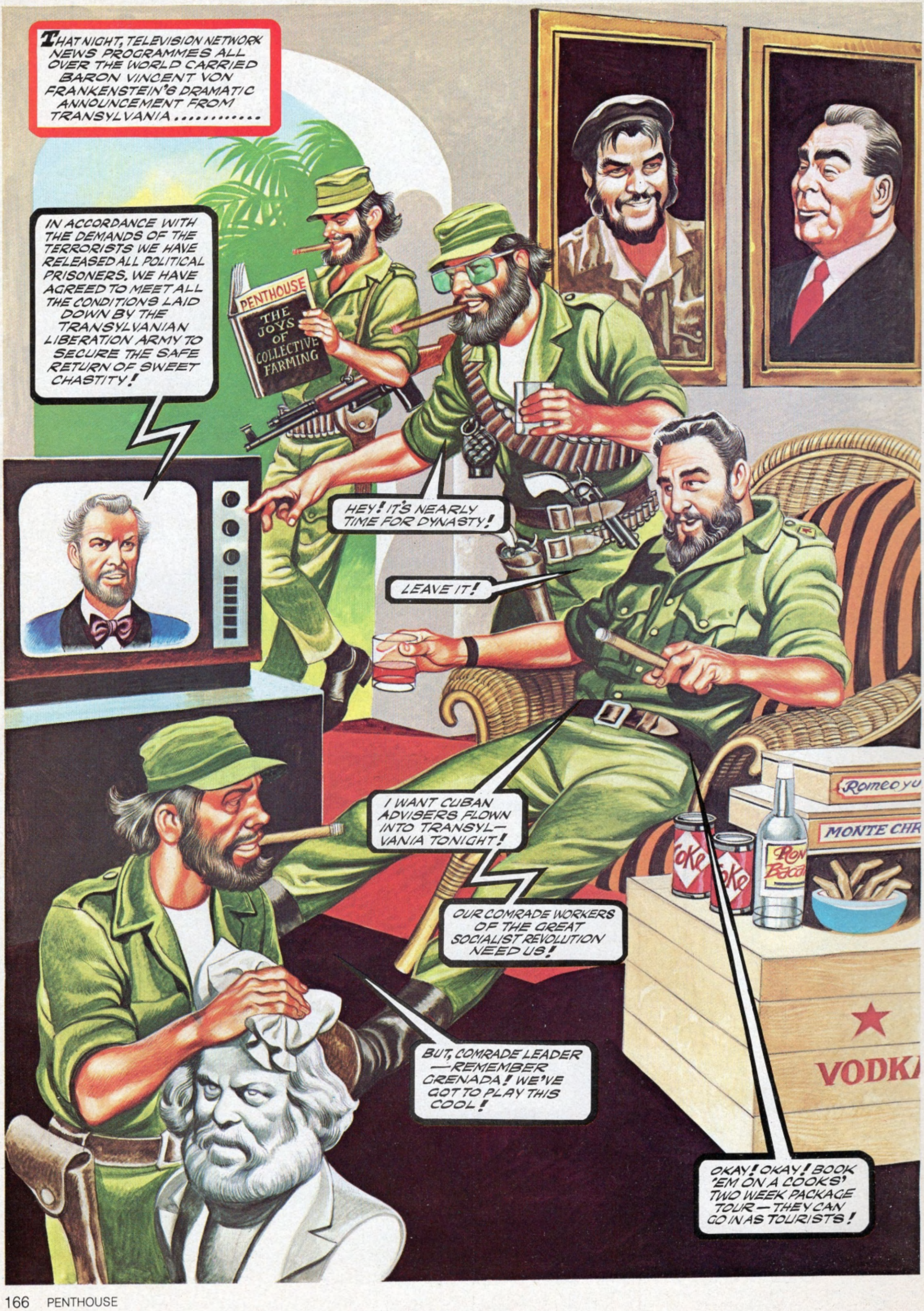
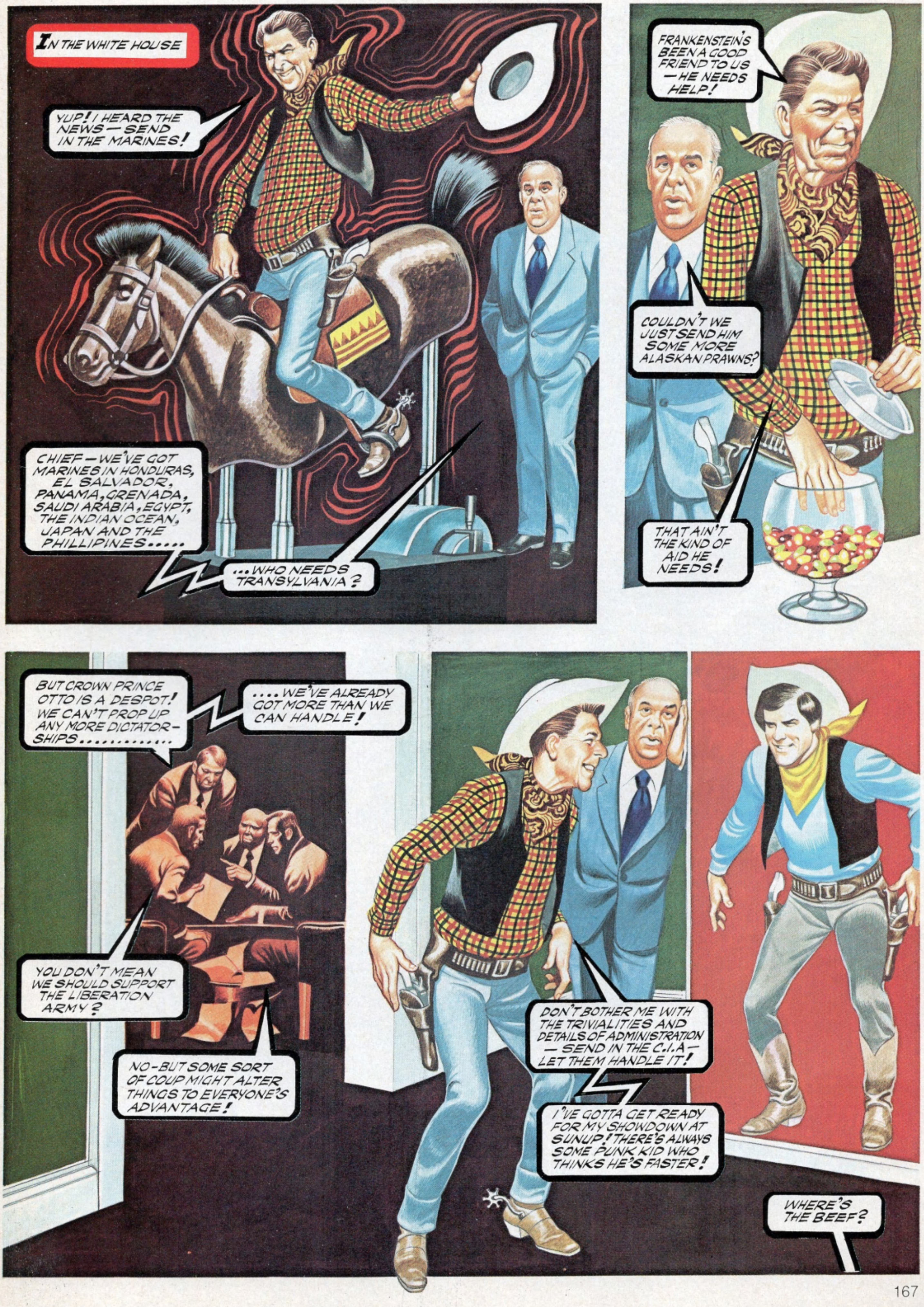
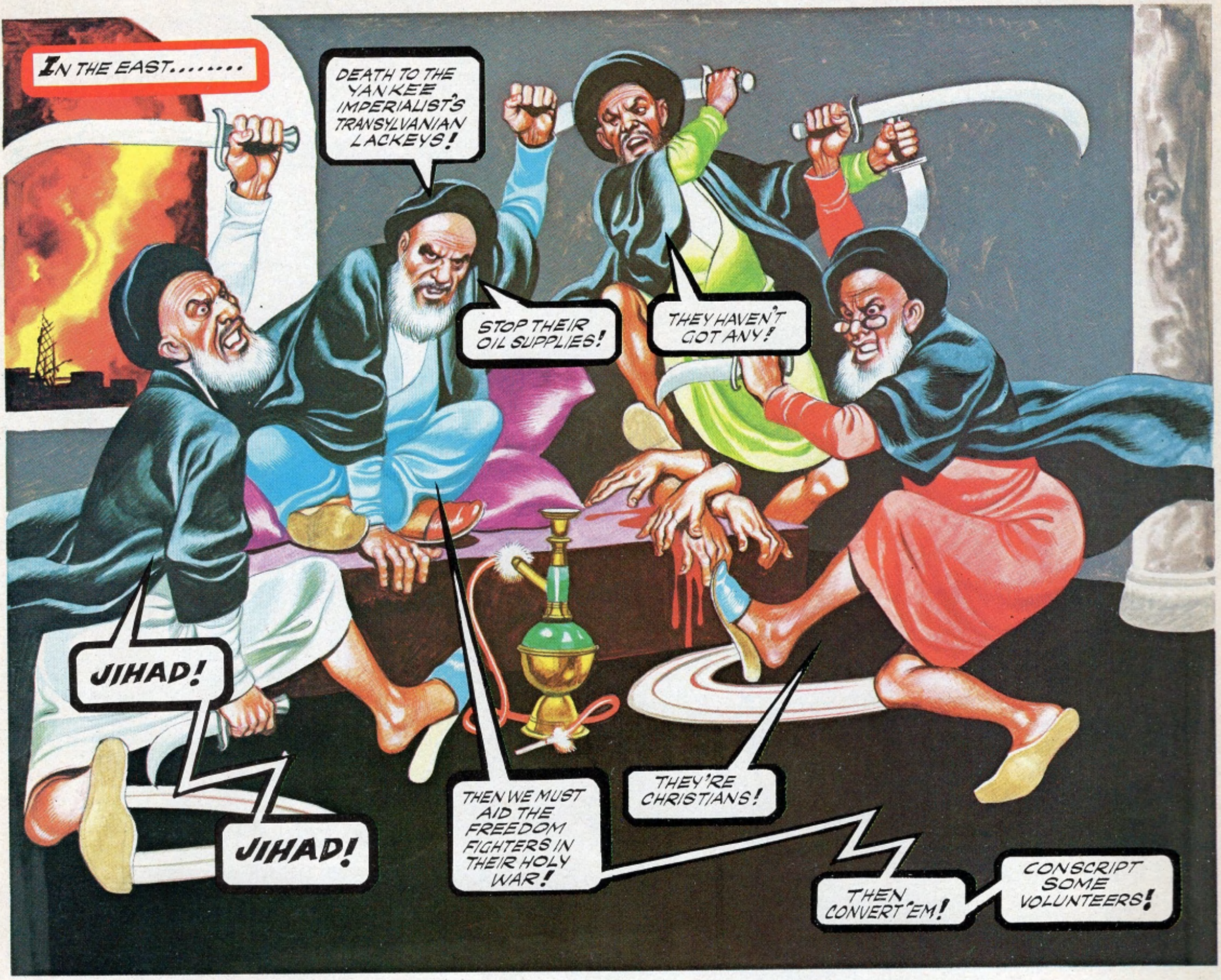
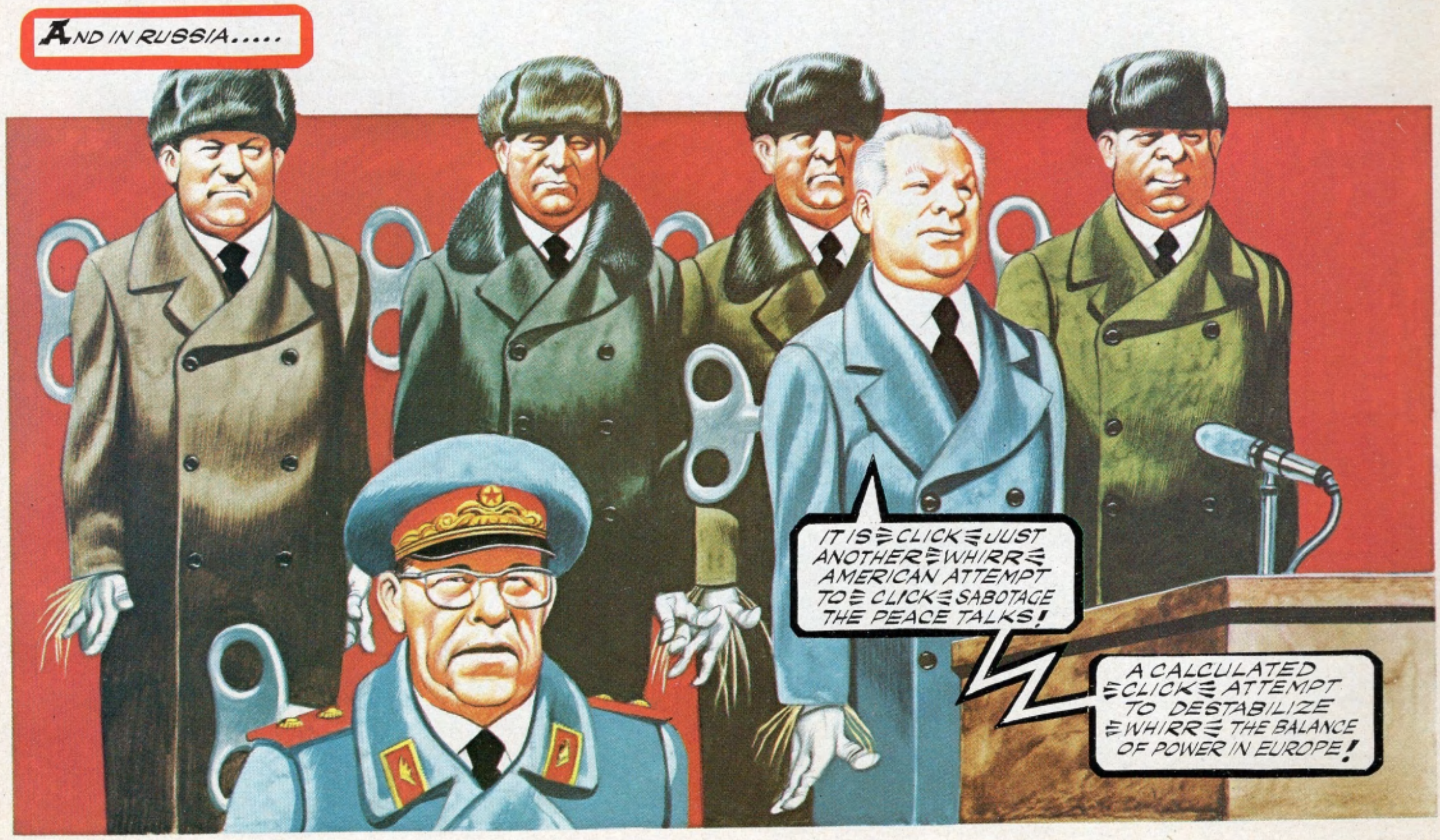

IN THEIR LEADER'S ABSENCE, MOOSE AND SPECS, THOSE HIGHLY DUBIOUS AND MERCENARY MEMBERS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY, HAVE CUT CARDS FOR SWEET CHASTITY. JUST AS THE PROBLEM HAS BEEN RESOLVED (AT LEAST TO MOOSE'S SATISFACTION) THEIR LEADER, THE INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST KNOWN AS THE "BLACK WIDOW" RETURNS! SHE IS NOT PLEASED!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER—OR I'LL BLOW YOUR WALNUT SIZED BRAIN OUT OF YOUR NEANDERTHAL SKULL!
AW, GEE! I WUZ JEST HAVIN' SOME FUN!
FUN? SHE MAY BE A HOSTAGE—BUT SHE'S NO SEX OBJECT FOR MALE CHAUVINIST DEGENERATES!
THIS REVOLUTION IS AS MUCH ABOUT THE LIBERATION OF WOMEN FROM THE MACHO FANTASIES OF ONCE DOMINANT MALES....
...AS THE LIBERATION OF THE UNDERPRIVILEGED, CAPITALIST EXPLOITED, WORKERS OF THE WORLD!
SC
WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY ALL DAT, SPECS?
SHE MEANS THAT YOU DON'T GO SCREWIN' AROUND LIKE YOU DID IN THE OLD DAYS, MOOSE! TIMES HAVE CHANGED—YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE MEANING-FUL RELATIONSHIPS NOW!
WHASSA MEANIN'-FUL RELASHUN-SHIP, SPECS?
WELL, IT'S LIKE...ER ...IT'S LIKE SHARIN' THE HOUSE WORK! COLLECTIN' THE GROCERIES FROM THE HYPERMARKET .... IT'S LIKE.... DOIN' THE WASHIN' TOGETHER!
AND A TEAR RAN OUT OF THE RHEUMY EYE, TRICKLED DOWN THE KNUCKLE BATTERED CHEEK AND DROPPED OFF THE PISTOL WHIPPED CHIN..............
....IT WAS A TEAR SHED IN MEMORY OF THE GOLDEN, YOUTH-FUL DAYS OF LOST INNOCENCE. A NOSTALGIC YEARNING FOR THOSE SWEET HALCYON DAYS OF CHICAGO IN THE TWENTIES!

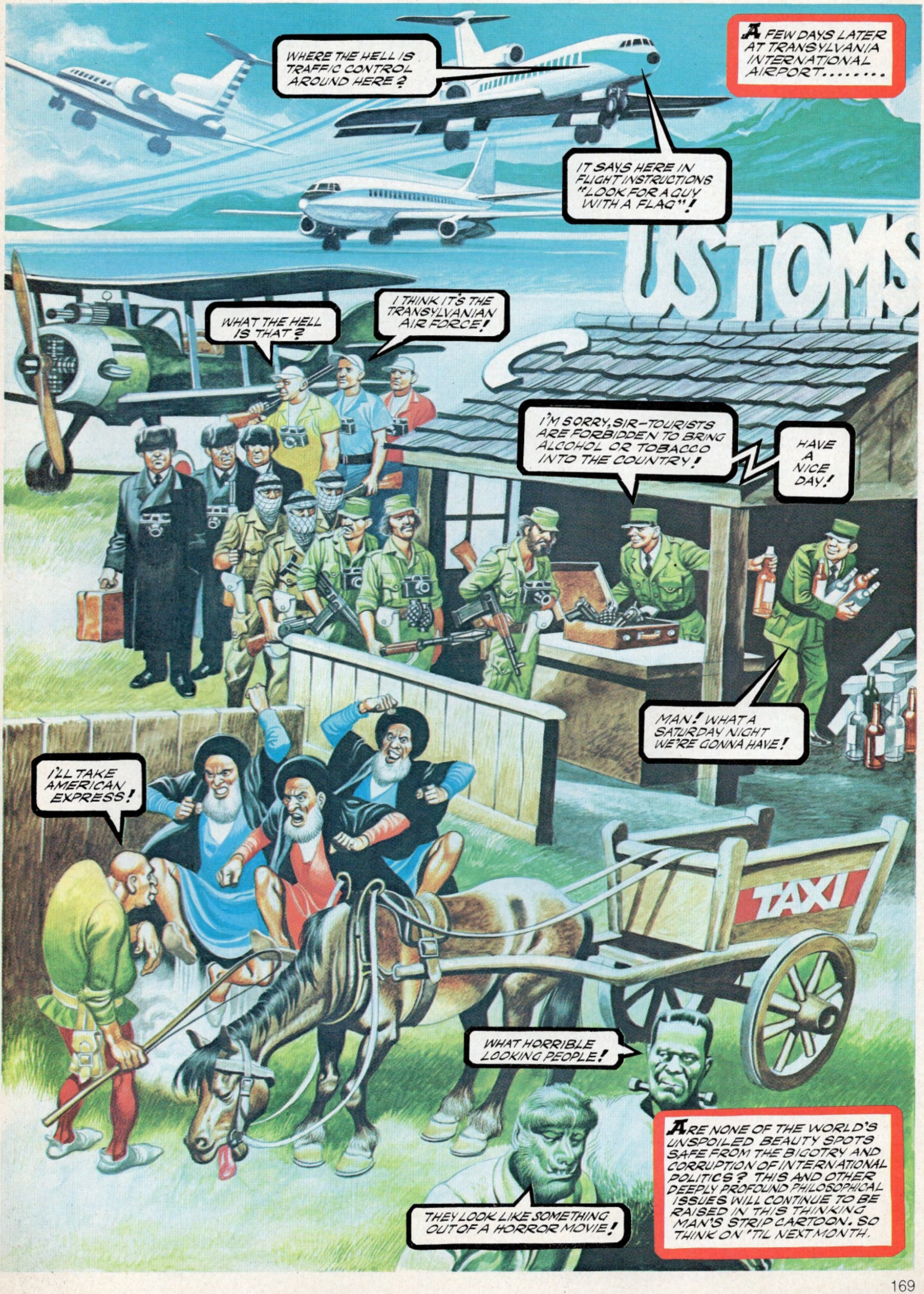

I SAID **EAT!** I KNOW IT AIN'T CAVIARE —BUT WHILE YOU'RE HERE YOU'LL EAT BEANS LIKE THE REST OF US!
YOUR UNCLE—FRANKENSTEIN, HAS MET OUR DEMANDS! THE POLITICAL PRISONERS HAVE BEEN RELEASED!
TONIGHT HE APPEARS ON TELEVISION AND **WE** ARE INTERNATIONAL FRONT PAGE NEWS! I HEAR THE TRAMP OF A MILLION FEET—THE ARMY OF FREEDOM! BROTHERS —THE GREAT MARXIST REVOLUTION IS COMING TO TRANSYLVANIA!
I DON'T HEAR NUTHIN'!
SG
SHE'S SPEAKING METAPHORICALLY!
META WHAT?
THE DAYS OF THE AMERICAN IMPERIALISTS ARE NUMBERED!
WHASHE SAY?
THE USUAL OLD PROLETARIAN CLICHÉS! ANTI—AMERICAN RHETORIC!
ANTI-AMERICAN? I AIN'T HAVIN' DAT—AMERICA'S BIN GOOD TO ME —GIVEN ME A GOOD LIVIN'! I WUZ SUMBUDDY IN DA U.S OF A! I WUNT NO PETTY CRIMINAL—I HAD STATUS! I WUZ A PUBLIC ENEMY!
LOOK—VICTIMS OF A TYRANNICAL GOVERNMENT! WORKERS—IMPRISONED FOR THEIR POLITICAL BELIEFS! DENIED THEIR FUNDAMENTAL HUMAN RIGHTS!
YOU CAN LEARN HUMILITY WHILE YOU ADMINISTER TO THE NEEDS OF THESE HEROIC FREEDOM FIGHTERS!
WHAT DOES SHE MEAN 'WORKERS'? I AIN'T NEVER DONE A DAYS WORK IN MY LIFE!
THIS HAS GOTTA BE SOME KIND OF A NUT HOUSE! WHY DON'T I HIT HER OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS ROCK AN' WE RUN FOR IT?
NO—HANG ON! THERE MAY BE SOMETHIN' HERE WORTH STEALIN'!
I'LL BE SURPRISED IF THAT LOT HAVE GOT A BELIEF OF ANY KIND BETWEEN THEM!


THAT NIGHT, TELEVISION NETWORK NEWS PROGRAMMES ALL OVER THE WORLD CARRIED BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN'S DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT FROM TRANSYLVANIA............
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DEMANDS OF THE TERRORISTS WE HAVE RELEASED ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS. WE HAVE AGREED TO MEET ALL THE CONDITIONS LAID DOWN BY THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY TO SECURE THE SAFE RETURN OF SWEET CHASTITY!
PENTHOUSE
THE JOYS OF COLLECTIVE FARMING
HEY! IT'S NEARLY TIME FOR DYNASTY!
LEAVE IT!
I WANT CUBAN ADVISERS FLOWN INTO TRANSYLVANIA TONIGHT!
OUR COMRADE WORKERS OF THE GREAT SOCIALIST REVOLUTION NEED US!
BUT, COMRADE LEADER—REMEMBER GRENADA! WE'VE GOT TO PLAY THIS COOL!
OKAY! OKAY! BOOK 'EM ON A COOKS' TWO WEEK PACKAGE TOUR—THEY CAN GO IN AS TOURISTS!
Romeo y
MONTE CHR
Coke
Coke
Ron Bacardi
VODKA


IN THE WHITE HOUSE
YUP! I HEARD THE NEWS — SEND IN THE MARINES!
CHIEF — WE'VE GOT MARINES IN HONDURAS, EL SALVADOR, PANAMA, GRENADA, SAUDI ARABIA, EGYPT, THE INDIAN OCEAN, JAPAN AND THE PHILLIPINES.....
...WHO NEEDS TRANSYLVANIA?
FRANKENSTEIN'S BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO US — HE NEEDS HELP!
COULDN'T WE JUST SEND HIM SOME MORE ALASKAN PRAWNS?
THAT AIN'T THE KIND OF AID HE NEEDS!
BUT CROWN PRINCE OTTO IS A DESPOT! WE CAN'T PROP UP ANY MORE DICTATORSHIPS............
....WE'VE ALREADY GOT MORE THAN WE CAN HANDLE!
YOU DON'T MEAN WE SHOULD SUPPORT THE LIBERATION ARMY?
NO-BUT SOME SORT OF COUP MIGHT ALTER THINGS TO EVERYONE'S ADVANTAGE!
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH THE TRIVIALITIES AND DETAILS OF ADMINISTRATION — SEND IN THE C.I.A — LET THEM HANDLE IT!
I'VE GOTTA GET READY FOR MY SHOWDOWN AT SUNUP! THERE'S ALWAYS SOME PUNK KID WHO THINKS HE'S FASTER!
WHERE'S THE BEEF?


IN THE EAST........
DEATH TO THE YANKEE IMPERIALIST'S TRANSYLVANIAN LACKEYS!
STOP THEIR OIL SUPPLIES!
THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANY!
JIHAD!
JIHAD!
THEN WE MUST AID THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS IN THEIR HOLY WAR!
THEY'RE CHRISTIANS!
THEN CONVERT 'EM!
CONSCRIPT SOME VOLUNTEERS!


AND IN RUSSIA.....
IT IS ≡CLICK≡ JUST ANOTHER ≡WHIRR≡ AMERICAN ATTEMPT TO ≡CLICK≡ SABOTAGE THE PEACE TALKS!
A CALCULATED ≡CLICK≡ ATTEMPT TO DESTABILIZE ≡WHIRR≡ THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE!


A FEW DAYS LATER AT TRANSYLVANIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT........
WHERE THE HELL IS TRAFFIC CONTROL AROUND HERE?
IT SAYS HERE IN FLIGHT INSTRUCTIONS "LOOK FOR A GUY WITH A FLAG"!
USTOMS
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
I THINK IT'S THE TRANSYLVANIAN AIR FORCE!
I'M SORRY, SIR—TOURISTS ARE FORBIDDEN TO BRING ALCOHOL OR TOBACCO INTO THE COUNTRY!
HAVE A NICE DAY!
MAN! WHAT A SATURDAY NIGHT WE'RE GONNA HAVE!
I'LL TAKE AMERICAN EXPRESS!
TAXI
WHAT HORRIBLE LOOKING PEOPLE!
THEY LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A HORROR MOVIE!
ARE NONE OF THE WORLD'S UNSPOILED BEAUTY SPOTS SAFE FROM THE BIGOTRY AND CORRUPTION OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS? THIS AND OTHER DEEPLY PROFOUND PHILOSOPHICAL ISSUES WILL CONTINUE TO BE RAISED IN THIS THINKING MAN'S STRIP CARTOON. SO THINK ON 'TIL NEXT MONTH.

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QUEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Brush with melted butter and season with salt and pepper to taste. Cook on grill until lightly browned. Makes 4 servings.

Ground Lamb Kebabs

2 pounds ground lamb
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 eggs
½ cup pine nuts
¼ cup finely chopped parsley
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
Melted butter

Combine all ingredients except the butter. Roll into meatballs and skewer. Brush with butter and grill 15 to 20 minutes, rotating occasionally. Makes 4–6 servings.

Chiliburgers

2 pounds ground round
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sweet chili powder
3 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons tomato sauce
¼ cup pine nuts
1 egg
Chili sauce
1 pint sour cream

Mix all burger ingredients. Form into patties and grill about 4 minutes per side. Serve with Mexican chili sauce and sour cream. Makes 4–6 servings.

Porterhouse Steak

1 4-pound, 2-inch-thick porterhouse steak (trim excess fat, if necessary)
4 tablespoons butter, unsalted
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper

Cook steak 6 to 7 inches above the coals. Toss butter on a warm platter; stir briefly, then add the garlic. Place the sizzling steak on the platter and then turn it very quickly. Season with salt and pepper to taste and serve. Makes 4 servings.

STEAK TIMER			
THICKNESS	1½ inches	2 inches	2½ inches
RARE	10–12 minutes	14–18 minutes	20–25 minutes
MEDIUM	13–15 minutes	25–32 minutes	35–40 minutes
WELL	15–20 minutes	30–45 minutes	45–60 minutes

This chart is for total cooking time.

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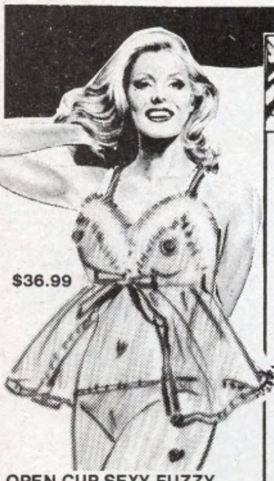

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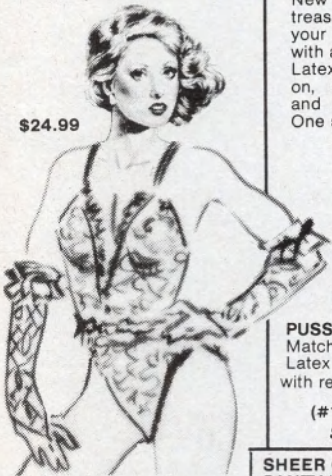

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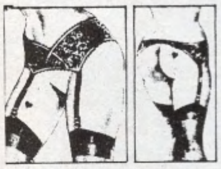

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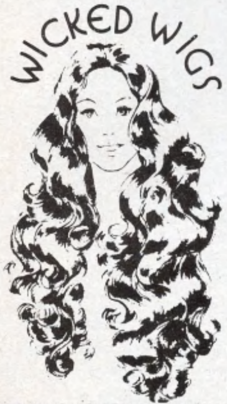

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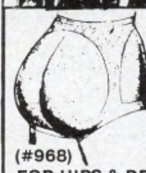

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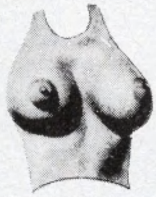

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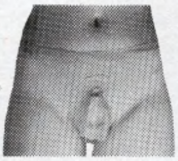

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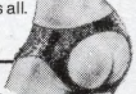

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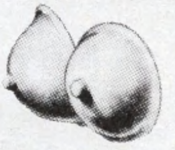

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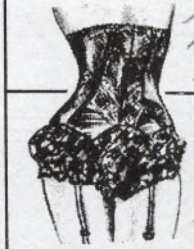

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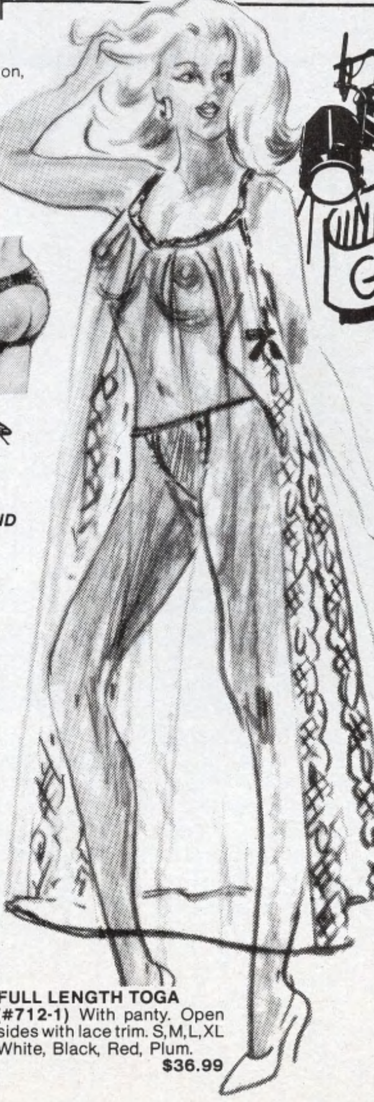

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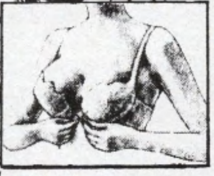

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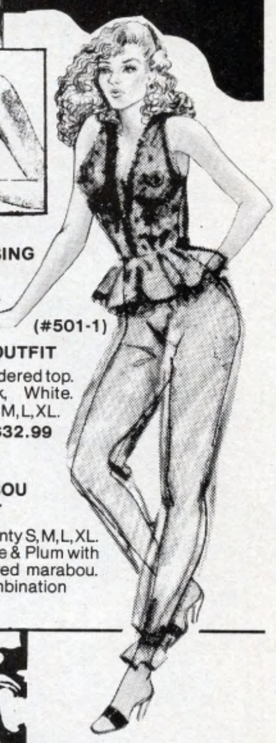

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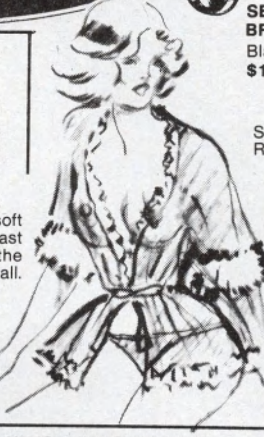

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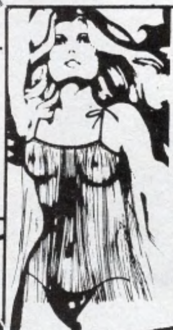

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ANNIQUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

as most people notice early on, different from Cleveland. In Cleveland, no one danced the night through on either the Fourth *or* the Fourteenth of July. But if they did, they would have a backyard barbecue the next day. This Bastille Day–breakfast picnic seldom occurred in Shaper's experience of Parma, Lakewood, Cleveland Heights, or even the luxury high rises of the Gold Coast. And the breeze off Lake Erie seemed, oh, mottled after this breeze off the Seine near the Ile Saint-Louis.

"*C'est autre,*" he said, and she nodded, understanding his somewhat inaccurate French, which meant to whisper: *This is something else.*

He told her he had long ago, in college, read a story called "French Girls Are Vicious."

"Some might be," she said, nodding sagely, her hair soft against her shoulder.

He told her people used to think all French girls were called Fifi.

"None are anymore," she said. She propped herself up on one elbow. "How old are you?"

"Then may I ask you a whole lot of questions?"

"Of course," she said, falling back. "But I won't answer them."

"Forty-three," he said.

She did a rapid calculation. "Not quite old enough to be my father, even if you hurried," she said.

"That answers one question."

"Twenty-six," she said. "Because you didn't ask."

"Last night," he said, "with that holiday sparkle and how late it was, you looked like a little girl—"

"And now," she said, impatient with discussion just before her vacation in Bruges, across the border in Belgium, where the canals were filled with solemn and boring swans and her cousins sat nearby and didn't feed them, "—and now, this. Let me do this, please."

Mostly silence.

At the end of the afternoon, after the sun had made a long arc across the sky and they had finished bathing together again, lying crumpled together again, telling the Portuguese lady they did not require that she enter to make the bed, and they were finishing the last of the cold coffee, he said, "Don't go!"

He didn't mean just now; she had no intention of leaving just now. She understood what he meant. "It's my vacation time," she said. "In French bureaucracy, all this is scheduled in advance. Isn't it that way in America?"

"Yes," he said, "but then let me come with you."

She laughed and touched him with a tolerant soothing on the back of his neck and said, "Oh, you didn't dry yourself, you count too much on evaporation." And then she explained that she wasn't leaving quite yet, not for an hour or so. And that he could not go with her because it was not arranged in that way.

"What a loss!" he said.

And again that light flight of laughter. "You've missed the point. If I weren't going away, I wouldn't be here."

"What's your full name?"

"Annique Valérie."

"Is that your real name?"

"Again!" she cried. "Again you miss the point."

He realized he had better stop all lines of stupid questioning and imploring if he wanted her to stay with him for another hour, crumpled like this on the sheets, lively as birds in their nest. He had better miss no more points.

Her mother was Flemish, which accounted for the fair skin, the light hair, the milky body. Her father was, as it happened, a filmmaker who had deserted the family when she was small, which probably accounted for various things that Shaper was not presently in the business of analyzing, except that he did wonder why her first greeting to him had been to ask if he was a movie director. "Is your father French?" he asked.

"Not Moroccan!" she said, laughing and sticking out her tongue at him. And pulling his nose. And scratching his chest with light strokes of her fingernails. And then lying still, waiting for new moves or new funny remarks by the gentleman from Cleveland, Ohio. (If they weren't funny to him, at least they were occasions for fun in Annique Valérie.)

"Annique Valérie, Annique Valérie," he said.

"If that's my real name," she said.

"You're wonderful," he said.

"That's missing the point, too," she said. "But I'm being nice because you're so nice, that's all."

One more bath in the high small tub, fitting together so cozily with practice, like on a motorcycle, but closer. Lukewarm water, no soap this time, and then she was fresh in her linen skirt, her silken blouse, her short linen jacket, her high-heeled sling-back shoes. Smiling, saying goodbye to him, wishing him a happy Bastille Day, many happy ones in the future.

"*Adieu.*"

No one had ever said that to him before. It is said on deathbeds. It seems to mean good-bye forever.

Men find it difficult to keep their great adventures a secret and Dan Shaper was no exception. Upon his return to Cleveland and the *Plain Dealer,* he told his friend and editor, Jack Ashbury—as they drank coffee in front of a blinking blue word-processing terminal, feet on Jack's Formica-topped desk, both of them busily not smoking anymore—as much as he could remember about Annique. "She was so beautiful. She was so sweet. She seemed so happy with me."

"You know what this is, laddie? It's a shaggy-French-girl story. I don't get it."

"What's so hard to get?"

"You were happy with her."

That was it, of course, rephrased for the better, much more accurately, a task that a good editor should always be ready to perform. "Yes," he said.

"Then why didn't you put the heat on—?"

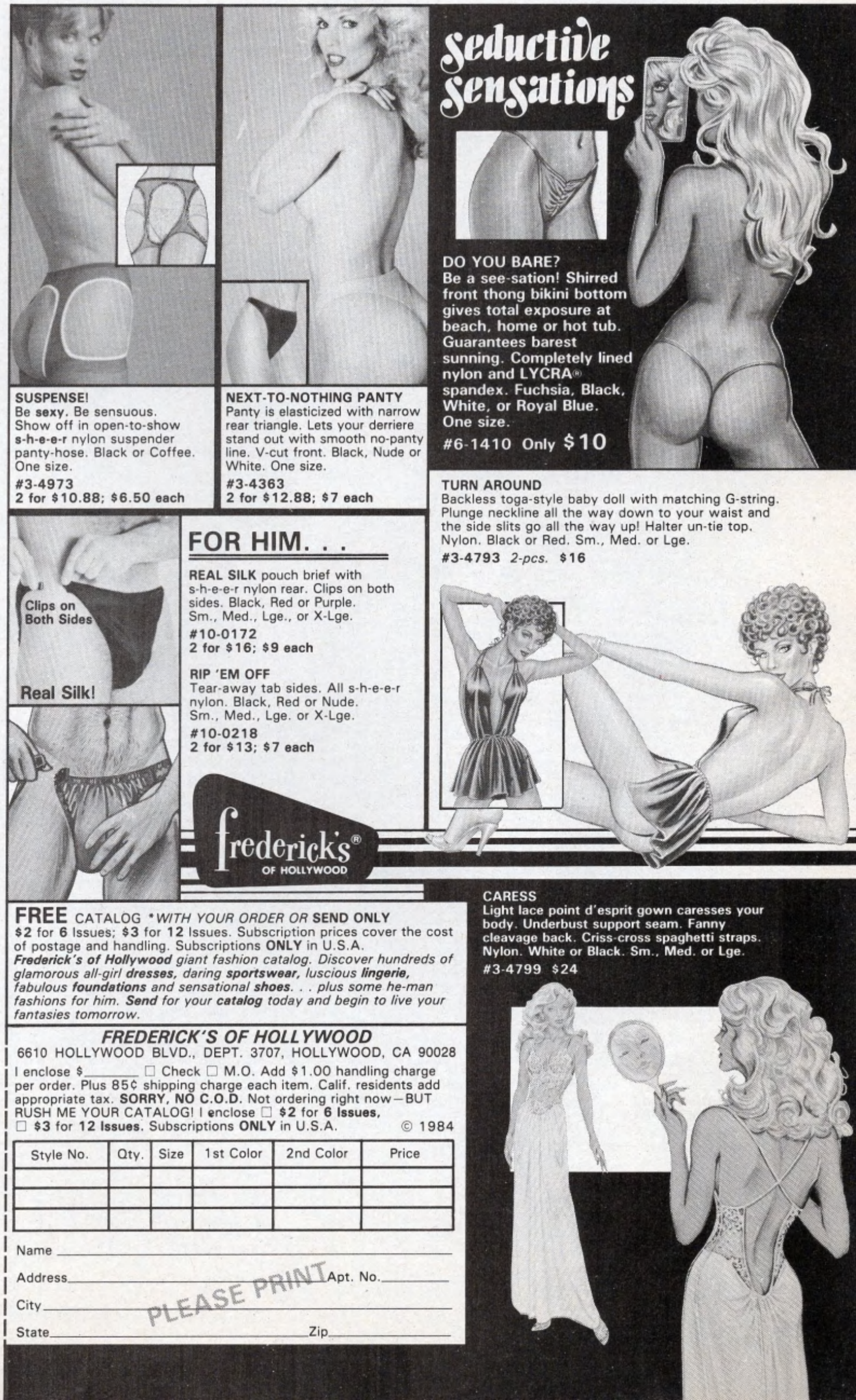
"What?"

"I mean, bring her back here, man! Bring her home with you!"

Shaper started to laugh. Here he thought Jack had been listening, and yet he hadn't understood the meaning of the incident. "You've missed the point!" he said. "Jack, tell me something. Do I have sad eyes?"

"Always, laddie. I've been meaning to tell you for years, but it never came up."

After a few months, something like this was what he had left of her: a memory in Cleveland of Annique in Paris laughing, informing, and correcting him about the foolishness of those who worry about love. Her laughter. A taste of raspberries on her breath.



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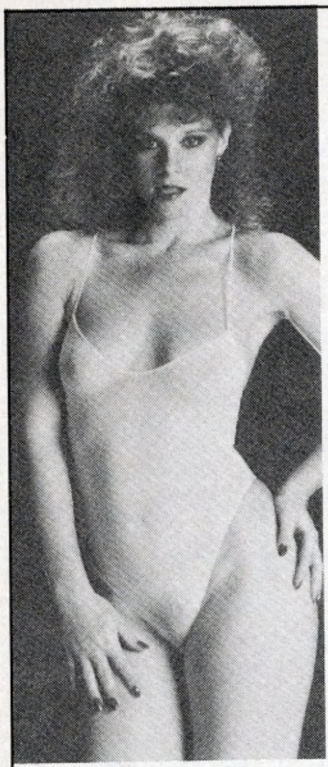

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BEAUTIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

lieve me, this roller skate will take you farther and faster into corners than you've ever been before.

How to sum up the "new" Bertone? It's simply the most fun you can have in a car with your clothes on.

THE PININFARINA

There's only one automobile deemed worthy of permanent display at New York's Museum of Modern Art: a 1946 Cisitalia coupé, designed by Battista Pininfarina. And still, almost 40 years after it was first installed, to see it is to fall in love with it. A timeless beauty. Old man Pininfarina knew his way around a drawing board. So the master applied his hand to the Fiat Sports Spider, which first saw the light of a showroom back in 1966 and is still with us, virtually unchanged, as the Pininfarina Azzurra.

The Azzurra, named after the Italian entry in the 1983 America's Cup (sponsored by Pininfarina), manages to look contemporary while still recalling the golden age of sports cars.

It's a straightforward sports car: front engine, rear drive, a top that folds easily and neatly behind the seats, wood instrument panel filled with big, round dials and gauges. The mandated improvements have added a full complement of standard features such as power windows, air-conditioning, leather upholstery, stereo radio, even an electric trunk release. And, as with the Bertone, the paint is beautiful and the body panels now fit precisely.

The 2.0-liter four-cylinder engine makes a healthy 102 horsepower, fed to the rear wheels through your choice of a five-speed manual or three-speed automatic. And the Azzurra does get on down the road with enthusiasm.

Understand this about the Azzurra: Under that glistening state-of-the-art paint, all-leather interior, and enough luxury features to choke an Eldo is an old-school sports car. The suspension lets you know when you've encountered rough pavement, the ride is . . . uh . . . firm, you can hear and feel the engine going about its business, and the wind noise working its way into the cockpit is sure to make those who remember the old days think of side curtains and sliding Plexiglas windows. Plus, it's all dressed up for the eighties.

When the X1/9 and Spider were wearing Fiat badges they sold for roughly $11,000 and $13,000, respectively. Currently they sell for $13,990 and $16,995, which seems a fair price when you factor in all the extra labor on the assembly line, the long list of standard features, and a few hundred for inflation since Fiat left.

So, if you want to have yourself some motoring fun, try a little of Mr. Bricklin's latest good idea. And stay tuned. Both Pininfarina and Bertone are working on several all-new cars.

GAMES

ANSWERS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

6. TWO WORDS: One more in baseball (Toronto Blue Jays), one in basketball (Portland Trail Blazers), and four in hockey (Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit Red Wings, Minnesota North Stars, and Toronto Maple Leafs). There are no two-name teams in football.

7. CASEY: No runs. In the first inning, Casey and the second and third batters walk, and the next three strike out. In the second inning, the first three men walk, bringing Casey to bat again, but the three base runners are each caught off base by the pitcher, which brings Casey to bat again at the start of the third inning. This two-inning cycle is repeated until the end of the game. There is no joy in Mudville, even though the Mighty Casey never strikes out. Charles Vanden Eynden created this puzzle, and it appears in Martin Gardner's *The Annotated Casey at the Bat.*

8. BASELESS: The Fliers is a women's baseball team. (Alternatively, all the Fliers' men are married.)

9. MEET: The finishing order was as follows: Derek was first; Bo, second; Ernie, third; Abdul, fourth; and Clive, last.

10. SCHEDULE: Most people concentrate on the eventual winner, then try to work back to all the matches necessary to find him. The quicker way is to think about the *losers:* Since each match produces one loser, there must be 920 matches to find the overall champ of the 921 entrants.

11. CHANGE OF SEASON: It's a good bet for us. The only way you can win is if the Phillies score at least one run in every game. If they are shut out only once in the whole season, the product of all their run totals will be zero.

12. SPORTS: The review by Ed Zern appeared in the outdoor-life magazine *Field and Stream.* The object of Zern's sporting attentions was D. H. Lawrence's erotic novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* The review appeared shortly after the forbidden classic was first published legally in the United States, in 1959.

13. NOT BROKEN THUMBS: Fats was laid low by a respiratory disorder caused by inhaling too much cue-tip chalk. In unofficial medical parlance, this is known as blue-lung disease.

14. POOL: 1, 9—yellow; 2, 10—blue; 3, 11—red; 4, 12—purple; 5, 13—orange; 6, 14—green; 7, 15—plum; 8—black.

15. TWOS: He was hit by pitched balls—twice. The second killed him. Ray Chapman is the only major-league baseball player ever killed during a game.

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Two Canadian researchers have uncovered an ancient remedy that appears to really have the properties claimed for it.

Profs. Alvaro Morales, urologist, and David Surridge, psychiatrist, who teach and practice at a prestigious Ontario university hospital, tested the potency enhancing properties of *yohimbine* while treating a group of 23 impotent diabetics. Impotence is common with diabetes.

Yohimbine is derived from the bark of the yohimbe tree of Africa, where, for centuries, men have chewed the bark to increase the hardness and frequency of their erections.

Their findings were first reported in the press by *Science Digest* in 1982 after the doctors found that a significant number of their group regained potency by taking yohimbine, then lost it again when they quit.

Since then they have tested impotent men who were *not* diabetics, including many whose impotence was not organic in origin, as well as men who were not completely impotent. In all groups they got gratifying results.

Yohimbine has been identified as one of a group of "alpha blockers" which help dilate blood vessels near the body surface by blocking reception of certain hormones that would cause the vessels to contract.

It also enhances release of *norepinephrine*, a hormone that contributes to penile flexibility. According to Dr. Morales, "norepinephrine is essential to the production of an erection. I suspect the presence of extra norepinephrine is what improves erectile function."

The FDA has not yet made yohimbine available in capsule or tablet form. However, the natural bark can be obtained in finely powdered form and, when brewed with a hot beverage, is quite palatable. Powdered yohimbe bark is available from: **Vanowen Pharmacal, Dept. P-1**
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

laundry basket at Lynn and headed toward the door.

Lynn threw the basket on the floor and tackled me as I tried to pass by her. I fell flat on my face and groaned as the air burst from my lungs. As I lay there trying to recover, Lynn climbed on my back. She grabbed a pair of her panty hose and tied my wrists together behind me.

Lynn then gathered up her laundry and ordered me to come with her. I walked meekly as Lynn directed. She trailed behind me, holding her laundry basket of clothes, and guided me with the other leg of the panty hose.

When we entered Lynn's apartment I saw my date Melissa and another girl whom I figured to be Jill. Melissa looked surprised but said nothing. Lynn told the others that she found me trying to steal her laundry and that she was going to call the police.

That was too much for me. I begged Lynn to let me go. I turned to her and said that Melissa had put me up to it. Melissa at first denied it, but Jill suddenly recognized me as one of Melissa's dates. Melissa broke for the door, but Jill and Lynn wrestled her to the floor. As I watched, helpless to intervene, Lynn and Jill stripped her of all but her silky black panties and tied her hands behind her.

Melissa confessed her part in the attempted trick, then glared at me and called me a pussy for informing on her. Lynn and Jill left the room for a minute to talk and then returned. Lynn said they had decided what to do with us. As punishment for trying to trick her, she was going to give me a bare-assed spanking while Jill did the same to Melissa. As an added bonus, they decided that whoever cried first would receive additional punishment to be decided by the other culprit. I glared at Melissa. At least I would get the chance to pay her back for getting me involved in this whole thing.

Lynn pulled down my pants and jockey shorts, and I flushed with embarrassment. I saw Jill pull Melissa's panties down to her ankles. Then Lynn pulled me across her lap. I clenched my teeth and prepared for the worst. When the first blow came, I yelled in anguish. Lynn was hitting me with a hairbrush and she was hitting hard.

I screwed my eyes shut as blow after blow descended on my helpless behind. I prayed that Melissa would cry soon. From the sounds she was making, I could tell she was suffering greatly but she refused to give in. Finally, after a particularly vicious blow, I could take no more and began yelping.

Lynn pulled me to my feet. I stood there crying while Jill helped Melissa off her lap and untied her hands. Melissa clutched her bottom in pain and then gave me a savage look. "I can do whatever I want to him?" she asked. When Lynn and Jill nodded their heads, Melissa kicked off her panties and said, "Since Tim got beat up by a woman, spanked by a woman, and cried his eyes out like a woman, I think we should dress him up like one too."

I pleaded with them to let me go, but they marched me off to the bathroom. They shaved the hair from my legs, pubic area, and underarms and even my mustache. After a quick shower, I was sprinkled with perfume, my fingernails and toenails were polished, and my face was made up with lipstick, eyeliner, blusher, and all the rest. Melissa had Jill go next door to her apartment for a wig, which they arranged on my head.

I was then dressed in Melissa's clothing. A bra and panties, garter belt with stockings, sheer blouse, and short denim skirt were none too gently put on my newly shaved body. After I was dressed, I saw with surprise that Melissa was putting on my clothes. Lynn grabbed some tissue paper and used it to stuff my bra. My feet were too big for Melissa's high heels, so Jill found a pair of her clogs and squeezed my feet into them.

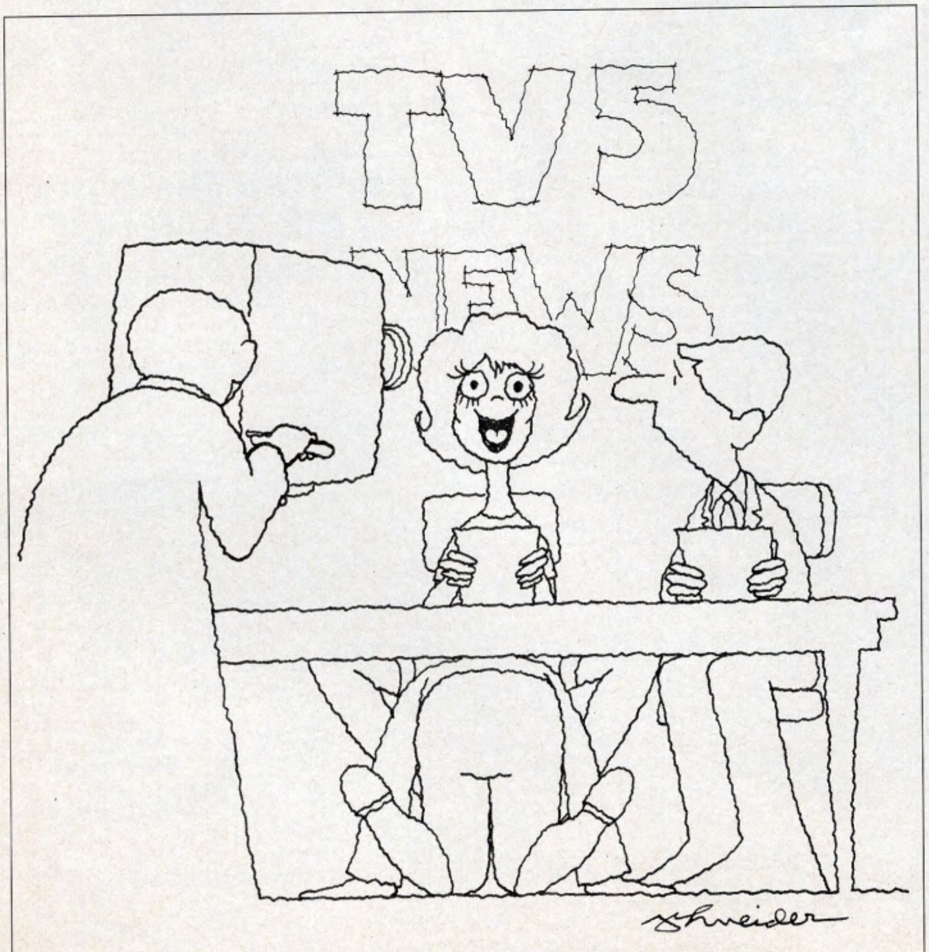
Melissa then told me with a smile that we were going to a party. My eyes widened with horror and I begged her to relent. As Jill and Lynn giggled, Melissa told me it served me right for betraying her.

When we got to the party, Melissa told everyone that we had challenged one another to dress up in each other's clothing. I had taken the switch to heart, she added, pointing out my clean-shaven legs and lifting my skirt to reveal my panties, garter belt, and stockings. My friends stared while I reddened. She told them that I had balked at going to the party and that she had been forced to tie me up before we left.

For the rest of the party I was teased unmercifully by my friends and their dates. I was totally humiliated. I begged Melissa to take me home, but we stayed for the entire party.

When we finally left, Melissa took me to her apartment. She was really turned-on from humiliating me. She pulled down her pants and shorts and forced me to lick her to orgasm. She then untied my arms and let me go back to my apartment, still dressed in her clothing. When I was halfway to my building, Melissa opened her window and yelled good night to me. I saw a number of people, including my neighbors, look out their windows, and I was totally ashamed when I got home.

I don't know what to make of this whole event. While it did embarrass me, I was sexually aroused.—*Name and address withheld*



"Now for some good news . . . I'M COMING!!"

REQUEST HOUR

I must be the only male "Forum" reader whose dick is less than eight inches long. Anyway, I resemble *M*A*S*H*'s Radar, and I have had some pretty fun encounters while working at a pop radio station in the Southwest.

I had been in radio for five years and had never made love to one of my female listeners until I got an announcing job at a Top 40 radio station. The calls from young, horny, and sometimes attractive women started coming in during my first week. I didn't know it, but I was to sate my lust many times during the next three years of nighttime radio. I am into Oriental women, and my fondest dreams soon came true.

One night I was putting records away and preparing to sign off and go home when the phone rang. "Hi," the seductive female caller said. "My name is Katy. You sound like you're well hung—are you?"

I confessed to having only six inches and reminded her that—as a popular song said—"it ain't the meat, it's the motion." She said she would like to try it anyway, and we continued to discuss sexual things until I had to relieve myself by hand while she told me her fantasies. She said she was Oriental, and I shot my load into the wastebasket under the broadcast console. The phone calls continued for a couple of weeks until we were both so horny we couldn't stand it anymore. The suspense was killing me. I gave her my phone number and she agreed to call me soon so we could meet. The call was not long in coming. The phone was ringing as I pulled into the driveway the next night, and I almost removed the door from its hinges to get inside.

"Hello," she said in a voice that would have given any man a hard-on. "I'm at McDonald's, and I want you to come and get me because I want to suck your cock and I want you to fuck me." Needless to say, I straightened out the freeway getting over there, and we were back at my place in less than 15 minutes.

I took a shower while she prepared herself in my room. She was ready when I emerged from the shower, lying on my bed in her baby-blue panties. My dick was harder than it had ever been as I looked at her baby-doll Oriental features in the dim moonlight. I knelt beside her, and she took my six inches all the way to the hilt and was trying to put my balls into her mouth, too. I was going out of my mind after about ten minutes, and I suggested that we fuck. I tantalized her for a couple of minutes, rubbing the crown up and down her moist slit until she begged me to fuck her. For a chick who claimed to have fucked a lot of radio guys her cunt was tight and I had to hold back my nut. Finally, I squirted my hot come inside of her pussy while screwing her missionary-style. I fucked her several more times as she cuddled up to me all night long. She also sucked me off in the car when I took her home the next morning. I fucked her two or three times after that, and then she disappeared. I still remember her lying on my bed in her baby-blue panties.

A 19-year-old girl started calling me about that time, but we didn't get together

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right away. I didn't want to take any chances that her older brothers might want to "make beef" with me. So she stopped calling and I forgot about her until one night four years later.

"Hello, this is Linny. Do you remember me?" she asked. This time the conversation got around to sex, and she admitted that she had lost her cherry when she was 18 and that I could have taken it two years earlier. There was a stiffening in my loins as I sensed what was about to happen between us.

We met the next day at the beach and got into some French-kissing and petting next to a lagoon.

This time there were no games. She told me up front that she wanted me to make love to her as soon as possible, and I said "How about tonight?" We drove to her parents' home and made small talk while sitting on the couch. Then I led her upstairs to her bedroom, and we got down to business right away. Soon the room was filled with the smell of her cunt juice and the sounds of the squeaking bedsprings and her moaning.

"I've been waiting four years for this," she said, as my 34-year-old dick plunged in and out of her 20-year-old pussy. There was something about the age difference that made me come right away. We had an affair for about six months that ended when her mother came home early one night while I had my tongue down Linny's throat and my prick inside her cunt, with her on top. I never saw her again.

Then there was a girl named Marty who called in a request one day and kept calling back. Eventually she asked me to come and get her one evening, and I was surprised to see a beautiful young woman waiting for me in front of her home. As we drove to my place, she smiled seductively, looking furtively at my crotch while massaging her breasts. We went straight to the bedroom and started making out on my bed. She said she was sore from working and asked if I would massage her back. I said I would, and she removed her blouse and bra, revealing a pair of luscious breasts.

She raised one leg when I accidentally tickled her, revealing her fine legs and red panties covered by panty hose. By this time I was massaging her tits as I felt her up through her panties, and she started moaning softly. Then she raised both legs up and removed her panties and panty hose and pointed to her bush. "Do me!" she said.

I wasted no time in showing her what an educated tongue could do as I licked and sucked her cunt furiously. By then she was thrashing about, pulling my head into her loins while calling my name and moaning like a bitch in heat. Soon my mouth was tired and I mounted her and penetrated her tight love nest, inch by inch, and fucked her in several positions before squirting my load into her willing vagina. All of this happened within two hours after I picked her up at her home.

We fucked a few times after that until we had an argument, and I haven't seen her since. I found out later that she had fucked two other guys at the station, giving each one of them a phony name for herself. I didn't mind because she was a fantastic piece of ass.

There were other horny chicks who called me, but I'll save those stories for later. I have to go now—the phone is ringing again.—*Name and address withheld*

BRASS-BED SURPRISE

For over a year I have enjoyed a vibrant, exciting relationship with my lover, confidante, and friend, Cecily. We are in our thirties, considered an attractive couple, and we're single. Our entire concept of sex has been rocked since we met, and I would like to share one of our experiences with your readers.

I must point out that our lovemaking has been kept at a fever pitch by innovation, experimentation, and the verbal expression of fantasies during our steamy encounters. One day last month, after a particularly torrid session, Cecily casually asked if I would be interested in a surprise the following weekend. Still floating in the semireality of postorgasmic bliss, I nodded, saying that I had always enjoyed surprises, and the subject was dropped.

During the week I mentioned the brief conversation several times and received only a sly smile or conspiratorial wink in reply. By Friday I was beside myself with curiosity and excitement, since I was quite certain that the surprise involved the realization of one of our many fantasies. But which one?

I arrived at Cecily's condominium at about nine o'clock in the evening, and she greeted me at the door with a deep kiss. Cecily's five-foot-nine-inch figure was clad in a low-cut red dress of jersey material that caressed her superb breasts, nipped her slender waist, and flowed over her gently flared hips and gorgeously rounded fanny. Her light-brown hair brushed her cheeks with feathery curls, framing her finely sculptured features and lush red lips. Toe- and fingernails were painted the fiery red of her dress. I held her at arm's length for a moment and admired her beautiful, long-legged body. Then, joining hands, we entered the subtly lit living room. "Surprise, dear," she said, with a mischievous grin.

Seated, bare feet tucked beneath her, amid the plush cushions of the cocoa-colored sofa was a lovely young woman of, I guessed, 20. (I learned later that she was 31!) She wore a silky white dress, was about five feet tall, and had a trim, petite figure. Her short, honey-blond hair was done in soft ringlets and she sported the tan of a true sun worshiper. A bit confused but excited, I smiled at her as Cecily introduced us. Her name was Karen, and I vaguely recalled Cecily mentioning her as a friend. I settled down in the far corner of the couch and tried to stifle my rising interest in the situation by making small talk while Cecily made drinks.

The drinks arrived and Karen sat up, uncurled her legs, and stretched her arms high above her head. Kicking off my shoes and sliding to the center of the couch, I held out my hand. Cecily took it, sat down, with me in the middle, and gently nuzzled my cheek. "I've told Karen all about us," she said. ". . . our love and our lovemaking. Our fantasies and your surprise. Let's all relax and enjoy one another." As she spoke her hand toyed with my shirtfront and the buttons popped open.

Karen leaned back into a soft, brown cushion, sipped her drink, and watched intently as Cecily covered my neck, shoulder, and chest with gentle bites and soft, wet kisses. Sliding to the carpeted floor between my widespread knees, Cecily undid the rest of my shirt buttons and unzipped my fly. Her cool fingers reached inside and tugged my now throbbing, eight-inch cock from my briefs. Stroking it lightly, she rubbed the mushroom head against the soft, white skin of her face and neck. I gasped as she began lapping the underside of the red shaft, pausing at the end of each lick to engulf the nearly purple crown in her wet mouth.

Breathing shallowly, eyes half-closed and watching Cecily's bobbing head, Karen lifted the hem of her dress and held it

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bunched at her waist as she spread her legs and placed one delicate foot on the couch. A pair of sheer white bikini panties covered her barely visible pussy. As I watched, she began rubbing the damp cleft in slow, rhythmic strokes with the fingers of one hand. The sensation of having my cock sucked while watching this beautiful creature play with herself made my head reel.

Cecily glanced at Karen and asked, "Would you like a taste? He's delicious." Karen stood up and quickly stripped to the filmy panties. She knelt, grasped the base of my cock in her tiny hand, and squeezed firmly as Cecily, with excruciating slowness, took its entire length into her hot mouth and throat until her lips touched Karen's fingers. She paused for a moment and then withdrew with the same, almost painful, deliberation. Karen's hand slid up and down my spit-slick pole as she pulled it to her waiting lips. Cheeks hollowed, she sucked only the red end, barely moving her head as Cecily rose to undress.

The red dress was soon lying on the floor, leaving Cecily in only a tan chemise and matching tap pants. Her pebble-hard nipples threatened to push through the lacy fabric as she, almost roughly, pinched and tugged at them. Spreading her shapely legs and swaying sexily in time with the music, she pulled aside the loose undies and showed me her lightly furred, puffy-lipped cunt. Her eyes locked on Karen's soft, red lips enveloping my cock. She eased her middle finger between the pouting pussy lips and wriggled until it was firmly nestled. She probed herself, hips undulating, and then withdrew the hand, bringing her fingers first to her nose for a smell of her own juices and then to her mouth for a taste. Torn by the need to come and the desire for more, I lifted Karen's face from my raging rod. It slipped from her mouth with a moist pop and she raised her eyes questioningly to mine. Taking her hands, we rose—I, weak-kneed, she, reluctantly.

Cecily smiled seductively at us standing before her. My cock stood straight out, felt two feet long, and seemed ready to burst its skin. Karen's face was flushed and the crotch of her flimsy panties was sopping. I looked at the staircase leading to the bedroom and then to Cecily, who smiled and said as she turned, "I thought you'd never ask." Karen and I followed. I hungrily watched the two gorgeous fannies.

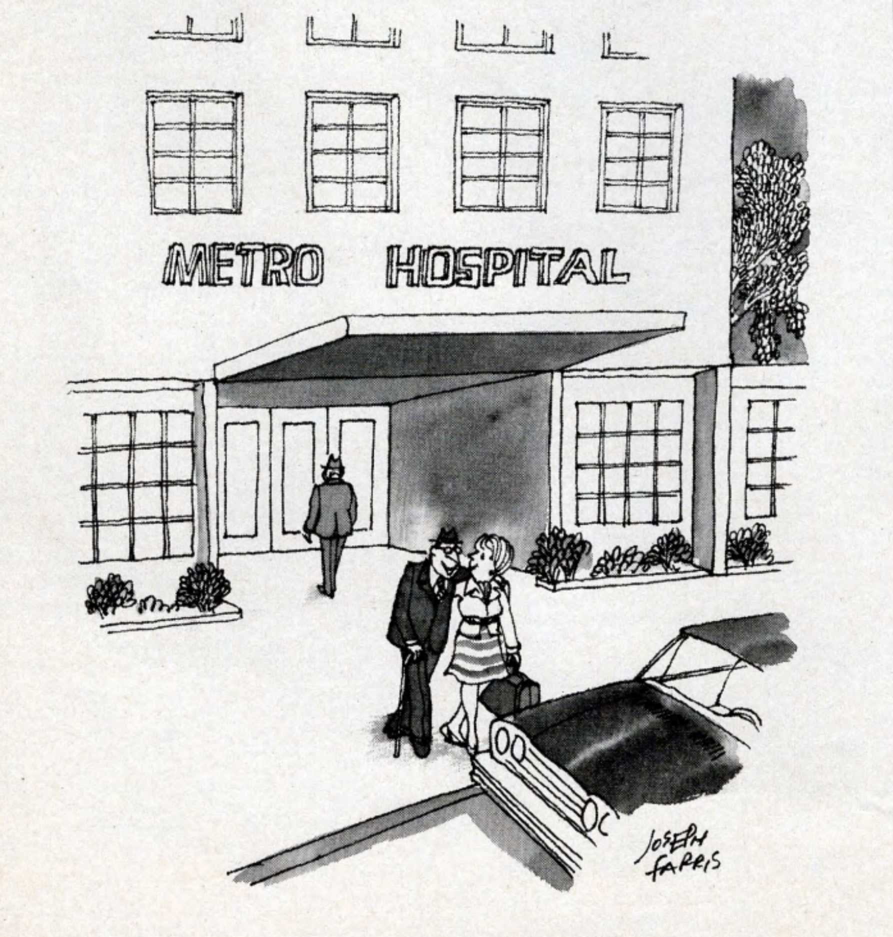
The bedroom was lit by a single lamp, and a tan leather reclining chair had been placed beside the gleaming brass bed. The mattress was covered with a cream-colored satin sheet, and a brightly colored silk scarf had been tied to each bedpost. "We're going to tie you to the bed, love," Cecily said quietly. "We're going to tease you and please you. We're going to use your cock and your mouth to satisfy ourselves. Would you like that?" Feeling as though I was on the threshold of a long-awaited dream, I said, "Yes, I'd like that very much."

The two women exchanged knowing looks as I hastily shed my shirt, slacks, and socks and lay in the middle of the shining love platform. This was a fantasy Cecily and I had often talked about, but never in my wildest dreams had I imagined it becoming a reality. As Cecily secured my wrists firmly, though not uncomfortably, Karen removed my briefs and tied my ankles to the posts at the foot of the bed. When I was securely bound, both women walked to the end of the bed to admire their handiwork. My cock, which had lost some of its stiffness, began to swell again as I let my eyes devour the two lovelies before me.

Cecily hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her lacy drawers and pushed them slowly down over her hips. They slid to her feet, and stepping from them, she pulled the ribbon at her bodice, freeing her heavy, rose-tipped breasts. Karen had removed the last of her clothing and sat in the bedside chair. Her legs were splayed wide and her feet rested on the edge of the bed. Her almost girlish pussy had been shaved except for a light blond fringe surrounding the pink slit. She spread her tiny cunt lips with the fingers of one hand, inserted a finger from the other as far as it would go, and slid it in and out languorously, creating an exciting squishy sound. Cecily had climbed aboard the bed and was kneeling between my legs, lightly brushing my prick with her pendulous breasts. She licked, sucked, and pinched me from nipples to navel as I groaned, writhed, and begged for more. I wanted a pussy, a mouth, a hot, wet hole to stab with my throbbing meat.

I watched Karen inch a second finger into her tight hole and felt Cecily slither her tongue the length of my torso until her face was buried in my crotch. She sucked my balls into her mouth and squeezed my cock tightly. Karen's eyes met mine in a passionate stare. She responded eagerly by quickly clambering onto my chest, and planting a tanned knee beside each of my cheeks, she lowered herself onto my eager mouth. The sweet smell of her cunt greeted my nostrils as I drilled my tongue into her tight slit. She gripped the golden bars of the bed as though imprisoned, and with her knuckles going white, she rocked her little buns into my face.

The weight at the foot of the bed shifted, and Cecily's hands snaked beneath Karen's arms and cupped the upturned breasts. Karen threw her head back and gasped as the long, red nails pinched and tugged at her rigid nipples. I arched my back and raised my hips to meet the steamy cunt descending onto my shaft. Striving to drive the full length of my rod into the warm wetness, I struggled against my bonds and sucked frantically at Karen's dripping love slot. But Cecily fucked me slowly, allowing only a portion of my swollen meat to enter her open pussy.



"I made it. I survived the food!"

With Karen riding into the oblivion of sweet release and moaning, "Lick it, kiss it, suck it, now, now, now," I lapped still harder at her protruding clit and rubbed my face into the musky-sweet sloppiness of cunt juice, saliva, and sweat. Her body shuddered as she drove herself hard onto my tongue, screaming, "Eat me, eat me." Then she climaxed violently. As the waves subsided, her hands slipped from the bars and she fell away glassy-eyed.

Cecily's eyes met mine, and finally, lovingly, she impaled herself. I felt my rock-hard cock touch bottom as she began humping steadily. She leaned forward, breasts swaying in tempo with her driving pelvis, and our lips met in the most soulful kiss I have ever experienced. Then suddenly we came together. With Karen's soft and silky hands clutching and stroking our churning bodies, I felt my balls and cock release spurt after spurt of creamy, hot juice as the seemingly endless kiss of lips and tongue, cunt and cock carried us over the brink in an explosion.

Karen was first to recover and she strode purposefully about the bed, freeing my aching limbs with nimble fingers and tender kisses. Cecily lay dreamily atop me, clenching and relaxing her vaginal muscles around my now flaccid cock. As I stretched widely, the three of us looked from one to the other with keen awareness and plunged into each other's arms in a crush of flesh.

We were a hugging, kissing threesome. Lips met and parted, hands roved and squeezed, loving arms were all about us, and there was no need for words.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Stacy Cole was photographed by Hank Londoner on location in Thailand with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. She appears on page 75. In our Pet of the Year Play-Off pictorial, beginning on page 101 Krista Simon was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F-2 Photomic camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and a Hasselblad Softar Filter #2; Linda Kenton was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System; Nicole Monrowe was photographed by Norman Oberlander with a Nikon FM camera with 43-86 zoom, 80-200 zoom, and 105 lenses by Nikkor; Monique Gabrielle was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, 135, and 200 lenses, and Norman strobes.

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TONY DUFFY/DUOMO

GREETING THE OLYMPIC GAMES

All eyes are fixed on Los Angeles where from July 28 to August 12 the spectacular summer Olympics will rivet international attention. In a series of special articles and features, *Penthouse* will mark this summer festival. John Harris, who covered the tragic Munich Olympic Games in 1972, discusses the ever-increasing potential for terror attacks in Los Angeles. Dr. Gregory Raiport, former sports psychologist for the Russian Olympic team, warns that "time is running out" for American Olympic athletes. In addition, *Penthouse* photographers will showcase the unusual and very beautiful ways in which Los Angeles artists are greeting the Olympics; *Penthouse* Humor Editor Bill Lee will offer a unique portfolio of Olympic humor; and Games Editor Scot Morris will challenge your knowledge of Olympian trivia.

PETE TURNER

WESTERN CHIC

A boot is a boot is a boot, right? Wrong! Americans long in love with the West and its fantasy-rich lore have taken the symbol of the cowboy to their hearts and feet in increasing numbers. The cowboy boots that our forefather pioneers lived in for practical reasons have caught on all over the country, worn for reasons of comfort as well as style. Michael Korda, a boot enthusiast himself, traces the history of the boot from its beginnings in Spain to its genesis as the everyday wear of everyone from minions to millionaires.

SANDTO TUCCI/LIAISON

DON'T CRY FOR ME, FILIPINOS

In the Philippines, people are quick to compare their glamorous first lady, Imelda Marcos, with Argentina's late Eva Peron. But unlike Evita, Imelda's people have little love or affection for her. As Fred Poole and Max Vanzi report in this excerpt from *Revolution in the Philippines* (McGraw-Hill), Imelda, reported to be one of the ten richest women in the world, indulges herself by spending a fortune on such frivolous "public works" as film festivals, beauty contests, and her daughter's elaborate wedding. These extravagances have one purpose: to glorify her in the face of the Philippines's extreme poverty and massive child prostitution. "When I go out into the *barrios,*" says Imelda, "I get dressed up because I know the little people want to see a star."

ERIC MEOLA

RETURN TO EXCELLENCE

Not since the sixties has the automotive industry given us the type of excellence in both style and performance that we are currently enjoying. This return to the highest manufacturing and design standards has clearly revolutionized both low-end and high-end vehicles, offering the consumer automotive excellence for every price bracket. *Penthouse* reporter Peter Manso takes a close look at 12 on-road vehicles and offers some hard-hitting advice on how to customize them for the ultimate in comfort and performance.

DENNIS MOCK

"GOOSE" GOSSAGE

For many seasons, Yankee relief pitcher Rich Gossage was baseball's No. 1 bull-pen ace, the man with the 95-mph fastball, whose scowl alone was enough to intimidate hitters. But last season he went through a long and bitter year at odds with Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, and in 1984 he forsook the Bronx Zoo for the calmer atmosphere of San Diego. In this freewheeling interview, the legendary "Goose" lets fly at the Yankee management, ponders his return to the National League, and discusses the joys and sorrows of being the man who must slam the door.

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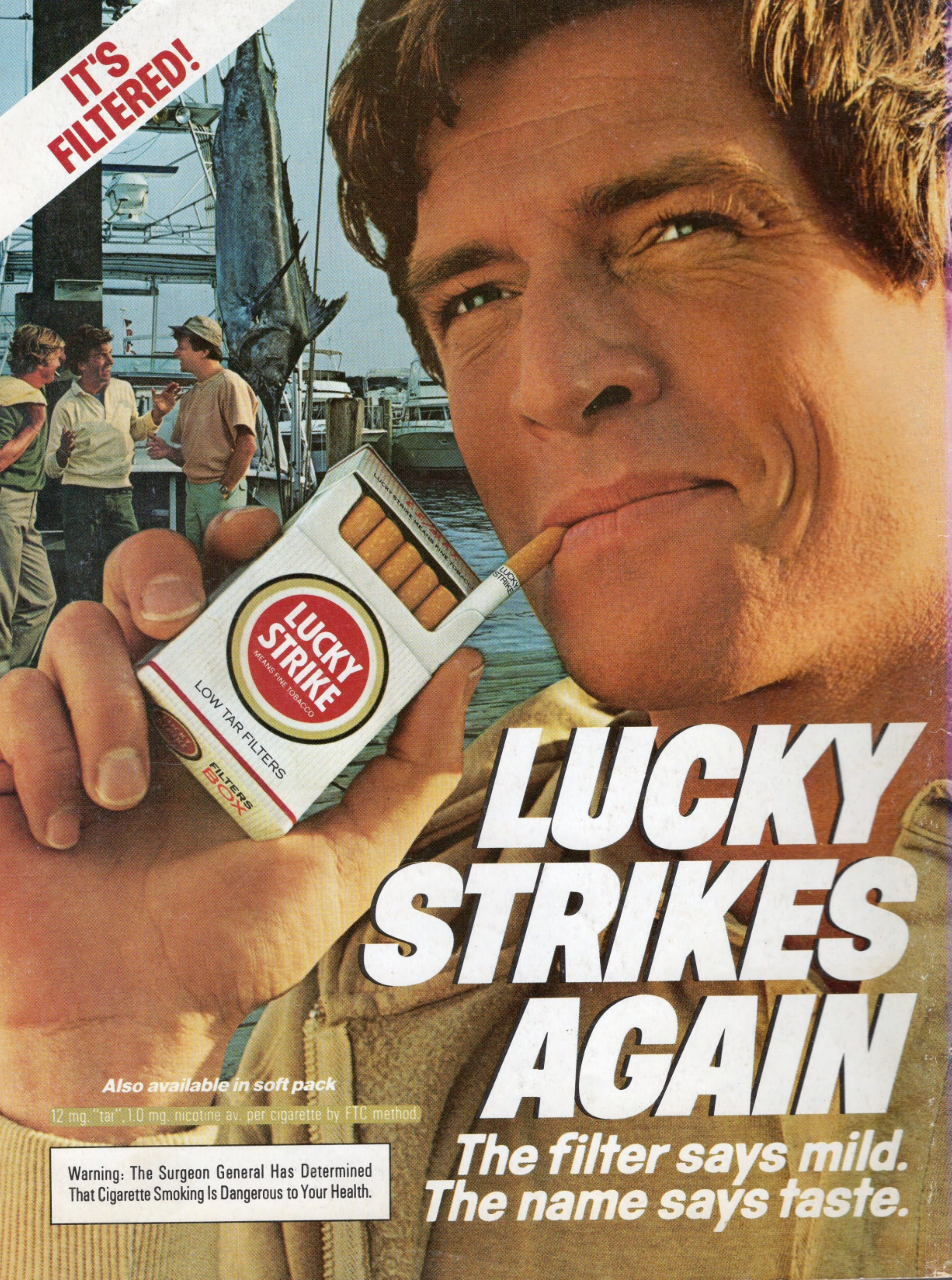

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